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EDITOR, "THE OLD FAG." ATHLETIC EDITOR, C.B.FRY.

6d.

ol. XII. No. 67. OCTOBER, 1904.

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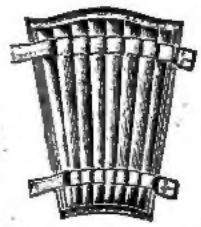

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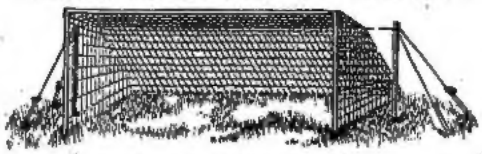

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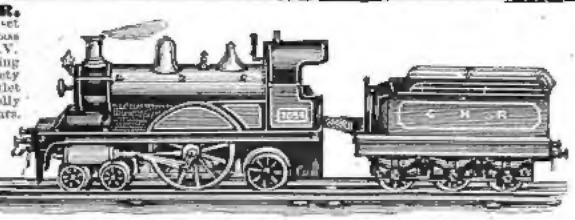

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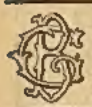

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30 Bulgaria		6	20 Nicaragua ..		6	30 Venezuela ..		7
15 Chili		6	15 Peru		6	10 Borneo		9
15 Colombia		6	16 Luxembourg ..		6	20 Canada		6
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12 Guatemala ..		6	30 Roumania ..		6	25 India		6
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20 Honduras		8	20 Servia		6	10 Labuan		9
19 Ecuador		6	50 Spain		9	14 Mauritius ..	1	0
70 Austria	1	4	19 Siam	1	0	17 Newfoundland	2	0
24 Chili	1	2	60 Cuba	1	6	10 Orange Colony	1	0
10 China	1	0	16 Philippine ..		8	9 Seychelles ..	1	6
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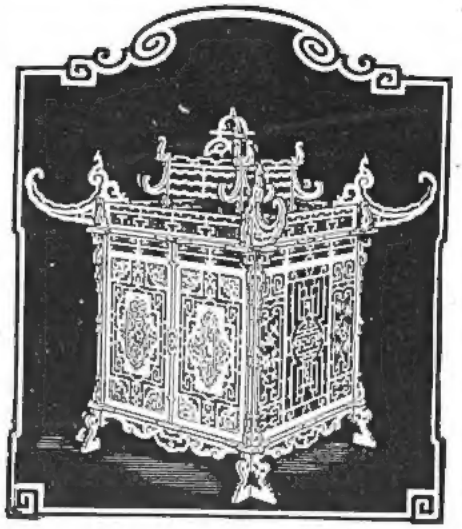

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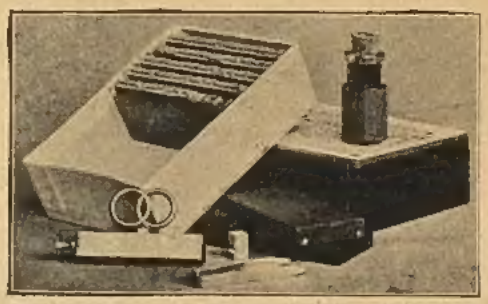

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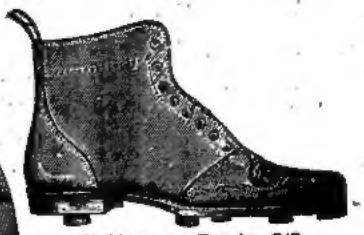

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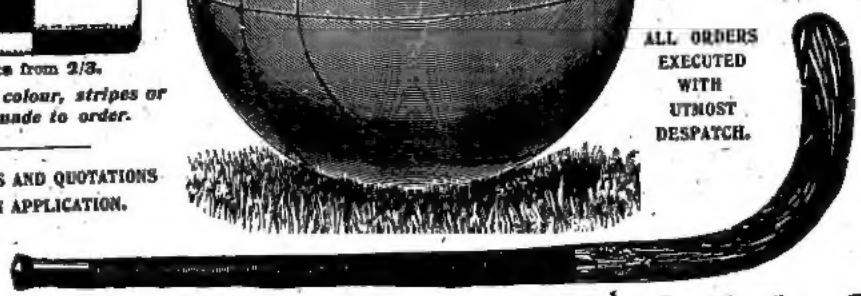

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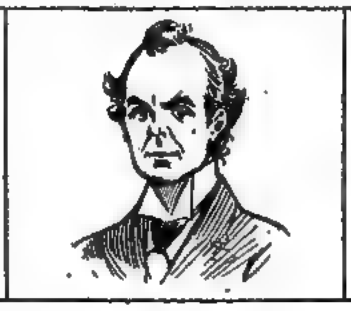

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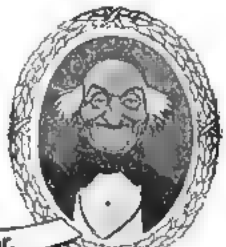

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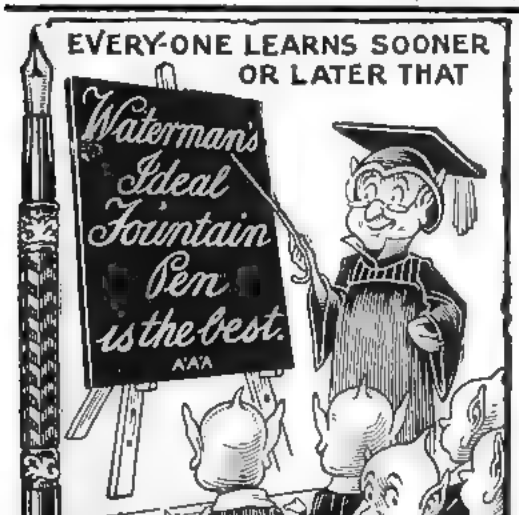

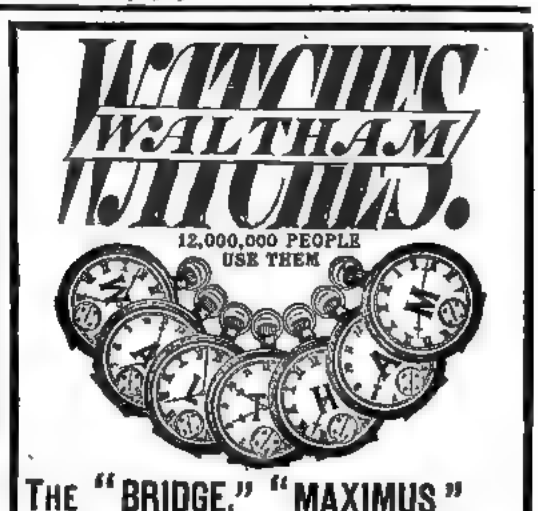

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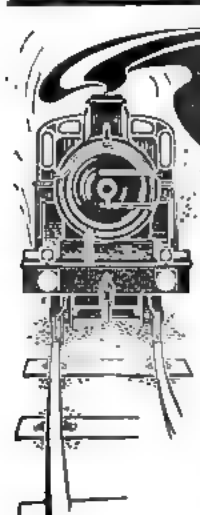

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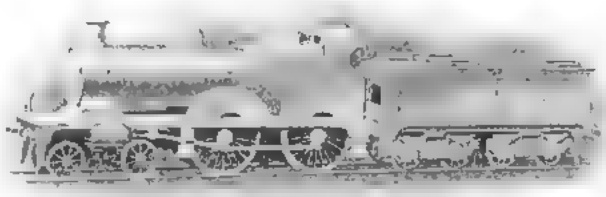

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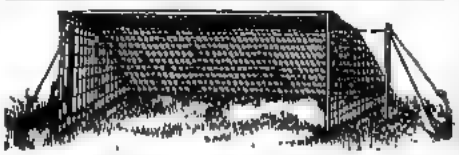

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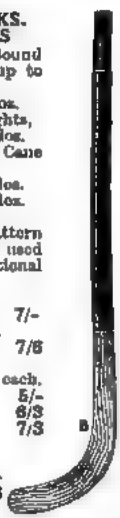

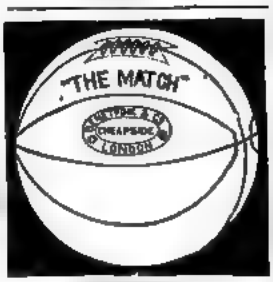

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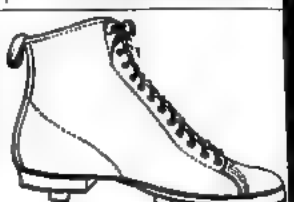

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MORNING WITH THE WILD RED DEER.

S. J. Carter.

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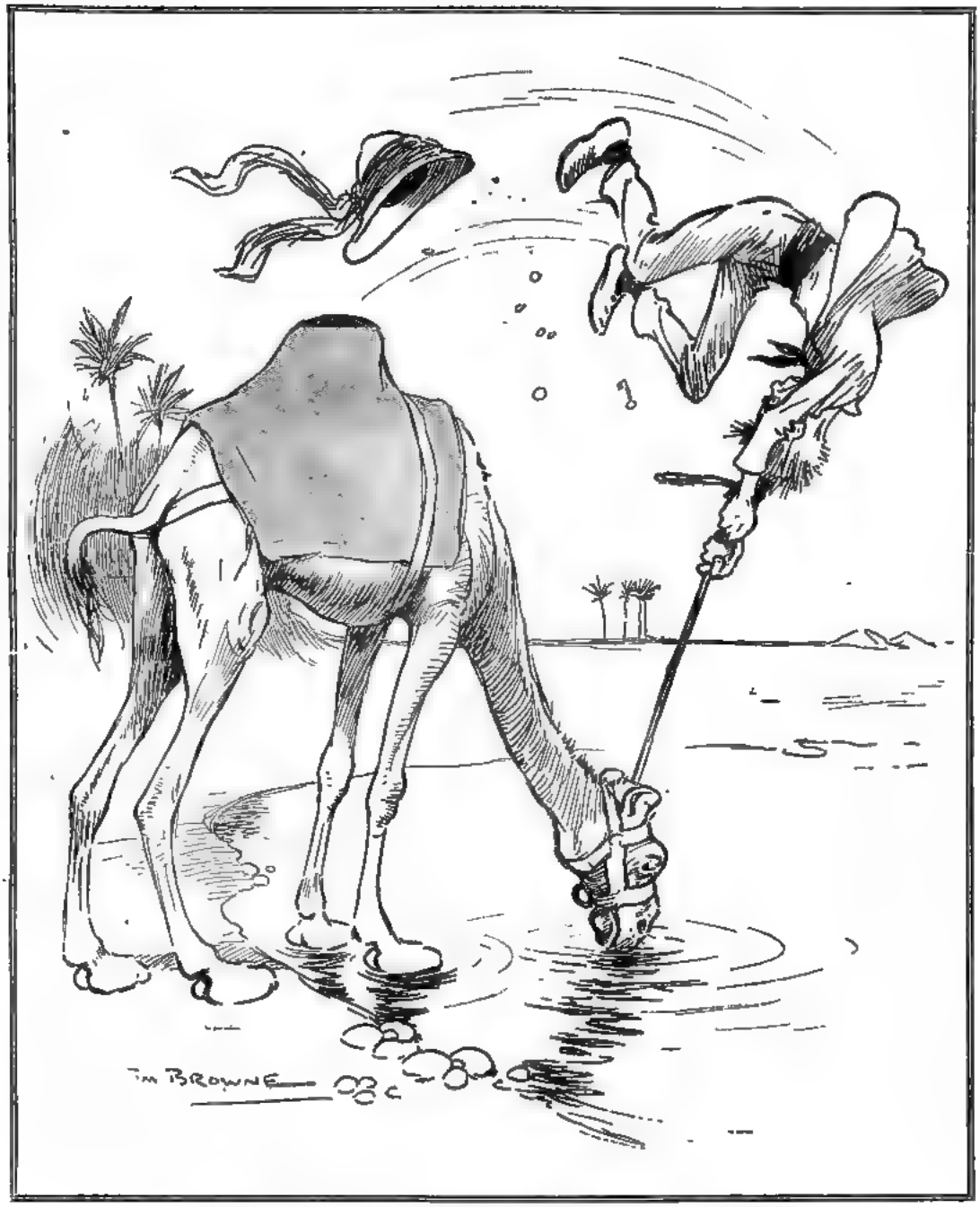

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If your camel wants to drink, do not restrain him.

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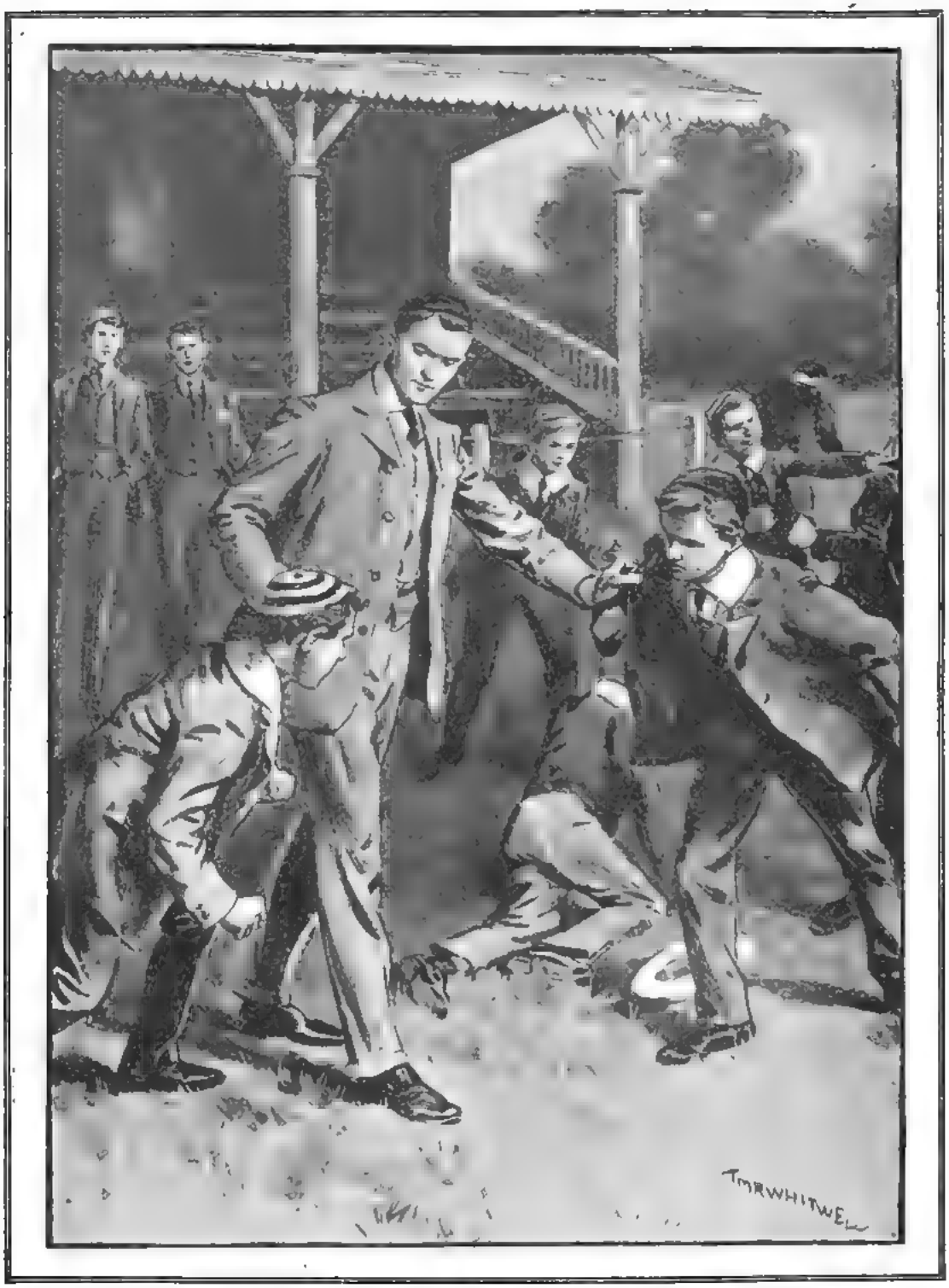
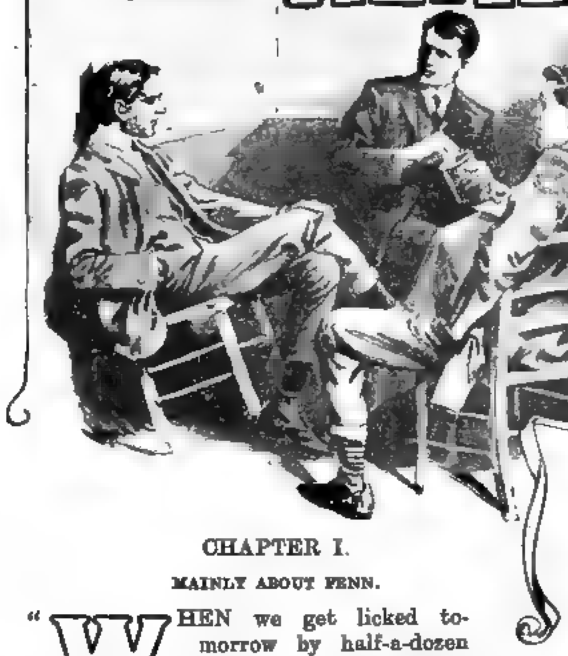


HE SEPARATED TWO HEATED YOUTHS WHO WERE JUST BEGINNING A FOURTH ROUND.

THE HEAD OF KAY'S



A PUBLIC SCHOOL STORY BY P. G. WODEHOUSE. ILLUSTRATED BY T. M. R. WHITWELL.

CHAPTER I.

MAINLY ABOUT FENN.

"WHEN we get licked to-morrow by half-a-dozen wickets," said Jimmy Silver, tilting his chair until the back touched the wall, "don't say I didn't warn you. If you fellows take down what I say from time to time in note-books, as you ought to do, you'll remember that I offered to give anyone odds that Kay's would out us in the final. I always said that a really hot man like Fenn was more good to a side than half-a-dozen ordinary men. He can do all the bowling and all the batting. All the fielding, too, in the slips."

Tea was just over at Blackburn's, and the bulk of the house had gone across to preparation in the school buildings. The prefects, as was their custom, lingered on to finish the meal at their leisure. These after-tea conversations were quite an institution at Blackburn's. The labours of the day were over, and the time for preparation for the morrow had not yet come. It would be time to be thinking of that in another hour. Meanwhile, a little relaxation might be enjoyed. Especially so as this was the last day but two of the summer term, and all necessity for working after-tea had ceased with the arrival of the last lap of the examinations.

Silver was head of the house, and captain of its cricket team, which was nearing the end of its last match, the final for the inter-house cup, and—on paper—getting decidedly the worst of it. After riding in triumph over the School House, Bedell's, and Mulholland's, Blackburn's had met its next door neighbour, Kay's, in the final, and to the surprise of the great majority of the school was showing up badly. The match was affording one more example of how a team of average merit all through may sometimes fall before a one-man side. Blackburn's had the three last men on the list of the first eleven, Silver, Kennedy, and Challis, and at least nine of its representatives had the reputation of being able to knock up a useful twenty or thirty at any time. Kay's, on the other hand, had one man, Fenn. After him the tail started. But Fenn was such an exceptional all-round man that, as Silver had said, he was as good as half-a-dozen of the Blackburn's team, equally formidable whether batting or bowling—he headed the school averages at both. He was one of those batsmen who seem to know exactly what sort of ball you are going to bowl before it leaves your hand, and he could hit like another Jessop. As for his bowling, he bowled left hand—always a puzzling eccentricity to an undeveloped batsman—and could send them down very fast or very slow, as he thought best, and it was hard to see which particular brand he was going to serve up before it was actually in mid-air.

But it is not necessary to enlarge on his abilities. The figures against his name in *Wisden* prove a good deal. The fact that he had steered Kay's through into the last round of the house matches proves still more. It was perfectly obvious to everyone that, if only you could get Fenn out for under ten, Kay's total for that innings would be nearer twenty than forty. They were an appalling side. But then no House bowler had as yet succeeded in getting Fenn out

for under ten. In the six innings he had played in the competition up to date, he had made four centuries, an eighty and a seventy.

Kennedy, the second prefect at Blackburn's, paused in the act of grappling with the remnant of a pot of jam belonging to some person unknown, to reply to Silver's remarks.

"We aren't beaten yet," he said, in his solid way. Kennedy's chief characteristics were solidity, and an infinite capacity for taking pains. Nothing seemed to tire or discourage him. He kept pegging away till he arrived. The ordinary person, for instance, would have considered the jam-pot, on which he was then engaged, an empty jam-pot. Kennedy saw that there was still a strawberry (or it may have been a section of a strawberry) at the extreme end, and he meant to have that coy vegetable if he had to squeeze the pot to get at it. To take another instance, all the afternoon of the previous day he had bowled patiently at Fenn while the latter lifted every other ball into space. He had been taken off three times, and at every fresh attack he had plodded on patiently, until at last, as he had expected, the batsman had misjudged a straight one, and he had bowled him all over his wicket. Kennedy generally managed to "get there" sooner or later.

"It's no good chucking the game up simply because we're in a tight place," he said, bringing the spoon to the surface at last with the section of strawberry adhering to the end of it. "That sort of thing's awfully feeble."

"He calls me feeble!" shouted Jimmy Silver. "By James, I've put a man to sleep for less."

It was one of his amusements to express himself from time to time in a melodramatic fashion, sometimes accompanying his words with suitable gestures. It was on one of these occasions—when he had assumed at a moment's notice the *rôle* of the "Baffled Despot," in an argument with Kennedy in his study on the subject of the house football team that he broke what Mr. Blackburn considered a valuable door with a poker. Since then he had moderated his transports.

"They've got to make seventy-nine," said Kennedy.

Challis, the other first eleven man, was reading a green scoring book.

"I don't think Kay's ought to have the face to stick the cup up in their dining-room," he said, "considering the little they've done to win it. If they *do* win it, that is. Still, as they made two hundred first innings, they ought to be able to knock off seventy-nine. But I was saying that the pot ought to go to Fenn. Let the rest of the team had to do with it. Blackburn's, first innings, hundred and fifty-one, Fenn, eight for forty-nine. Kay's, two hundred and one. Fenn, a hundred and sixty-four not out. Second innings, Blackburn's hundred and twenty-eight. Fenn ten for eighty. Bit thick, isn't it? I suppose that's what you'd call a one-man team."

Williams, one of the other prefects, who had just sat down at the piano for the purpose of playing his one tune—a cake-walk, of which, through constant practice, he had mastered the rudiments—spoke over his shoulder to Silver.

"I tell you what, Jimmy," he said, "you've probably lost us the pot by getting your people to send brother Billy to Kay's. If he hadn't kept up his wicket yesterday Fenn wouldn't have made half as many."

When his young brother had been sent to Eckleton two terms before, Jimmy Silver had strongly urged upon his father the necessity of placing him in some house other than Blackburn's. He felt that a head of a house, even of so orderly and perfect a house as Blackburn's, has enough worries without being saddled with a small brother. And on the previous afternoon young Billy Silver, going in eighth wicket for Kay's, had put a solid bat in front of everything for the space of one hour, in the course of which he made ten runs and Fenn sixty. By scoring odd numbers off the last ball of each over, Fenn had managed to secure the majority of the bowling in the most masterly way.

"These things will happen," said Silver, resignedly. "We Silvers, y' know, can't help making runs. Come on, Williams, let's have that tune, and get it over."

Williams obliged. It was a classic piece called "The Coon Band Contest," remarkable partly for a taking melody, partly for the vast possibilities of noise which it afforded. Williams made up for his failure to do justice to the former by a keen appreciation of the latter. He played the piece through again, in order to correct the mistakes he had made at his first rendering of it. Then he played it for the third time to correct a new batch of errors

"I should like to hear Fenn play that," said Challis. "You're awfully good, you know, Williams, but he might do it better still."

"Get him to play it as an encore at the concert," said Williams, starting for the fourth time.

Fenn's abilities included music. He was not a genius at the piano, as he was at cricket, but he was a sufficiently sound performer for his age, considering that he had not made a special study of it. He was to play at the school concert on the following day.

"I believe Fenn has an awful time at Kay's," said Jimmy Silver. "It must be a fair sort of

hole, judging from the specimens you see crawling about in Kay caps. I wish I'd known my people were sending young Billy there. I'd have warned them. I only told them not to sling him in here. I had no idea they'd have picked Kay's."

"Fenn was telling me the other day," said Kennedy, "that being in Kay's had spoiled his whole time at the school. He always wanted to come to Blackburn's, only there wasn't room that particular term. Bad luck, wasn't it? I don't think he found it so bad before he became head of the house. He didn't come into contact with Kay so much. But now he finds that he can't do a thing without Kay buzzing round and interfering."

"I wonder," said Jimmy Silver, thoughtfully, "if that's why he bowls so fast. To work it off, you know."

In the course of a beautiful innings of fifty-three that afternoon, the captain of Blackburn's had received two of Fenn's speediest on the same spot just above the pad in rapid succession, and he now hobbled painfully when he moved about.

The conversation that evening had dealt so largely with Fenn—the whole school, indeed, was talking of nothing but his great attempt to win the cricket cup single-handed—that Kennedy, going out into the road for a breather before the rest of the boarders returned from preparation, made his way to Kay's to see if Fenn was imitating his example, and taking the air too.

He found him at Kay's gate, and they strolled towards the school buildings together. Fenn was unusually silent.

"Well?" said Kennedy, after a minute had passed without a remark.

"Well, what?"

"What's up?"

Fenn laughed what novelists are fond of calling a mirthless laugh.

"Oh, I don't know," he said; "I'm sick of this place."

Kennedy inspected his friend's face anxiously by the light of the lamp over the school gate. There was no mistake about it. Fenn certainly did look bad. His face always looked lean and craggy, but to-night there was a difference. He looked used up.

"Fagged?" asked Kennedy.

"No. Sick."

"What about?"

"Everything. I wish you could come into Kay's for a bit just to see what it's like. Then you'd understand. At present I don't suppose you've an idea of it. I'd like to write a book on 'Kay Day by Day.' I'd have plenty to put in it."

"What's he been doing?"

"Oh, nothing out of the ordinary run. It's the fact that he's always at it that does me. You get a houseful of—well, you know the sort of chap the average Kayite is. They'd keep me busy even if I were allowed a free hand. But I'm not. Whenever I try and keep order and stop things a bit, out springs the man Kay from nowhere, and takes the job out of my hands, makes a ghastly mess of everything, and retires purring. Once in every three times, or thereabouts, he slangs me in front of the kids for not keeping order. I'm glad this is the end of the term. I couldn't stand it much longer. Hullo, here come the chaps from prep. We'd better be getting back."

CHAPTER II.

AN EVENING AT KAY'S.

THEY turned, and began to walk towards the houses. Kennedy felt miserable. He never allowed himself to be put out to any great extent by his own worries, which, indeed, had not been very numerous up to the present, but the misfortunes of his friends always troubled him exceedingly. When anything happened to him personally he found the discomfort of being in a tight place largely counterbalanced by the excitement of trying to find a way out. But the impossibility of helping Fenn in any way depressed him.

"It must be awful," he said, breaking the silence.

"It is," said Fenn briefly.

"But haven't the house matches made any difference? Blackburn's always frightfully bucked when the house does anything. You can do anything you like with him if you lift a cup. I should have thought Kay would have been all right when he saw you knocking up centuries, and getting into the final, and all that sort of thing."

Fenn laughed.

"Kay!" he said. "My dear man, he doesn't *know*. I don't suppose he's got the remotest idea that we are in the final at all, or if he has, he doesn't understand what being in the final means."

"But surely he'll be glad if you lick us to-morrow?" asked Kennedy. Such indifference on the part of a housemaster respecting the fortunes of his house seemed to him, having before him the bright example of Mr. Blackburn, almost incredible.

"I don't suppose so," said Fenn. "Or if he is, I'll bet he doesn't show it. He's not like Blackburn. I wish he was. Here he comes, so perhaps we'd better talk about something else."

The vanguard of the boys returning from preparation had passed them, and they were now standing at the gate of the house. As Fenn spoke, a little restless-looking man in cap and gown came up. His clean-shaven face wore an expression of extreme alertness—the sort of look a ferret wears as he slips in at the mouth of a rabbit-hole. A doctor, called upon to sum up Mr. Kay at a glance, would probably have said that he suffered from nerves. Which would have been a perfectly correct diagnosis, though none of the members of his house put his manners and customs down to that cause. They considered that the methods he pursued in the management of the house were the outcome of a naturally malignant disposition. This was, however, not the case. There is no reason to suppose that Mr. Kay did not mean well. But there is no doubt that he was extremely fussy. And fussiness—with the possible exceptions of homicidal mania and a taste for arson—is quite the worst characteristic it is possible for a housemaster to possess.

"WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE, FENN?" ASKED MR. KAY.

He caught sight of Fenn and Kennedy at the gate, and stopped in his stride.

"What are you doing here, Fenn?" he asked, with an abruptness which brought a flush to the latter's face, "why are you outside the house?"

Kennedy began to understand why it was that his friend felt so strongly on the subject of his housemaster. If this was the sort of thing that happened every day, no wonder that there was dissension in the house of Kay. He tried to imagine Blackburn speaking in that way to Jimmy Silver or himself, but his imagination was unequal to the task. Between Mr. Blackburn and his prefects there existed a perfect understanding. He relied on them to see that order was kept, and they acted accordingly. Fenn, by the exercise of considerable self-control, had always been scrupulously polite to Mr. Kay.

"I came out to get some fresh air before lock-up, sir," he replied.

"Well, go in. Go in at once. I cannot allow you to be outside the house at this hour. Go indoors directly."

Kennedy expected a scene, but Fenn took it quite quietly.

"Good-night, Kennedy," he said.

"So long," said Kennedy.

Fenn caught his eye, and smiled painfully. Then he turned and went into the house.

Mr. Kay's zeal for reform was apparently

still unsatisfied. He directed his batteries towards Kennedy.

"Go to your house at once, Kennedy. You have no business out here at this time."

This, thought Kennedy, was getting a bit too warm. Mr. Kay might do as he pleased with his own house, but he was hanged if he was going to trample on *him*.

"Mr. Blackburn is my house-master, sir," he said with great respect.

Mr. Kay stared.

"My house-master," continued Kennedy with gusto, slightly emphasising the first word, "knows that I always go out just before lock-up, and he has no objection."

And, to emphasise this point, he walked towards the school buildings again. For a moment it seemed as if Mr. Kay intended to call him back, but he thought better of it. Mr. Blackburn, in normal circumstances a pacific man, had one touchy point—his house. He resented any interference with its management, and was in the habit of saying so. Mr. Kay remembered one painful scene in the Masters' Common Room when he had ventured to let fall a few well-meant hints as to how a house should be ruled. Really, he had thought Blackburn would have choked. Better, perhaps, to leave him to look after his own affairs.

So Mr. Kay followed Fenn indoors, and Kennedy, having watched him vanish, made his way to Blackburn's.

Quietly as Fenn had taken the incident at the gate, it nevertheless rankled. He read prayers that night in a distinctly unprayerful mood. It seemed to him that it would be lucky if he could get through to the end of the term before Mr. Kay applied that last straw which does not break the backs of camels only. Eight weeks' holiday with plenty of cricket would brace him up for another term. And he had been invited to play for the county against Middlesex four days after the holidays began. That should have been a soothing thought. But it really seemed to make matters worse. It was hard that a man who on Monday would be bowling against Warner and Beldam, or standing up to Trott and Hearne, should on the preceding Tuesday be sent indoors like a naughty child by a man who stood five-feet-one in his boots, and was devoid of any sort of merit whatever.

It seemed to him that it would help him to sleep peacefully that night if he worked off a little of his just indignation upon somebody. There was a noise going on in the fags' room. There always was at Kay's. It was not a particularly noisy noise—considering; but it had better be stopped. Badly as Kay had treated him, he remembered that he was head of the house, and as such it behoved him to keep order in the house.

He went downstairs, and, on arriving on the scene of action, found that the fags were engaged upon spirited festivities, partly in honour of the near approach of the summer holidays, partly because—miracles barred—the house was going on the morrow to lift the cricket-cup. There were a good many books flying about, and not a few slippers. There was a confused mass rolling in combat on the floor, and the table was occupied by a scarlet-faced individual, who passed the time by kicking violently at certain hands, which were endeavouring to drag him from his post, and shrieking frenzied abuse at the owners of the said hands. It was an animated scene, and to a deaf man might have been most enjoyable.

Fenn's appearance was the signal for a temporary suspension of hostilities.

"What the dickens is all this row about?" he inquired.

No one seemed ready at the moment with a concise explanation. There was an awkward silence. One or two of the weaker spirits even went so far as to sit down and begin to read. All would have been well but for a bright idea which struck some undiscovered youth at the back of the room.

"Three cheers for Fenn!" observed this genial spirit in no uncertain voice

The idea caught on. It was just what was wanted to give a finish to the evening's festivities. Fenn had done well by the house. He had scored four centuries and an eighty, and was going to knock off the runs against Blackburn's to-morrow off his own bat. Also he had taken eighteen wickets in the final house-match. Obviously Fenn was a person deserving of all encouragement. It would be a pity to let him think that his effort had passed unnoticed by the fags' room. Happy thought! Three cheers and one more, and then "He's a jolly good fellow," to wind up with.

It was while those familiar words "It's a way we have in the public scho-o-o-o-l-s," were echoing through the room in various keys that a small and energetic form brushed past Fenn as he stood in the doorway, vainly trying to stop the fags' choral efforts.

It was Mr. Kay.

The singing ceased gradually, very gradually. It was some time before Mr. Kay could make himself heard. But after a couple of minutes there was a lull, and the house-master's address began to be audible.

". . . unendurable noise. What is the meaning of it? I will not have it. Do you hear? It is disgraceful. Every boy in this room will write me two hundred lines by to-morrow evening. It is abominable. Fenn." He wheeled round

towards the head of the house. "Fenn, I am surprised at you standing here and allowing such a disgraceful disturbance to go on. Really, if you cannot keep order better——It is disgraceful, disgraceful."

Mr. Kay shot out of the room. Fenn followed in his wake, and the procession made its way to the house-master's study. It had been a near thing, but the last straw had arrived before the holidays.

Mr. Kay wheeled round as he reached his study door.

"Well, Fenn?"

Fenn said nothing.

"Have you anything you wish to say, Fenn?"

"I thought you might have something to say to me, sir."

"I do not understand you, Fenn."

"I thought you might wish to apologise for slanging me in front of the fags."

It is wonderful what a difference the last straw will make in one's demeanour to a person.

"Apologise! I think you forget whom it is you are speaking to."

When a master makes this well-worn remark, the wise youth realises that the time has come to close the conversation. All Fenn's prudence, however, had gone to the four winds.

"If you wanted to tell me I was not fit to be head of the house, you needn't have done it before a roomful of fags. How do you think I can keep order in the house if you do that sort of thing?"

Mr. Kay overcame his impulse to end the interview abruptly in order to put in a thrust.

"You do not keep order in the house, Fenn," he said acidly.

"I do when I am not interfered with."

"You will be good enough to say 'sir' when you speak to me, Fenn," said Mr. Kay, thereby scoring another point. In the stress of the moment Fenn had not noticed the omission.

He was silenced. And before he could recover himself, Mr. Kay was in his study, and there was a closed, forbidding door between them.

And as he stared at it, it began slowly to dawn upon Fenn that he had not shown up to advantage in the recent interview. To put it crisply, he had made a fool of himself.

CHAPTER III.

THE FINAL HOUSE-MATCH.

BLACKBURN'S took the field at three punctually on the following afternoon, to play out the last act of the final house-match. They were not without some small hope of victory, for curious things happen at cricket, especially in the fourth innings of a match. And runs are admitted to be easier saved than made. Yet seventy-nine seemed an absurdly small score to try and dismiss a team for, and in view of the fact that that team contained a batsman like Fenn it seemed smaller still. But Jimmy Silver, resolutely as he had declared victory impossible to his intimate friends, was not the man to depress his team by letting it become generally known that he considered Blackburn's chances small.

"You must work like niggers in the field," he said; "don't give away a run. Seventy-nine isn't much to make, but if we get Fenn out for a few they won't come near it."

He did not add that in his opinion Fenn would take very good care that he did not get out for a few. It was far more likely that he would make that seventy-nine off his own bat in a dozen overs.

"You'd better begin, Kennedy," he continued, "from the top end. Place your men where you want 'em. I should have an extra man in the deep, if I were you. That's where Fenn kept putting them last innings. And you'll want a short leg, only for goodness' sake keep them off the leg-side if you can. It's a safe four to Fenn every time if you don't. Look out, you chaps Man in."

Kay's first pair were coming down the Pavilion steps.

Challis, going to his place at short slip, called Silver's attention to a remarkable fact.

"Hullo," he said, "why isn't Fenn coming in first?"

"What! By Jove, nor he is. That's queer. All the better for us. You might get a bit finer, Challis, in case they snick 'em."

Wayburn, who had accompanied Fenn to the wicket at the beginning of Kay's first innings, had now for his partner one Walton, a large, unpleasant-looking youth, said to be a bit of a bruiser, and known to be a black sheep. He was one of those who made life at Kay's so close an imitation of an Inferno. His cricket was of a rustic order. He hit hard and high. When allowed to do so he hit often. But, as a rule, he left early, a prey to the slips or deep fields. To-day was no exception to that rule.

Kennedy's first ball was straight and medium-paced. It was a little too short, however, and Walton, letting go at it with a semi-circular sweep like the drive of a golfer, sent it soaring over mid-on's head and over the boundary. Cheers from the pavilion.

Kennedy bowled his second ball with the same purposeful air, and Walton swept at it as before. There was a click, and Jimmy Silver, who was keeping wicket, took the ball comfortably on a level with his chin.

"How's that?"

The umpire's hand went up, and Walton went out—reluctantly, murmuring legends of how he had not gone within a yard of the thing.

It was only when the next batsman who emerged from the pavilion turned out to be his young brother and not Fenn, that Silver began to see that something was wrong. It was conceivable that Fenn might have chosen to go in first wicket down instead of opening the batting, but not that he should go in second wicket. If Kay's were to win it was essential that he should begin to bat as soon as possible. Otherwise there might be no time for him to knock off the runs. However good a batsman is, he can do little if no one can stay with him.

There was no time to question the newcomer. He must control his curiosity until the fall of the next wicket.

"Man in," he said.

Billy Silver was in many ways a miniature edition of his brother, and he carried the resemblance into his batting. The head of Blackburn's was stylish, and took no risks. His brother had not yet developed a style, but he was very settled in his mind on the subject of risks. There was no tempting him with half-volleys and long-hops. His motto was defence, not defiance. He placed a straight bat in the path of every ball, and seemed to consider his duty done if he stopped it.

The remainder of the over was, therefore, quiet. Billy played Kennedy's fastest like a book, and left the more tempting ones alone.

Challis's first over realised a single, Wayburn snicking him to leg. The first ball of Kennedy's second over saw him caught at the wicket, as Walton had been.

"Every *time* a cocoanut," said Jimmy Silver complacently, as he walked to the other end. "We're a powerful combination, Kennedy. Where's Fenn? Does anybody know? Why doesn't he come in?"

Billy Silver, seated on the grass by the side of the crease, fastening the top strap of one of his pads, gave tongue with the eagerness of the well-informed man.

"What, don't you know?" he said. "Why, there's been an awful row. Fenn won't be able to play till four o'clock. I believe he and Kay had a row last night, and he cheeked Kay, and the old man's given him a sort of extra. I saw him going over to the School House, and I heard him tell Wayburn that he wouldn't be able to play till four."

The effect produced by this communication would be most fittingly expressed by the word "sensation" in brackets. It came as a complete surprise to everyone. It seemed to knock the bottom out of the whole match. Without Fenn the thing would be a farce. Kay's would have no chance.

"What a worm that man is," said Kennedy. "Do you know, I had a sort of idea Fenn wouldn't last out much longer. Kay's been ragging him all the term. I went round to see him last night, and Kay behaved like a bounder then. I expect Fenn had it out with him when they got indoors. What a beastly shame, though."

"Beastly," agreed Jimmy Silver. "Still, it can't be helped. The sins of the house-master are visited on the house. I'm afraid it will be our painful duty to wipe the floor with Kay's this day. Speaking at a venture, I should say that we have got them where the hair's short. Yea. Even on toast, if I may be allowed to use the expression. Who is this coming forth now? Curtis, or me old eyes deceive me. And is not Curtis's record score three, marred by ten chances? Indeed yes. A fastish yorker should settle Curtis's young hash. Try one."

Kennedy followed the recipe. A ball later the middle and leg stumps were lying in picturesque attitudes some yards behind the crease, and Curtis was beginning that "sad, unending walk to the pavilion," thinking, with the poet,

"*Thou wast not made to play, infernal ball!*"

Blackburn's non-combatants, dotted round the boundary, shrieked their applause. Three wickets had fallen for five runs, and life was worth living. Kay's were silent and gloomy.

Billy Silver continued to occupy one end in an immovable manner, but at the other there was no monotony. Man after man came in, padded and gloved and looking capable of mighty things. They took guard, patted the ground lustily, as if to make it plain that they were going to stand no nonsense, settled their caps over their eyes, and prepared to receive the ball. When it came it usually took a stump or two with it before it stopped. It was a procession such as the school grounds had not often seen. As the tenth man walked from the pavilion, four sounded from the clock over the Great Hall, and five minutes later the weary eyes of the supporters of Kay's were refreshed by the sight of Fenn making his way to the arena from the direction of the School House.

Just as he arrived on the scene Billy Silver's defence broke down. One of Challis's slows, which he had left alone with the idea that it was going to break away to the off, came in quickly instead, and removed a bail. Billy Silver had only made eight; but, as the full score, including one bye, was only eighteen, this was above the average, and deserved the applause it received.

Fenn came in in the unusual position of

eleventh man, with an expression on his face that seemed to suggest that he meant business. He was curiously garbed. Owing to the shortness of the interval allowed him for changing, he had only managed to extend his cricket costume as far as white buckskin boots. He wore no pads or gloves. But even in the face of these sartorial deficiencies he looked like a cricketer. The field spread out respectfully, and Jimmy Silver moved a man from the slips into the country.

There were three more balls of Challis's over, for Billy Silver's collapse had occurred at the third delivery. Fenn mistimed the first. Two hours writing indoors do not improve the eye. The ball missed the leg stump by an inch.

About the fifth ball he made no mistake. He got the full face of the bat to it, and it hummed past coverpoint to the boundary. The last of the over he put to leg for three.

A remarkable last-wicket partnership now took place, remarkable not so much for tall scoring as for the fact that one of the partners did not receive a single ball from beginning to end of it, with the exception of the one that bowled him. Fenn seemed to be able to do what he pleased with the bowling. Kennedy he played with a shade more respect than the others, but he never failed to score a three or a single off the last ball of each of his overs. The figures on the telegraph-board rose from twenty to thirty, from thirty to forty, from forty to fifty. Williams went on at the lower end instead of Challis, and Fenn made twelve off his first over. The pavilion was filled with howling enthusiasts, who cheered every hit in a frenzy.

Jimmy Silver began to look worried. He held a hasty consultation with Kennedy. The telegraph-board now showed the figures 60—9—8.

"This won't do," said Silver. "It would be too foul to get licked after having nine of them out for eighteen. Can't you manage to keep Fenn from scoring odd figures off the last ball of your over? If only that kid at the other end would get some of the bowling we should do it."

"I'll try," said Kennedy, and walked back to begin his over.

Fenn reached his fifty off the third ball. Seventy went up on the board. Ten more and Kay's would have the cup. The fourth ball was too good to hit. Fenn let it pass. The fifth he drove to the on. It was a big hit, but there was a fieldsman in the neighbourhood. Still, it was an easy two. But to Kennedy's surprise Fenn sent his partner back after they had run a single. Even the umpire was surprised. Fenn's policy was so obvious that it was strange to see him thus deliberately allow his partner to take a ball.

"That's not over, you know, Fenn," said the umpire—Lang, of the School House, a member of the first eleven.

Fenn looked annoyed. He had miscounted the balls, and now his partner, who had no pretensions to be considered a bat, would have to face Kennedy.

That mistake lost Kay's the match.

Impossible as he had found it to defeat Fenn, Kennedy had never lost his head or his length. He was bowling fully as well as he had done at the beginning of the innings.

The last ball of the over beat the batsman all the way. He scooped blindly forward, missed it by a foot, and the next moment the off stump lay flat. Blackburn's had won by seven runs

CHAPTER IV.

HARMONY AND DISCORD.

WHAT might be described as a mixed reception awaited the players as they left the field. The pavilion and the parts about the pavilion rails were always packed on the last day of a final house match, and even in normal circumstances there was apt to be a little sparring between the juniors of the two houses which had been playing for the cup. In the present case, therefore, it was not surprising that Kay's fags took the defeat badly. The thought that Fenn's presence at the beginning of the innings, instead of at the end, would have made all the difference between a loss and a victory, maddened them. The crowd that seethed in front of the pavilion was a turbulent one.

For a time the operation of chairing Fenn up the steps occupied the active minds of the Kayites. When he had disappeared into the first eleven room, they turned their attention in other directions. Caustic and uncomplimentary remarks began to fly to and fro between the representatives of Kay's and Blackburn's. It is not known who actually administered the first blow. But, when Fenn came out of the pavilion with Kennedy and Silver, he found a stirring battle in progress. The members of the other houses who had come to look on at the match stood in knots, and gazed with approval at the efforts of Kay's and Blackburn's juniors to wipe each other off the face of the earth. The air was full of shrill battle-cries, varied now and then by a smack or a thud, as some young but strenuous fist found a billet. The fortune of war seemed to be distributed equally so far, and the combatants were just warming to their work.

"Look here," said Kennedy, "we ought to stop this."

"What's the good?" said Fenn, without

interest. "It pleases them, and doesn't hurt anybody else."

"All the same," observed Jimmy Silver, moving towards the nearest group of combatants, "free fights aren't quite the thing, somehow. For, children, you should never let your angry passions rise: your little hands were never made to tear each other's eyes. Dr. Watts, 'Advice to Young Pugilists.' Drop it, you little beasts."

He separated two heated youths who were just beginning a fourth round. The rest of the warriors, seeing Silver and the others, called a truce, and Silver, having read a sort of Riot Act, moved on. The juniors of the beaten house, deciding that it would be better not to resume hostilities, consoled themselves by giving three groans for Mr. Kay.

"What happened after I left you last night, Fenn?" asked Kennedy.

"Oh, I had one of my usual rows with Kay, only rather worse than usual. I said one or two things he didn't like, and to-day the old man sent for me and told me to come to his room from two till four. Kay had run me in for being 'grossly rude.' Listen to those kids. What a row they're making!"

"It's a beastly shame," said Kennedy despondently.

At the school shop Morrell, of Mulholland's, met them. He had been spending the afternoon with a rug and a novel on the hills at the back of the school, and he wanted to know how the final house-match had gone. Blackburn's had beaten Mulholland's in one of the early rounds. Kennedy explained what had happened.

"We should have lost if Fenn had turned up earlier," he said. "He had a row with Kay, and Kay gave him a sort of extra between two and four."

Fenn, busily occupied with an ice, added no comment of his own to this plain tale.

"Rough luck," said Morrell. "What's all that row out in the field?"

"That's Kay's kids giving three groans for Kay," explained Silver. "At least, they started with the idea of giving three groans. They've got up to about three hundred by this time. It seems to have fascinated them. They won't leave off. There's no school rule against groaning in the grounds, and they mean to groan till the end of the term. Personally, I like the sound. But then, I'm fond of music."

Morrell's face beamed with sudden pleasure. "I knew there was something I wanted to tell you," he said, "only I couldn't remember what. Your saying you're fond of music reminds me.

THE AIR WAS FULL OF SHRILL BATTLE-CRIES.

Mulholland's crooked himself, and won't be able to turn out for the concert."

"What!" cried Kennedy. "How did it happen? What's he done?"

Mr. Mulholland was the master who looked after the music of the school, a fine cricketer and keen sportsman. Had nothing gone wrong, he would have conducted at the concert that night.

"I heard it from the matron at our place," said Morrell. "She's full of it. Mulholland

was batting at the middle net, and somebody else—I forget who—was at the one next to it on the right. The bowler sent down a long hop to leg, and this Johnny had a smack at it, and sent it slap through the net, and it got Mulholland on the side of the head. He was stunned for a bit, but he's getting all right again now. But he won't be able to conduct to-night. Rather bad luck on the man, especially as he's so keen on the concert."

"Who's going to sub. for him?" asked Silver.

"Perhaps they'll scratch the show," suggested Kennedy.

"Oh, no," said Morrell, "it's all right. Kay is going to conduct. He's often done it at choir practices when Mulholland couldn't turn up."

Fenn put down his empty saucer with an emphatic crack on the counter.

"If Kay's going to run the show, I'm hanged if I turn up," he said.

"My dear chap, you can't get out of it now," said Kennedy anxiously. He did not want to see Fenn plunging into any more strife with the authorities this term.

"Think of the crowned heads who are coming to hear you," pleaded Jimmy Silver. "Think of the nobility and gentry. Think of me. You must play."

"Ah, there you are, Fenn."

Mr. Kay had bustled in in his energetic way.

Fenn said nothing. He *was* there. It was idle to deny it.

"I thought I should find you here. Yes, I wanted to see you about the concert to-night. Mr. Mulholland has met with an unfortunate accident, and I am looking after the entertainment in his place. Come with me and play over your piece. I should like to see that you are perfect in it. Dear me, dear me, what a noise those boys are making. Why *are* they behaving in that extraordinary way, I wonder!"

Kay's juniors had left the pavilion, and were trooping back to their house. At the present moment they were passing the school shop, and their tuneful voices floated in through the open window.

"This is very unusual. Why, there seem to be boys in my house. They are groaning."

"I think they are a little upset at the result of the match, sir," said Jimmy Silver suavely. "Fenn did not arrive for some reason till the end of the innings, so Mr. Blackburn's won. The wicket was good, but a little fiery."

"Thank you, Silver," replied Mr. Kay with asperity. "When I require explanations I will ask for them."

He darted out of the shop, and a moment later they heard him pouring out a flood of recriminations on the groaning fags.

"There was *once* a man who snubbed me," said Jimmy Silver. "They buried him at Brookwood. Well, what are you going to do, Fenn? Going to play to-night? Harkee, boy. Say but the word, and I will beard this tyrant to his face."

Fenn rose.

"Yes," he said briefly, "I shall play. You'd better turn up. I think you'll enjoy it."

Silver said that no human power should keep him away.

The School concert was always one of the events of the Summer term. There was a concert at the end of the Winter term, too, but it was not so important. To a great many of those present the Summer concert marked, as it were, the last flutter of their school life. On the morrow they would be Old Boys, and it behoved them to extract as much enjoyment from the function as they could. Under Mr. Mulholland's rule the concert had become a very flourishing institution. He aimed at a high standard, and reached it. There was more than a touch of the austere about the music. A glance at the programme was enough to show the lover of airs of the trashy, clashy order that this was no place for him. Most of the items were serious. When it was thought necessary to introduce a lighter touch, some staidly rollicking number was inserted, some song that was saved—in spite of a catchy tune—by a halo of antiquity. Anything modern was taboo, unless it were the work of Gotauchakoff, Thingummyowsky, or some other eminent foreigner. Foreign origin made it just possible.

The school prefects lurked during the performance at the doors and at the foot of the broad stone steps that led to the Great Hall. It was their duty to supply visitors with programmes.

Jimmy Silver had foregathered with Kennedy, Challis, and Williams at the junior door. The Hall was full now, and their labours consequently at an end.

"Pretty good 'gate,'" said Silver, looking in through the open door. "It must be warm up in the gallery."

Across the further end of the Hall a dais had been erected. On this the bulk of the school sat, leaving the body of the hall to the crowned heads, nobility and gentry to whom Silver had referred in his conversation with Fenn.

"It always is warm in the gallery," said Challis. "I lost about two stone there every concert when I was a kid. We simply used to sit and melt."

"And I tell you what," broke in Silver, "it's going to get warmer before the end of the show. Do you notice that all Kay's house are sitting

in a lump at the back I bet they're simply spoiling for a row. Especially now Kay's running the concert. There's going to be a hot time in the old town to-night—you see if there isn't. Hark at 'em."

FOR FIVE MINUTES THE DIN PREVAILED

The choir had just come to the end of a little thing of Handel's. There was no reason to suppose that the gallery appreciated Handel. Nevertheless they were making a deafening noise. Clouds of dust rose from the rhythmical stamping of many feet. The noise was loudest and the dust thickest by the big window, beneath which sat the men from Kay's. Things were warming up.

The gallery, with one last stamp which nearly caused the dais to collapse, quieted down. The masters in the audience looked serious. One or two of the visitors glanced over their shoulders with a smile. How excited the dear boys were at the prospect of holidays! Young blood! Young blood! Boys *would* be boys.

The concert continued. Half-way through the programme there was a ten minutes' interval. Fenn's pianoforte solo was the second item of the second half.

He mounted the platform amidst howls of delight from the gallery. Applause at the Eckleton concerts was granted more for services in the playing-fields than merit as a musician. Kubelik or Paderewski would have been welcomed with a few polite handclaps. A man in the eleven or fifteen was certain of two minutes' unceasing cheers.

"Evidently one of their heroes, my dear," said Paterfamilias to Materfamilias. "I suppose he has won a scholarship at the University."

Paterfamilias' mind was accustomed to run somewhat upon scholarships at the University. What the school wanted was a batting average of forty odd or a bowling analysis in single figures.

Fenn played the "Moonlight Sonata." A trained musical critic would probably have found much to cavil at in his rendering of the piece, but it was undoubtedly good for a public school player. Of course he was encored. The gallery

would have encored him if he had played with one finger, three mistakes to every bar.

"I told Fenn," said Jimmy Silver, "if he got an encore, that he ought to play the——My aunt! *He is!*"

Three runs and half-a-dozen crashes, and there was no further room for doubt. Fenn was playing the "Coon Band Contest."

"He's gone mad," gasped Kennedy

Whether he had or not, it is certain that the gallery had. All the evening they had been stewing in an atmosphere like that of the inner room of a Turkish bath, and they were ready for anything. It needed but a trifle to set them off. The lilt of that unspeakable Yankee melody supplied that trifle. Kay's malcontents, huddled in their seats by the window, were the first to break out. Feet began to stamp in time to the music—softly at first, then more loudly. The wooden daïs gave out the sound like a drum.

Other rioters joined in from the right. The noise spread through the gallery as a fire spreads through gorse. Soon three hundred pairs of well-shod feet were rising and falling. Somebody began to whistle. Everybody whistled. Mr. Kay was on his feet, gesticulating wildly. His words were lost in the uproar.

For five minutes the din prevailed. Then, with a final crash, Fenn finished. He got up from the music-stool, bowed, and walked back to his place by the senior door. The musical efforts of the gallery changed to a storm of cheering and clapping.

The choir rose to begin the next piece.

Still the noise continued.

People began to leave the Hall—in ones and twos first, then in a steady stream which blocked the doorways. It was plain to the dullest intelligence that if there was going to be any more concert, it would have to be performed in dumb show. Mr. Kay flung down his bâton.

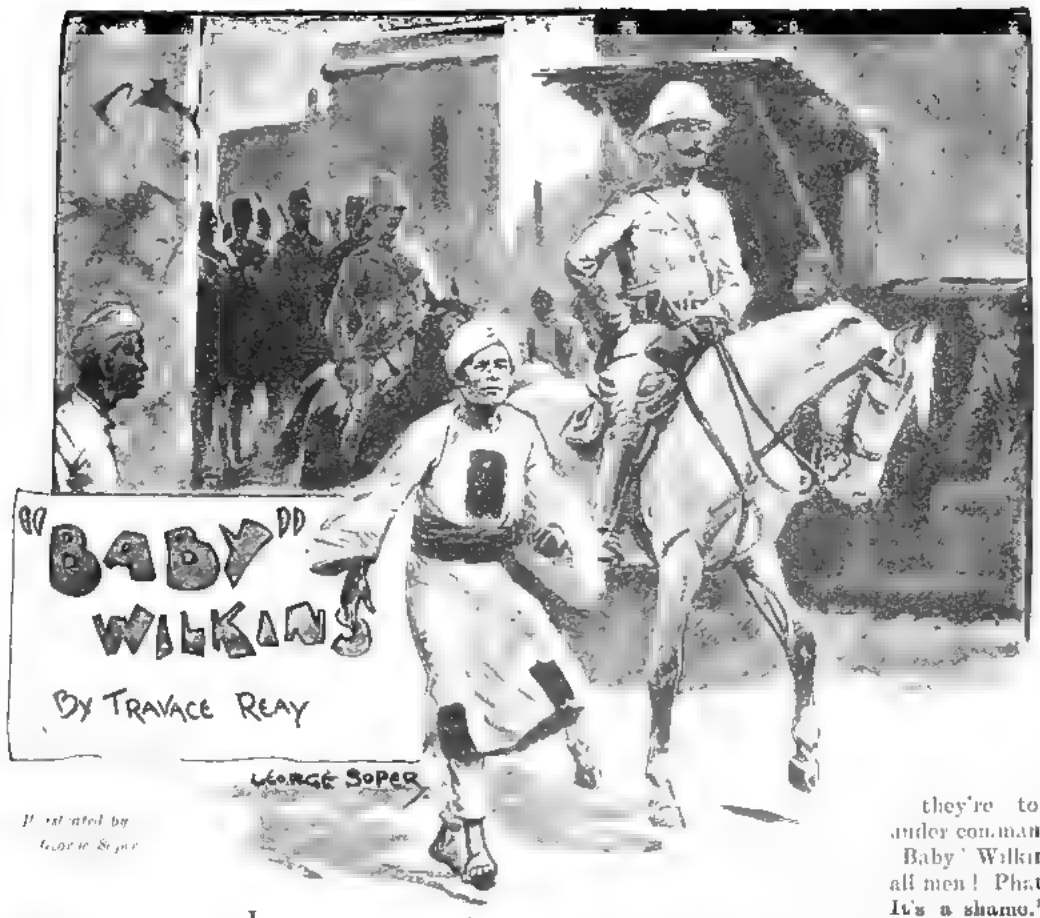
The visitors had left by now, and the gallery was beginning to follow their example, howling as it went.

"Well," said Jimmy Silver cheerfully, as he went with Kennedy down the steps, "I *think* we may call that a record. By my halidom, there'll be a row about this later on."

(*To be continued.*)

THE BOYHOOD OF RICHARD JEFFERIES.

THE idle do-nothing hours, when Richard lay in the sun, or scampered and romped with his companions, were those that were the making of him. It was then he acquired the wood-magic that enabled him to interpret the wild bird's song, and familiarised him with the weasel's cunning, and the wiles of rat and fox. He made stories for the timid and gentle hare, that, save in dead winter, when there is no other harbourage, avoided the woods as carefully as the rich traveller avoided Epping Forest in the days of Dick Turpin; what the brook sings to the rushes, what the bee hums to the flowers, were the dreams of his solitary hours. And even in manhood he retained all a child's surprised delight at the sight of a magpie's odd gestures, the flashing plumage of jays quarrelling under an oak-tree, or the autumnal parliament of rooks In frequent times of solitude he learned to love before he had quite come to understand the cooing and warbling and chirping, th pretty quarrelling, of the birds, and the discord of shrieks that arises when thrush and blackbird and finch are alarmed by the visit of a wandering cat, or unite to repel the invasion of a predatory hawk. Oftenest, however, as he grew up, he chose for his wandering the bare green Downs, where no one was to be met save the shepherd, and the rolling monotony is broken only by Follies or small clumps of trees There he sat and wondered how the kestrels climbed the air, how they could hang so motionless midway between the blue and green, where they flew to when, mounting high with strong and steady wing, they fared off swift and straight into the immeasurable distance. But he had almost an equal delight in the butterflies playing on the breeze that sighed round the buxom hill or swished in the hollows. He had to an intense degree the Nature lover's delight in the wind. Its moaning and whistling in the bare winter woods, the soft rustle of its play with the nodding corn or the foliage in harvest, its autumn lament as it plays huntsman to the chasing leaves, or bellies the elm standing like a draperied woman with her back to it, or blows tempestuously over reddening thicket and thinning hedgerow, were music and poetry to him.—*From* "NATURE IN BOOKS," BY P. ANDERSON GRAHAM.



Illustrated by George Soper

I.

INTO the officers' mess of the Oneth Brigade at Asarki Camp, Upper Nile, strode Staff-Major Trevelyan. "It's like my confounded luck," he snarled, challenging the company generally.

"What's the trouble?" asked complacent Spencer Bey of the —th Soudanese, looking up smilingly from a game of bridge.

"Well, here am I going plenipotentiary to that old scoundrel, Sheikh-ed-Dein, and whose cavalry troop do you think is to be my escort?" growled the major.

"Some one who needs good strategetic instruction," softly flattered Spencer.

"Don't rot, Spencer, old chap! The business is serious, going a week's journey from base right up river to ascertain by either moral or physical suasion what is the present political position of that wily double-shuffler. Whom does he support now, Khedive or Khalifa? He does both as it best suits him. He is sensitive on the point, too, and more than likely to act crooked, and my sole safeguard is a troop of Gyppies. I don't grumble at that, but they're to be under command of Baby Wilkins of all men! Phaugh! It's a shame."

"I entirely agree," assented sturdy Powell of the Artillery.

"And I entirely differ," broke in Spencer, with some warmth.

"Then I wish you'd tell me why?" retorted Trevelyan sarcastically, "it might prove comforting, for you cannot by any stretch of imagination term that doll-faced child a reliable subordinate. He's timid as a girl, I'm certain. It makes me quite afraid." And the big, brawny Intelligence officer, who had traversed the Sudan end to end with his life in his hand, affected to be utterly despondent.

"Nonsense, Tom, you never were afraid in all your life. Come, don't be so hard on the youngster; I've known him and his people since he was a nipper fagging for me at school. He's not as soldierly as he might be, I admit, but, hang it, man! the fault's not his he's soldiering. He is a martyr to paternal ambition, the only son among a family of girls, and his guv'nor has queer notions about family traditions; and so the lad, against his inclinations, is in the Army to please his father. He has grit in him, I'm sure; it only wants bringing out—you know what

a whiff of burnt powder can do for that sort. Give him a fair chance, for my sake, at least. I've a soft side for 'Baby.' If you'll only encourage him he'll be faithful as a dog."

Trevelyan fretted and fumed, but, Spencer being his particular chum, he said at last, "Well, as you wish, Spencer, I'll suffer him. But, great Scott! I prefer something less precarious on which to try new material."

II.

A FEW mud huts, a stone house or two, jumbled in a heap on the east bank of the Upper Nile, formed Baski, chief village of the Sheikh-ed-Dein. From here he ruled a turbulent warrior tribe, whose fighting abilities had prevented their identity being merged into the teeming mass of Mahdism. They possessed other qualities, less praiseworthy, and these were well exemplified in their crafty chieftain, who had been slave-dealer, robber, and raider by turns, yet whose subtle statecraft had played off one foe against another, rendering existence possible in the debatable land which still separated the Egyptian from the Omdurman governments.

It was to this village that Trevelyan came, escorted by two score Gyppie troopers, on a mission to gain the allegiance of this political profligate, or to make him declare open hostility; for General Dunne, about to continue his forward march through that territory, desired trustworthy information whether he should meet friend or foe.

The Sheikh and the Major were old diplomatic acquaintances, so the Arab received the band with every manifestation of friendship, but the Major's trained observation had noted the tribesmen's sullen acquiescence to their presence in the village. Nevertheless, the Sheikh listened attentively to the British overtures, though professing this and that other little objection to their acceptance. Orientals dwell long on their pleasures, and scheming is a pleasure in the East, so Trevelyan was not disturbed when the Arab from day to day evaded a final answer. This he had expected, but he was at once wary when the chieftain professed, through short supplies, to be unable to give his visitors any further rations than fodder for the chargers.

"He is on the crooked," Trevelyan remarked to Wilkins; "we have only got provisions for a six-day stay, and a week return march, so I have demanded a definite reply by to-morrow."

It came, though not as anticipated. Reveillé had not sounded, when Trevelyan and Wilkins, who occupied a house together, and had their force quartered in the surrounding huts, were rudely awakened by the report of rifle shots. They dashed outside to encounter Jones, the white sergeant, coming to arouse them.

"They've done it, sir; the murdrin' thieves has cut down sentry, an' made off with our commeesary" (commissariat).

Trevelyan received the news calmly—no man had ever seen the Major betray excitement. He formed his men in readiness to meet an attack, but they were not assailed, and daybreak showed the village to be entirely deserted.

Trevelyan, after completing his plans, explained them to Wilkins, who endeavoured to comport himself as the occasion required. But his war-hardened superior viewed with compassion the subordinate, who, with teeth in lip, strove to control his emotion and attend to instructions.

"Wilkins," the Major began firmly, "I think it's a pity the General sent you" (certainly not an encouraging remark, but Trevelyan never fenced with speech). "This work ahead is much too grim for your sort, and I'm sorry my weakness allowed Spencer to cajole me out of my objections."

"Did Spencer Bey persuade you to take me, sir?"

"In so far that he induced me to forego the protest I intended making to the General. It beats me why he should ever have detailed you."

Wilkins blushed, and answered nervously: "I hope you'll forgive me, sir, but I begged to be allowed to serve under you."

"Oh! indeed! Why?" asked Trevelyan laconically.

"Well, sir, in every letter my guv'nor sends he repeats the question of when am I going to gain the V.C. or the D.S.O. I confided in Spencer Bey, who is my friend, inquiring of him how either could be obtained. His advice was to get under a special service officer, and suggested you, because you have both, and are always performing duties which earn them."

"Ah! that was considerate of Spencer," commented Trevelyan blandly; "and did he tell you how to win those coveted decorations?"

"Yes, sir; he reminded me how once I won a cricket match for School v. Town. He was captain of our side, and I last man in with a dozen runs wanted to win. I was very nervous, he saw it, and clapped me on the back, saying, 'Now, Dicky, say the old school-cry, "Elemore ever," and keep saying it till the shakiness leaves you.' He repeated that injunction, telling me to obey orders implicitly, as your way always led to success."

TWO SCORE SABRES CAREERED DOWN UPON THE TRIBESMEN

"Spencer to the life!" muttered the Major, though not ill-pleased with the lad's frankness.

"Well, then, Mr. Wilkins," continued he impressively, "since the command of this expedition will devolve upon you in the event of anything happening to me, take heed to what I say. In the first place, we're likely to have a scrap, and as you, Jones, and myself, are the only white men, we must set an example to the native troops. Jones is an old stager, and solid; you are to be put to the test. For your country's sake I beg you to maintain the cool, confident courage that the world expects from a British officer. Regarding our mission, you must realise how we stand—the Sheikh has conveyed his answer in the bullet which struck the sentry dead—the tribe is against us. Consequently, what I, or you, as it may yet happen, have to do is, firstly, to place that information at the General's service, and secondly, to withdraw the force safely to camp. I propose without further parley, because it would be wasted on that old miscreant—I propose to cut through the cordon, and fight our road back to base. This present moment is one of those in which decorations are earned; let me see you prove worthy of one."

THEY DIMLY DISCERNED A HUGE BLACK SHAPE MOVING SLOWLY DOWN STREAM.

"I'll do my best to play the man, sir," answered Wilkins doggedly.

"I hope you will," remarked Trevelyan, as he swung himself into the saddle, though mentally he added: "Yet I doubt you attempt the impossible."

III.

THE country about Baski was rough, boulder-strewn scrub affording admirable cover to the Arabs. Trevelyan, by a concentrated movement on the weakest point, hoped to penetrate the cordon, so with a dash he led his men out of the village, but scarce a hundred yards had been traversed ere gruff Sniders began barking a formidable chorus. The troop dismounted to test in extended order the strength of the whole position; for fully an hour they tried this direction and that, but found the volume of fire everywhere equally strong.

"We cannot break through—it's madness facing this fire. We shall retire and entrench in the village. It's our only hope—living on air until reinforcements arrive," shouted Trevelyan to Wilkins, and was instantly sorry for doing so, because his subordinate visibly shuddered at the words.

However, the Gyppies responded cheerfully enough, for so great was their faith in Trevelyan Bey that they were prepared always either to advance or retire with the same alacrity. The retirement, it seemed, was not to prove easy, a force of spearmen having posted themselves, unperceived, just outside the village. Trevelyan,

undaunted, gave the order to charge, and amid frightful yells two score sabres careered down upon the tribesmen, who crumpled, broke, and fell away like dust before a broom. Once through, the Major rallied the troop for a further onslaught, and as he wheeled his horse his eye caught something which stung him like a whip. "Look there!" he growled to Jones, who chanced to be near. They both gazed for a moment on a shameful sight—Bimbashi Wilkins, huddled abjectly on his charger's neck, was flying ignominiously up the opposite slope!

"The unspeakable coward!" snarled Trevelyan, but the sergeant was gone into the fray, where the Major instantly followed, thankful that the fight had been sufficiently fierce to prevent the troopers seeing a British officer showing the white feather.

IV.

TWO days had passed; the second night had come; still Trevelyan with his devoted band held the desert village against the whole tribe of the Sheikh-ed-Dein. It was evening; the sergeant had come to Trevelyan's hut to call him for duty; they were taking watch and watch about. In the darkness glowed a huge semicircle of camp fires, which, with the deep-flowing river, marked the lines of investment, where beyond rifle range lurked a savage foe, relentlessly waiting till hunger should deliver the hated infidel into the hands of Allah's Faithful. Ever and anon the distant detonation of a Snider rifle would betray the presence of snipers, but before the bullet's moroseful wail had ceased, an Enfield would crack a snapping reply like a terrier's bark, showing that the fellaheen were still at their posts.

"How; now, Jones?" queried Trevelyan cheerily, as the tired-eyed soldier dragged himself wearily into the hut.

"Worse an' worse, sir; two more men hit; the rest showing less stomach for action. You can't expect 'em to fight on water, sir, an' that's all we've got to feed 'em on; an' bless you, sir, ain't a Gyppie just half a man after all?"

"True, Jones; oh! what wouldn't I give for a score of British lads at my back! They'd show those human wolves how white men can die Well, we must keep up heart. Do you think Muskah, the corporal, got through their lines last night? I heard no firing in that quarter; still, it's only a forlorn hope, unless we can find something to put in the men's stomachs. Where can that old fox have his secret larder?"

"Not within the village, sir, you may be sure, 'cos those 'ere starving Gyppies have scratted it through and through. Grub they can't nose don't exist."

The sergeant then stretched himself sleepily on the straw pallet his superior had just vacated. "May as well have a good 'un for the last, sir," he uttered with grim humour.

Trevelyan snapped his jaws savagely. "You may, for unless the miraculous happens we shall all be beyond sleep this time to-morrow. There's one thing to be thankful for, anyhow—we shall be spared awkward explanations about Wilkins."

"Yessir; we couldn't hoodwink the General as we did the Gyppies, by saying he broke through for help."

"It doesn't much matter now, but he was a mad fool! They'd cut him to pieces before he went two hundred yards. What can have possessed him?"

"'Tain't what he possessed, sir, it's what he lacked. He was only a raw recruit."

"I'm sorry for his people; it would be a deathblow to his father if he knew how he died."

So saying, Trevelyan passed out to cheer the men who dumbly suffered their hunger, drawing in their belts to the last hole—sustained by unfailing confidence in the white-faced Bey.

Nothing untoward happened during Trevelyan's watch, and when he had once more exchanged with the sergeant it seemed to him that his eyes had just closed when Jones was again at his side shaking him into consciousness. "Are they attacking?" he cried eagerly, springing up erect.

"I suspect so, sir, a new dodge this time—from the river."

In a few moments they were at the waterside, from where, strange though it seemed, the Sheikh had never thought fit to attack before, although he had had more than one feluca at anchor when the British force arrived; these, however, mysteriously disappeared on the outbreak of hostilities; consequently, one sentry had proved sufficient to guard this side of the village. Him they found prone on the ground peering across the face of the waters; doing likewise, and following the direction of the excited soldier's finger, they dimly discerned against the dark sky a huge black shape moving slowly down stream.

"Fay—lookah! effendi!" chattered the native volubly.

"It is indeed!" assented Trevelyan, after a scrutiny. "A surprise attack. Beat the men to quarters, Jones; we'll give it 'em hot!"

In a very short time every available man was

posted in readiness with his rifle trained on the approaching craft, which came with painful slowness, having only the usual sauntering night wind to propel it. It had just passed the point where the enemy's lines abutted on the riverside, when suddenly a shot rang out, then another, finally volley after volley.

"Why, blime me, sir, if they ain't a firin' on their own boat!" exclaimed the astonished sergeant.

"It's a poser, Jones, whose it is. We've no force up river; in any case, if relief should come by water it would be in a gunboat, but there were none above the cataract when we left."

"My word, sir, whoever holds the tiller under that fire is simply brimful o' grit. Jes' look! they're simply raining lead on him."

Still the craft crept onward; finally, when opposite the village, it turned its nose toward shore, ran into bank, and grated its keel on the beach, where it lay with flopping sail, gaunt and ghastly, and never a sign of life aboard.

This alarmed the superstitious Gyppies, who began to murmur in fear.

"Who goes there?" called out the Major's stentorian voice.

"Friend," came the cheering response, and a shadowy figure loomed on deck. "Friend with rations aboard!"

And every listener yelled in unison: "Wilkins Bimbashi!. Hurrah!"

Lieutenant Wilkins it was, too, with a shipload of salted fish, rice, and dates—food for a twelvemonth; and, except for two unconscious Arabs, only himself on board the craft, whose deck and sail were riddled with bullets. And one had found its way into Wilkins' shoulder.

"HERE IS MY SWORD, SIR; I THROW MYSELF ON YOUR MERCY."

V.

THERE was feasting and revelry in Baski village that night, amid which the simple-minded soldiery often paused to call down blessings upon Wilkins Bimbashi, and all his blood relations, for the Allah-sent gift to the starving.

In Trevelyan's hut, Wilkins, very pale of face, and with his arm in a sling, was watching his brother officers make rapid inroads upon a meal of stewed rice and dates.

"You've yet to tell us how you managed this feat," said Trevelyan, between mouthfuls.

Wilkins shifted uneasily in his seat, winced, then commenced haltingly: "I—er—I got through their lines somehow or other——"

"So you did!" interjected the Major very pointedly. Then, seeing the remark had silenced him, he continued more encouragingly, "Well—after that?"

So Wilkins began afresh: "Their bullets missed me, but unfortunately hit my horse, and, I think, so maddened the poor brute that he went by them like a whirlwind, and put pursuit out of the question. However, the effort proved too much for him, for, after carrying me in splendid

style many miles to the south, he collapsed in some scrub from sheer loss of blood, and I was compelled to end his sufferings. That placed me in a plight; however, I made for the river with the intention of following its course right down to Asarki to seek relief. But I knew there was little hope of evading the enemy on this bank, so there was nothing for it but to swim the stream; that accomplished, the next step was to commence my march. I think my emulation of Indian tactics was very creditable, for it brought me unnoticed to within sound of your firing. It was there I found the felucca—several of them together—and while hiding in the scrub I noticed that the tribesmen drew their supplies from these craft. Then the wily old Sheikh's scheme unfolded itself before my eyes. He had hidden all his provender on board the boats. Naturally, then, it occurred to me that I might make a capture, and bring to you what was perhaps more needed than reinforcements. Last night was favourable to the execution of the plan, so I swam out, knocked the sleeping guards on the head, cut the grass ropes that moored her, shook out the sail, and stood to the tiller. Of course, that was all easy enough. You see, I was in the Canoe Club at Elemore School."

"Seems to me you was blame plucky to stand up to that fire, sir," remarked the sergeant, ceasing for a moment to worry his food.

"I didn't stand up, actually," answered Wilkins apologetically; "really, I was compelled to lie on my back and work the tiller with my legs."

"Don't matter s'posin' you stood on yer 'ead 'tain't none the less plucky," argued Jones.

Trevelyan assented with a bow of his head; then, submitting Wilkins to a cold, stony, searching stare—a disciplinary habit for which he was famed ("readin' yer blame conscience," Jones termed it), he said sternly: "Mr. Wilkins, I can commend your achievement, but you must have known that it is customary to have the consent of your superior officer to any individual enterprise. In this instance, might I suggest that your departure was a trifle suspicious?"

The subaltern paled and bit his lip, but Jones who was allowed more latitude with the Major than any other man in the army, came again to the rescue. "But what can you do, sir, when yer bloomin' horse bolts? Strikes me Mr. Wilkins 'ad this little job in his eye all along. He's 'cuter than we took him for."

Wilkins sprang to his feet, and with his uninjured hand attempted to grasp that of the sergeant. His eyes were full of tears; he seemed too emotional for speech. "Beg pardon, sir," protested that worthy, "but you're a-spillin' o' my gruel, an' I've a far better place than the floor ready for it"

Trevelyan smiled, then asked curiously: "How have you managed for food these last few days?"

"I never had any," replied Wilkins, bashfully.

"What? Here, take mine," cried both listeners together; but, hungry as he was, Wilkins declined to deprive them of their shares, and the matter was at last solved by Jones hurrying away for a further supply.

Immediately he was gone, Wilkins moved toward where the Major sat, his head sunk on his breast, and proffered his sword. "Here is my sword, sir; I throw myself on your mercy."

"Why?"

"Because -because the horse didn't bolt, sir. I spurred him—I lost my head."

"I am well aware of that," responded Trevelyan very coolly. Then for a few moments he remained silent, thinking deeply, while poor Wilkins suffered acute mental torture. It ended by the Major rising to his feet and placing his hands affectionately upon the young man's shoulders. "My boy," he said tenderly, "I know all. In simple language, you ran away! I've known men do that in their first fight—some remained cowards to the end of their days, some afterwards became heroes. You are of the latter sort, because, conquering your fear, you returned to the danger. When a man once does that he never runs again. I shall not take your sword, for, had it not been for you, mine would have fallen into the enemy's hands—you have my thanks for that. I called you a coward; I apologise. I told Spencer you were but a girl; I shall tell him differently on our return, and I shall also have something to tell the General when he comes here. He should not be long. You, my brave boy, will have something to tell your father of which he will be justly proud."

So it all ended; with the provisions Wilkins had brought, the force was enabled to hold out successfully until relief arrived.

Captain Wilkins is still in the army. They call him "Baski" Wilkins now, for, as they say, you cannot call a man "Baby" when he is entitled to put V.C. after his name.

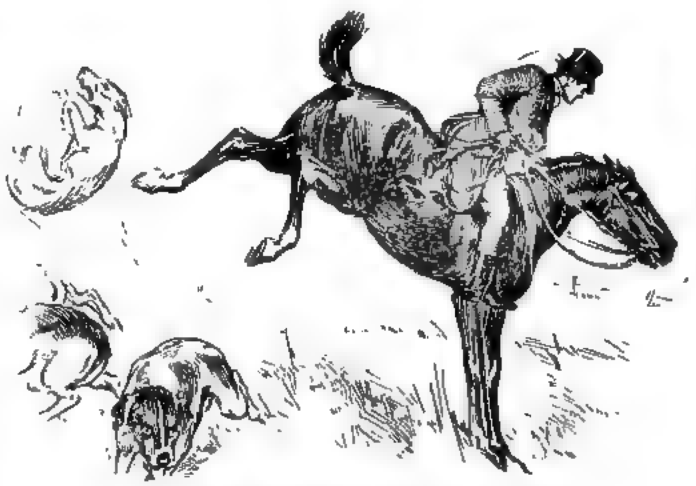
A HUNTING LETTER

By

"TAFFY."

Sketches by

REX OSBORNE.



KEEP YOUR HORSE'S HEELS AWAY FROM HOUNDS.

MY DEAR JACK,—I am delighted to hear of your good fortune in having had a horse given you, and at once sit down to comply to the best of my ability with your request for a letter of hunting advice.

You tell me that your only experience of hunting, hitherto, has been confined to an occasional day with Mr. W——'s Harriers, and that you are sadly afraid of making a fool of yourself when you make your first appearance with a smart pack like the L——. Let me remind you, however, that we have all of us had to make this beginning some time or other, and that the ethics of hunting are far more easily acquired at your age than later in life.

As you say I am to advise you about "everything," we will start at the commencement and discuss your hunting toggery. You are just at an age when clothes seem to play a very unimportant part in the enjoyment of hunting, but though I am far from wishing to see you a dandy, yet I would remind you that slovenliness in your own and your horse's turn-out is really an act of disrespect to the Master, implying that you do not think it worth troubling yourself how you come out with his hounds. Go to the very best tailor you can afford, and then, no matter how plain and unpretending your get-up, or how long you have to make your clothes last, they will look well to the bitter end, and you will not have to labour under the uncomfortable feeling of being worse dressed than your neighbours.

As with clothes, so with saddlery, the best is cheapest in the end, and I would advise you to get a really good second-hand saddle in preference to a cheap new one.

Any of the best saddlery makers will supply you with a first-rate saddle of their own make in condition equal to new from £4 to £6, and this, if well cleaned and looked after, ought to last you for several years. Plain flap saddles are most generally used, and, personally, I infinitely prefer them both for comfort and use to one with knee rolls, but this I must leave to your own taste. See that the saddle is amply wide enough for the horse and long enough for yourself, and then, if properly stuffed by a competent saddler at the beginning of the season and again after Christmas, you should never be troubled with that most abominable of all evils—sore backs. I need not tell you to refrain from indulging in fancy forehead bands or any other little eccentricities; let everything be good, unpretentious and workmanlike.

You tell me that your new horse is a fine "lepper," but that you are afraid he is rather quiet and slow, and that you would sooner have had an animal which required more riding. Quite right, and a very laudable ambition, but I think, nevertheless, that as you are a beginner in the hunting field, you will find that a clever old screw (pardon the expression!) such as yours appears to be will teach you more for the first season or two than a green young horse, upon whom you would not be able to go your own line with the same confidence, and who would take up so much of your attention to manage, as to prevent your being able to give sufficient attention to the hound work. Re-

member, however, that I only advise your sticking to quiet horses for, say, a couple of seasons; after that, ride as many different animals as you can get hold of. Nothing improves your horsemanship so quickly as riding young horses; and let your elders say what they please about "the folly of risking your neck," etc., etc., I quite agree with you that there is no use in being nineteen and nine stone if you mayn't risk something!

Ingenuous youth having now got all the "implements of the chase" scraped together, let us imagine ourselves on our way to the meet. Five or six miles an hour is quite fast enough to jog on to covert, and, if you have a long way to go, it is much better to take an hour less in bed than hurry the horse along. Once there, be careful to keep your horse's heels away from hounds and also from other horses. A fresh horse will often kick out from sheer light-heartedness, not intending anything vicious, but, whatever the reason may be, the result is the same for the victim. Directly hounds are put into covert, be on the look-out for the first whimper that proclaims a find, and, once hounds are out and settled down on the line, be ready to get your start.

"What thou doest, do quickly," is certainly applicable to hunting, and a very little hesitation and uncertainty may lose you your place, never to be regained during the run. Till you have learnt enough about hunting to be able to go alone, you will have to follow a pilot, and here I advise your selecting the very best man you can. You will learn much more by trying—and perhaps failing at first—to follow some one really good than by contentedly riding in the ruck with the greater majority of the field. One thing I would impress upon you, however, and that is—give your pilot plenty of room. There is no more unpleasant feeling than that of having some one riding in your pocket, and, of all unpardonable hunting offences, jumping on any one is the chief.

Although it is quite right for you to follow a pilot for your first few seasons, it must at the same time be your aim to be able to go alone. To quote a recent writer in *Bailey's*,—"He who goes his own line, if only for a few fields at a time, experiences some of the rapture that the creator, the leader, reaps in any pursuit, and that those who simply follow never know." Try from the commencement to pick your own places at the fences and watch hounds for yourself, not pressing on them, or riding directly on the line, but keeping a little to one side or the other ready to turn when they turn, and to pull up directly they check.

An "eye for country" is one of the most valuable gifts that any sportsman can possess. There are some people who seem to have an instinctive knowledge of the line a fox will take, coupled with an ability to get to hounds in the best and quickest way possible, but this gift, rare as it is precious, is only possessed in perfection by the favoured few. However, common sense, reliable nerve (which will enable you to get *out* of difficulties when you have got into them), and "that infinite capacity for taking pains," will go far to supply the want of a natural gift.

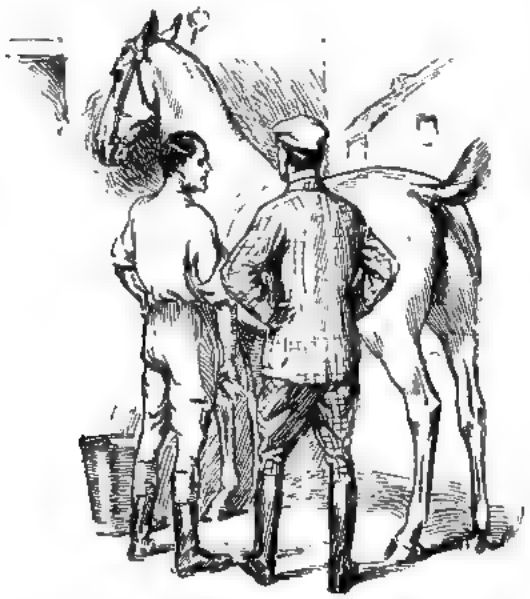
By trying to ride your own line and not blindly following a leader, you may find yourself in some awkward places, and possibly get one or two nasty falls, but at any rate you will have the satisfaction of feeling that you are doing what quite nine-tenths of the people who hunt dare not attempt, and each

IN A HILLY COUNTRY, KEEP ABOVE RATHER THAN BELOW HOUNDS.

day will see you improving in knowledge of country and ability to select the best instead of the worst places at each fence.

Whyte Melville says that judicious choice of country is one of the first essentials to success in the hunting field. Any one who has tried running after beagles will know the

effects of a very few yards of plough on both legs and wind; therefore, in ploughed land, if you can't find a wet furrow or a footpath to push along on, pull back to a trot, even at the risk of losing a little way, rather than hustle your horse through the deep ground. In a hilly country, keep above rather than below hounds, for if they turn away from you



"THE MASTER'S EYE MAKES THE FAT HORSE."

it is much quicker to go down than up hill. In riding down hill, pull your horse well together and keep him perfectly straight; if you remember to do this you can ride down as fast as you like, and then ease him up the other side.

In jumping, when choosing your places, try and pick those with the best take off; it is easier for a horse to jump a larger place where the take off is fairly sound than one which looks easier, but where the approach is boggy or bad.

At a brook, if possible, choose a place where you see bushes growing; the bank is likely to be sounder there than anywhere else.

Jump off your horse at a check, or, indeed, whenever you get a chance of doing so; it is the greatest rest to a horse's back to get rid of his burden even if only for a few moments, and when the run is over and you have started on your homeward ride, a halt of five minutes to get him a drink of warm gruel is time well spent.

Never hurry a horse back to his stable, no matter how anxious you are to get home to your dinner, and if you have had a hard day and have got a long jog home, get off and walk by his side every now and again. Remember that you cannot be too thoughtful for the welfare of the generous, plucky animal which gives you so much pleasure. To quote from Whyte Melville again: "In all our relations with the dumb creation there is none in which man has so entirely the best of it as in the one-sided partnership that exists between the horse and his rider."

As soon as the horse comes in from hunting, see that he has a pailful of warm gruel given him, if he will drink it, before the groom starts cleaning him; and if you have only a boy or inexperienced man in the stables, I should strongly recommend your staying and seeing him put away comfortably for the night yourself. "The master's eye makes the fat horse," and if your groom sees that you take a keen interest in every detail of stable management, he is much more likely to exert himself, and to do his work thoroughly.

A hunting letter would not, I think, be complete without some reference to the noble art of falling. As the old Spanish proverb says, "He that would venture nothing must not get on horseback," and a certain number of tosses, especially if you ride young unmade horses, must be reckoned upon every season. We are most of us rather apt, I am afraid, when falls do occur to

> "Lay the blame of the disaster
> On our silent friend the horse,"

despite the fact that in nine cases out of ten it was our own bad riding or bad judgment which caused the mishap. Time and experience will probably teach you how to reduce your falls to a minimum, and one great secret I think is not to part company with your horse till you are absolutely obliged. It is wonderful what tight places an active horse with a light weight on him will contrive to get out of, provided the rider only sits still and gives him his head.

One little hint when you do come a cropper, however, is to *hang on to your reins*. The good Samaritan who will stop in the middle of a run to catch your horse for you is not always to be met with when wanted, and nothing in this wide world is more trying to the temper, than to spend the best run of the season in pursuing a fresh and cunning horse round and round a ploughed field.

You ask me to tell you what to subscribe to

the hounds, but, as almost every hunt varies in its scale of subscriptions, your best plan is to write to the secretary, telling him how many days a week you will probably be out, and asking him what sum you should send him. Whatever amount you can afford, however, be sure that it is in the secretary's hands not later than November 1st.

So far we have been looking at hunting chiefly from the riding point of view, but as your aim is to be a good sportsman as well as a good horseman, you must try and study hounds and learn all that you can about them.

I am not quite sure how far the kennels are from you at H——, but at any rate go over and see hounds whenever you can get the chance. If the huntsman sees that you are really keen and anxious to learn, he will probably take a good-natured interest in teaching you. Get him to show you the good and bad points of a hound, and when you can recognise these for yourself, and can distinguish each separate hound in the pack, with a knowledge of their hunting capabilities, which can be relied upon and which not, then I think you may be said to be well started on a hobby that, if pursued, will give you a good deal of happy and wholesome enjoyment through life.

Talking hunting is such a congenial occupation that I am afraid I have already written you an unconscionably long letter, but there is one more thing I should like to impress upon you, and that is, that you cannot show too much courtesy and consideration for the farmers. In hunting, as in other matters, we know that "evil is wrought from want of thought," but it is small consolation to a farmer, after you have galloped across his tender young wheat, to hear that it was because you "didn't know" it would hurt it! Learn to distinguish one crop from another, ride close in to the hedges in places where you may do any damage, and *shut the gates* after you if there are any stock in the field, even if it delays you a few moments in getting to hounds. Remember that riding over other people's land is not our "right," as some people seem to consider it; also that if it were not for the courtesy and goodwill of the farmers, fox-hunting in England would soon become non-existent. Finally, I would advise you to read all the books that you can on hunting, old and new; also, never be above taking advice from older and more experienced sportsmen than yourself.

Don't be disheartened by failures; hunting would not be the fascinating pursuit that it is if it were not for its difficulties, and the more you learn about it the more you will find there is to learn. In addition to this, though hunting in itself is only an amusement, you will find that the cultivation of those qualities of quickness, decision and nerve, which are so necessary to any one who wishes to excel in the hunting field, will also stand you in good stead and help to keep you in front in the harder run of Life.

WHEN YOU DO COME A CROPPER, *hang on to the reins.*

And now, with my heartiest wishes for many jolly runs,

Believe me, my dear Jack,

Your affectionate old Godfather,

TAFFY.

AT HICKSON'S.

No. 1.—JONATHAN'S EXPERIMENT.

By F. L. Morgan. Illustrated by Alfred Pearse.

I.

HICKSON'S COLLEGE is an enormous red-brick building, about five miles from San Francisco. Surrounded by aggressively high walls of the same up-to-date structure, it strikes one as being defiantly ugly and very new-looking. No old oaks or historical hedges sport in the front garden, and the chapel contains no tablets or "memorials"—of which the English public-schoolboy is so justly proud. For the College was founded less than twenty years ago by its present head-master, Professor Samuel Hickson. Professor Hickson had spent many years in England, and, having been greatly impressed by our grand old schools, he endeavoured to run his college on similar lines, striving to instil into the sharper, shallower natures of his boys and girls, some of that deep sense of honour and love of truth that has made the sons of England so respected by other nations. At the time of which I write there were over three hundred scholars at Hickson's. These were divided into two great houses, Carr's (boys), and Bowen's (girls). Though not in any way neglected, out-door games were not given so much time and homage as they are in England. Hickson's possessed the best base-ball "nine" of any school in the States, a fair eleven, and a first-rate fifteen. But these things were considered *after* the business of Hickson's, i.e., brain-work. I think this was a great deal due to the girls. Girls are such swotters, and at the College they kept the boys up to the mark.

This story concerns "Hickson's Pride"—the school name for a public scholarship called the "Little National." For ten consecutive years it had been gained by a Hickson man—hence the "pride." The scholarship was open to girls, but though six or seven years back one of Bowen's had tried for it, it was so long since there had been any girl competitors from Hickson's, that Carr's had grown to consider it their rightful property. Therefore you can understand that when, towards the beginning of one summer term, Margaret Collins, of Bowen's, announced that she meant to try for the "Little National," there was a great deal of talk and not a little scoffing over the matter.

Margaret Collins win the "Pride"? No fear! John Caton would get it; or, if he died beforehand, it would go to his chum, Maurice Selby. Rather!

Now, there reposed near the wrong end of the sixth one Jonathan Flower—clever, but strangely averse to labour. He was a peculiar youth, much given, as he was wont to explain, to the study of Human Nature. He declared that, to the student of Human Nature, life could never be dull or tiresome. That it was the most absorbing, the most natural of all studies. That the student of Human Nature had far more scope for his intelligent researches than the slaves to science or art. Ay, to such an one——.

But when he reached that point he was generally persuaded to desist. When he heard of Margaret Collins' intention he betook his long, thin body and shrewd grey eyes into Bowen's, in search of Margaret. It pleased and amused him to think of a girl competing for the "Pride," and the idea of her *winning* it was positively stimulating. He was absolutely devoid of any sense of loyalty towards his house. He merely wondered how Carr would take it, and what John Caton would feel like if she won it—which she wouldn't do if she were left alone. He referred to the list hanging in the corridor to find the number of Margaret's study. Ah, here it was.

"No. 6—Margaret Collins and Isabel Uridge." Margaret Collins was alone when he entered, and she did not look particularly enraptured at the sight of him.

"What do you want?" Her voice was neither polite nor gentle; it was high and thin, and it grated unpleasantly on Jonathan's ear. He looked thoughtfully at her sharp, clever face, and almost wished he had not come. But still——

"Say, are you really going for the 'Pride'?"

Margaret Collins nodded, and glanced significantly at the door.

"Yes—and I'm doing Greek trans."

"Well—I'll coach you for the 'Pride,' if you like." He had hitched himself on to a corner of the table, and now awaited Margaret's reply with seeming indifference and very real curiosity. It came, with a strong flavour of sarcasm about it.

"Thanks so much, but I rather think I shall get on all right by myself."

"WHAT DO YOU WANT?"

"Just as you like, of course. Only I would give something to see Carr's face when he heard that one of Bowen's *girls* had taken the 'Pride' away from his house."

There was silence. Margaret Collins was thinking. She was a queer sort of girl; nothing to look at—your beauty would have to be very pronounced to be at all noticeable at Hickson's, for all the girls wore straight pig-tails and square-toed shoes. Margaret, however, was just passable—even with the square toes. She was nervous rather, and had a trick of glancing rapidly from one eye to the other of the person she was talking to. She was not really brilliant in school, but she had marvellous swotting powers, a splendid memory—and she *loved* to be first. She knew that if Jonathan Flower worked with her she would get on three times as quickly, so she said, slowly:—

"Do you think I have any chance?"

"Yes, I do. Caton's so easy-going. But it'll mean work—unlimited."

"Then I'd be awfully glad of your help. I'll meet you in the Lecture Hall on Monday evenings."

"And Thursdays *and* Fridays," supplemented Jonathan; "you are leagues behind Caton in ready knowledge, you know." And he strolled out of Bowen's across the flagged court and into Carr's,

"It's an experiment," he thought; "wonder how it'll work."

II.

JOHN CATON was a big man at Hickson's. To look at, he was tall, slight, and clean-limbed, and to know he was—well—*straight*. His father, a wealthy grocer, naturally wanted him to carry on the business, which was rapidly increasing; but John had other ideas, and the dream of his life at present—when he thought about it—was the "Little National." On hearing this, Caton senior had said, "Well, John, I had reckoned on having you in the business; but if you think you can win this scholarship, I'll not prevent you. Stay on at Hickson's until the end of this term, and have a try for it. But remember, if you don't get it, I shall expect you to come into the business without any more bother." And John had answered, "Right, Pater!" feeling in his heart—for about five minutes—that unless he won the "Pride" he was a doomed man. He had great faith in his own powers, however, and he knew there was no one at Hickson's who could touch him. Therefore, unless some outsider proved the victor—which was unlikely—he would be safe to get it. And he let it go at that.

One free "half" in the beginning of September, he proceeded, as usual, to the nets with Maurice Selby. There was a junior mixed base-ball match on in the lower field, and the senior nets were almost deserted. Here and there a slothful one lay full length on the grass, his (or her) face shielded from the sun by his (or her) "straw," and under an enormous tree, seated bolt upright with a pile of books beside them, were Margaret Collins and Jonathan Flower. Selby nudged his chum.

"There they are!"

"Who?"

"Why, Margaret Collins and the weed."

"Well, what about them?"

Maurice Selby stared hard at Caton for an instant; then he chuckled.

"What innocence! D'you know, I *thought* you hadn't realised it!"

"My dear chap, what are you gassing about? I see nothing remarkable in two of our fellow sixth-formers—excuse the expression—notable swotters of late, spending their free half in earnest brain-expanding——"

"Oh, dry up, man! Don't you know, *that* is Margaret Collins—the one who is going for the 'Pride'—our 'Pride'!" John Caton raised his eyebrows and laughed.

"Really? How interesting! I hope she won't do anything rash. But what's the weed got to do with it?"

"That's just it. He's coaching her no end," returned Maurice. John raised his eyebrows again, this time in real surprise.

"How weird! But come, man, let's get on to the nets."

Jonathan grinned as the two came forward, and Margaret shifted her light-blue eyes uneasily from one to the other.

"Say, Flower," called Selby, as they passed, "John Caton is getting nervous. He wants to know if you'll coach *him* a bit for the 'Pride' in your spare time!"

"Delighted, I'm sure—next year!" answered Jonathan. Margaret Collins looked after them.

"I hope I get it," she said, fervently; "conceited beast!"

"Oh, I say, give him a chance, he's all right. He's a rum chap, though. He's keen on the 'Pride,' and yet he thinks he can pull it off without swotting!" Margaret smiled, and a little nervous shiver ran down her spine.

"Won't it be simply gr-and if I take it? What a feather for Bowen's!"

III.

LATE in the afternoon of September 23rd a number of excited seniors were gathered together in the Lecture Hall. They were all talking. Silvery sopranos and thundering basses mingled with limpid contraltos and the nondescript; and over all was the soft intonation—the "speaking in time"—that characterises the American. Being considerably subdued at the College, the effect was not unpleasant. Hickson's had suddenly awakened to the fact that, unless something extraordinary happened, Margaret Collins would take the "Pride." This was the third day of the examination—there were two more days to go—and, as was customary, John and Margaret had publicly compared notes regarding their work on the papers. John's were good, but Margaret's were better—and everyone realised it. The faces of Carr's men were almost laughable in their deep consternation and astonishment; while the girls were openly and irritatingly trium-

phant. Neither John Caton nor Margaret was there, so opinions and comments were let loose without reserve.

"Isn't it *awful*!" said one Silas Hodgson; "she'll get it right enough."

"Get it? Of course she will, and good for her, too! John Caton didn't give himself a chance—he thought it would be a walk-over."

Jonathan Flower shook his head.

"Not I! To the earnest student of Human Nature there are no such petty divisions as 'houses.' To such an one, I say, life——"

"All right, Jonathan, soothe down!"

Jonathan twisted his face into what he meant to be an expression of sublime indiffer-

JOHN AND MARGARET PUBLICLY COMPARED NOTES.

The speaker was one of Margaret Collins' champions, a senior from Bowen's.

"You're out of it, Selby—quite!"

"I know," returned Maurice gloomily; "but that's nothing. I wouldn't mind John Caton—but Margaret Collins! How rotten for Carr's!"

"It's O. K. for Bowen's, though."

Maurice Selby glared at the speaker.

"You know she'd never have managed it by herself; it's all through Flower—he's a traitor to Carr's!"

ence, and walked out of the Lecture Hall. That Margaret Collins would carry off the "Pride" was certain (Hickson's never considered outside competitors), if she did as well during the two remaining days of examination as she had done during the first three. Jonathan felt that he was, in a great measure, responsible for Margaret's success, and he wondered curiously what were John's present feelings. Did he *mind* much? A sudden impulse sent the student of Human Nature to Caton's study. He knocked.

"Come in!" He went in.

John Caton held an open letter in his hand, and his face wore a white, strained sort of look that gave Jonathan an uncomfortable feeling somewhere inside him.

"Oh, it's you, Flower?"

"Yes. I say, you look like missing the 'Pride'—this year, anyhow." Jonathan was never one to beat about the bush.

"I know. And I'm leaving at the end of the term." Three little furrows showed themselves in his forehead, and his look suggested that Jonathan might as well go away. He, however, stared blankly across the room at Caton.

"No! Oh, Jerusalem, I am sorry!" Caton looked down and said nothing. He was evidently hard hit over something. At last he glanced up with a smile—not his usual merry sort of smile. It was characteristic of the fellow that he felt not the slightest resentment towards Flower, though *he* was really at the bottom of the present trouble.

"Here," with a plucky attempt at gaiety, "read that, my weedy friend, and see if you can inwardly digest it," and he passed the sheet of notepaper in his hand over to Jonathan, and Jonathan read.

It was a letter from Caton senior, telling his son not to worry if he failed to win the "Little National," and assuring him that there was a better berth in the Chicago branch of Caton and Caton's Grocery Stores than any amount of book-learning would give him.

And Jonathan understood. The fact that his own father was a successful politician, while Caton's people were grocers, did not affect him at all. He would have felt the same interest in and sympathy for John, had his people been chimney-sweeps, providing the son had brains and was straight; his parentage and position outside Hickson's walls did not count either for or against him. They were like that at Hickson's.

Caton had risen, and was staring out of the window. Jonathan felt regret. His experiment involved rather more than he had bargained for, and it no longer called forth his enthusiasm. Instead, he felt that he would do anything to keep Carr's best man out of that Chicago branch! He wished he had not coached Margaret Collins during the past weeks. He knew that the scholarship was of no real importance to her; she merely desired the honour, while Caton——

SELF GRATIFICATION WAS BEING FOR IDLY UPROOTED—AND IT HURT.

If she *knew*, perhaps——

"Oh, please, Caton, Margaret Collins says, please will you tell her what German it is for Saturday's prep.? And I'm in rather a hurry." It was Jane Hobbs, the reddest-headed and fleetest-footed junior at Hickson's. It seemed to Jonathan a heaven-sent opportunity.

"All right, I'll give it you. Caton's busy." Caton was still staring out of the window. Jonathan tore the letter—the letter from John's pater—in two pieces, and deliberately wrote the desired information on one of the half-sheets.

"Here you are," handing it to Jane Hobbs; "just like that Margaret Collins, to bother about next Saturday's prep. before the 'Pride' exam. is ticked off!" Fagging was not known at Hickson's, but if you

were a decent sort, and asked them nicely, the juniors were fairly generous. Jane was, as she had said, in rather a hurry, and it did not take her long to rush back to Bowen's and tumble into No. 6 study.

"Jonathan Flower gave it to me—he was there," and dropping the little fateful screw of paper into Margaret's lap, she disappeared. Margaret copied Jonathan's note *re* the German; then she idly turned the paper over and read the other side. She understood as quickly as Jonathan had done, and more thoroughly. She knew that Caton had not sent this scrap of letter; as to whether Jonathan had done it on purpose, or merely by accident, she could not make up her mind. The greatest wish of her heart was to win the "Little National." She longed for the loving praise of her relations. Again and again she heard, in imagination, the Head's congratulations, and pictured to herself Bowen's proud triumph, and Carr's discomfited astonishment. She knew Caton had more natural talent, but she wanted to defeat him in order to show that she was as clever as he, and to make Hickson's, in its admiring hundreds, think her *cleverer*.

There were two more days of the examination.

* * * * *

"Hurrah! Caton—long live Caton! One for Caton—Hurrah! Two for Carr's—Hurrah—Hurrah! Three for Hickson's—Hickson's for ever—Hurrah—Hurrah—*Hurrah!*"

With a flushed face, and eyes shining with astonishment and excitement, Caton looked as if he could hardly believe his ears. He had won the "Little National"! Hickson's still retained its "Pride," the honour of Carr's was maintained, and, so far as he was concerned, the post at the Chicago branch would remain unfilled! He rose to his feet, and the College burst into the grand old song—an ever-living memory at Hickson's of the Head's days at Oxford:—

"For he's a jolly good fellow,
For he's a jolly good fellow,
For he's a jolly good fe—ell—ow,
And so say all of us!"

The strains floated out of the Lecture Hall, across to Bowen's, and in through the open window of No. 6 study, where Margaret Collins lay curled up in an armchair, weeping very bitter tears. Her long brown plait drooped miserably to the floor, and her small, nervous hands clutched the cushion convulsively. Self-gratification was being forcibly up-rooted—and it *hurt*.

Outside, a tall youth walked restlessly up and down—one eye on the window of No. 6. Jonathan was thoughtful. He felt that Human Nature—especially the kind possessed by Margaret—was sometimes beyond even an earnest student like himself.

NEXT MONTH: *"Carson's Last Triumph."*

WHEN TENNYSON WAS A BOY.

AMONG the Tennysons the one game, the one amusement, the one art, was literature. Strong and healthy though the boys were, one never hears of their skill in sport or athletics. Out-of-doors, the Rectory children played only such quaint and original games as could be invented from their reading. The future bard of Arthur and Lancelot, with improvised buckler and wooden sword, was a bold warrior in tournaments, where a heap of stones served as castle, and happy laughing sisters of seven or eight were the Elaine, Lynette, and Guinevere of his fancy. Indoors the eternal game was to play at being authors. Each submitted his little tale or essay to the criticism of the rest. Alfred distinguishing himself by the composition of an interminable story that it took days to read. But in that period his achievement appears to have been the object of mockery rather than of hope, though the old grandfather, who after listening to some of his early verses, gave him half-a-sovereign, with the remark that it was the first and would be the last payment of his pen, cuts an unexpected figure now, his one title to fame being this idle jest.—*From* "NATURE IN BOOKS," BY P. ANDERSON GRAHAM.

WHEN IN SPAIN.

The Spanish water-bottle is a thing to be handled with care and deliberation if you would avoid an undignified contretemps.

Drawn by Tom Browne, R.I.

THE CYCLING CORNER.

CYCLING IN "THE FALL."

By ARCHIBALD WILLIAMS.

DURING late September and early October the approaching winter already casts its shadow before. Our thoughts turn back somewhat regretfully to the long summer evenings when we spun over the dusty highway through the glamour of the fading sunlight that gave a mystical beauty to everything it touched. The cold and slush and darkness of the winter months are a painful contrast to conditions so favourable to the full enjoyment of cycling. One shudders at the bare recollection of the lamplighter going his rounds when 'tis but four o'clock, and of the flinty or granite horrors spread broadcast by the road-mender—save the mark!—to dismay the man on wheels.

We must be thankful that Nature finishes up the fair season with a grand set-piece which, if only the weather be fine, is indeed a thing for all good cyclists to revel in. The roads have recovered from their summer looseness, and are firm and compact, and the temperature is moderate. Then is the time for a spin among the woods and over the commons.

The beeches are glorious in their many tints of red and yellow. The elms have a foliage that has been transmuted to gold; the fern is golden, too, in parts. Ripening apples decorate the orchards temptingly. Here and there the gatherers are hard at work with ladder and basket, and a cheery word may bring you a juicy gift hurtling through the air. If luck is on your side you will perhaps stumble on a spot where the sportsman is busy among the driven partridges, standing back to them behind a lofty hedge. Keep your eyes open, and they will be rewarded by the sight of the lordly cock pheasant strutting through the stubble, unconscious of the coming day when he must rocket over the high trees to take his chance of the deadly shot-storm singing up from below.

Then there is the ploughman preparing the ground for the winter sowing. It is worth while to lean over the field gate a minute or two to watch how he swings round his team at the furrow end, and how the rooks crowd in to snap up the delicacies turned up by the share. If you have a camera with you, you often get a nice chance of a pretty picture on the plough-land.

The cottage gardens and houses also are not to be overlooked. Dahlias stand up bravely with their trim, shapely flowers in serried ranks, and the Virginia creeper clothes the walls with a crimson mantle, very beautiful and delicate. There is, indeed, "no end," as our schoolboy friends say, to see in the Fall. At no season of the year can you get into closer touch with Nature.

Though it is now seven or eight years old, I well remember

A Most Delightful Ride

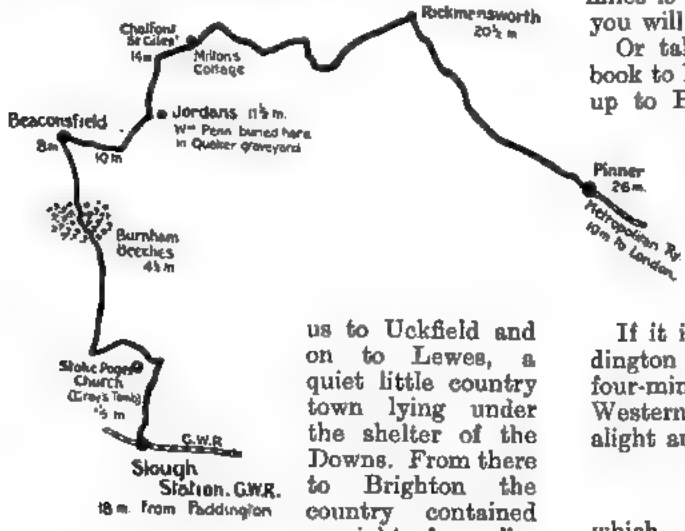
that I took on the 18th of October, from Gravesend to Brighton, a distance of about fifty-five miles. The train carried us—my sister was with me—from our home in Essex to Tilbury, where we crossed the Thames on the ferry steamer. The river was lapped in a cold mist that struck rather shrewdly through our clothing, since the hour was early and we were not provided with wraps. But the sun soon made his presence felt, and caused us to congratulate ourselves on our comparatively light attire. The roads were in splendid condition, and the beech-woods on the hills round Wrotham simply enchanting. All the way to Tonbridge Wells we revelled in the lavish beauties of the country, far exceeding even those of the early summer. After break-

fasting in the once fashionable Spa, we pushed on up a long hill, where small boys implored the privilege of shoving our machines in return for a few coppers, and were soon in the fir-woods of the Eridge Castle estate, a complete change from the scenery we had already enjoyed so much. Then up, up, up again to Crowborough, where the air is an invigorating tonic and the view

ONE OF THE MOST MAGNIFICENT

in southern England, commanding, as it does, the Ashdown Forest on the west, the high ground about Wadhurst to the east, and the South Downs far away towards the Channel.

The long climb was amply repaid by the miles of falling gradient that now hurried



A PRETTY RUN IN SOUTH BUCKS.

us to Uckfield and on to Lewes, a quiet little country town lying under the shelter of the Downs. From there to Brighton the country contained no sight of peculiar interest, but the low sun lit everything up with its golden rays, and we were truly sorry to part with one of the most pleasant journeys that I can recall. On the morrow there came floods of rain, and for a week the roads were greasy and the sky threatening. Then fine weather returned, giving us an equally delightful ride northwards again through the same country, which, taken in the reverse direction, provided us with views that we had missed before.

I do not say that this particular route is superior to a dozen others that offer themselves to riders in the southern counties. Within a radius of forty miles from London there are

SOME LOVELY STRETCHES

that are well worth a little trouble and expense to reach. I will open my map of this district and see which I can most heartily recommend. If you happen to be one of those persons who prefer quality to quantity you may like to use the train to get you free of the macadam roads that make suburban riding such sore work. For instance, a short train run from Liverpool Street will carry you clear of the traffic on the north-east side of London, and deposit you at Buckhurst Hill, whence you may start on a ramble through the pretty glades of Epping Forest, and then past Epping and North Weald to Chipping Ongar, and so back. This little round of about twenty-five miles is covered easily in an afternoon, and you will have time to look about you.

Or take your cycle to King's Cross and book to New Barnet and sample the country up to Hatfield. Then bend westwards to St. Albans, stroll round the fine old cathedral, and return *via* Watford, Bushey, and Elstree to New Barnet. This is a matter of about thirty-five miles, and might well be spread over a day's riding, with a comfortable interval for lunch.

If it is convenient for you to make Paddington Station your terminus, a twenty-four-minute run on the speedy Great Western will land you at Slough. There alight and push due north a couple of miles

TO STOKE POGES CHURCH,

which, as the scene of Gray's famous "Elegy" and on account of its beautiful surroundings, is a place not to pass by unvisited. Another three miles, through Farnham Royal, land you in the well-known Burnham Beeches—now the property of the London Corporation—where you may roam at will through nearly a square mile of splendid old trees, all twisted and gnarled by centuries of growth, and interspersed with pretty dells. In fine weather, artists are busy with paint-brush and palette, endeavouring to catch the autumn tints that are here seen to perfection. From the Beeches take the road to Beaconsfield, which passes through a delightful valley known as Dorney Bottom. Beaconsfield itself is an interesting, old-fashioned village, with a very wide, open street and a fine

church. Now follow the high road to London for a couple of miles and turn up a road to the left through some very picturesque woods, and over the new railway which will soon be opened as a quick route between London and Birmingham. If you wait on the bridge and look about, you will get some idea of what a "railway in the making" is like, since here a very deep cutting has been partly finished. About a mile and a half from the London road, on the right, is

STOKE POGES CHURCH.—THE POET, THOMAS GRAY, IS BURIED IN THE CHURCHYARD.

THE OLD QUAKER BURIAL-GROUND IN WHICH LIES WILLIAM PENN,

the founder of Pennsylvania. This curious graveyard is quaint enough to merit a brief halt.

Three miles further on is Chalfont St. Giles, where Milton once lived for nine months during the Plague of London. You must, of course, do your duty by the picturesque cottage which harboured the author of "Paradise Lost" during that dreadful time, and see the room that he wrote in. If your time is short you may now go southwards again to Slough, through Gerrard's Cross and Stoke Common, or make a deviation of a couple of miles *via* Denham and Black Park. In the last-named property there is a large sheet of water, quite close to the road, where wild ducks, coots, moorhens, and herons may often be seen having a grand time among the small fish and other inhabitants of the lake.

If, on the other hand, you are in no particular hurry, cut across country to Rickmansworth and follow the London road to Pinner. Beyond this point use the railway.

ANOTHER VERY PLEASANT ROUTE FROM SLOUGH

takes you south through Eton and Windsor Great Park, west to Bracknell, and south-west to Eversley, once the home of that muscular christian, Charles Kingsley. Look round the churchyard and notice the queer chain arrangement for closing the lych gate, said to be the work of Kingsley's own hands. Then strike southwards to the Hartford Bridge Flats, and you will be on the fine road which will bring you eastwards *via* Bagshot to Sunningdale. There branch off north to Windsor Great Park, and so back to Slough.

EVERSLEY RECTORY.—THE OPEN FRENCH WINDOW LEADS INTO THE STUDY WHERE CHARLES KINGSLEY WROTE SOME OF HIS FAMOUS BOOKS

FOR STRONG RIDERS

I can heartily recommend the following run:—Start at Croydon and travel south to Merstham, and take the right-hand road to Reigate, past Gatton Park (ten miles); to Guildford, *via* Dorking (twenty-nine miles); to Reading, *via* Farnborough, Yately, Eversley, Arborfield and Shinfield (fifty-five miles). This will include country

of many types and beautiful views of all our English trees in their autumn garb.

Further routes cannot be detailed here, owing to want of space, but, speaking generally, Kent, Sussex, and Surrey are very pleasing in the Fall, and also the country round about Henley-on-Thames. I shall now conclude with a few hints on riding at this season, and in the first place suggest that you

GIANT SCOTCH FIRS IN THE GARDEN, EVERSLEY RECTORY, SAID TO BE THE SURVIVORS OF A GREAT FOREST THAT ONCE COVERED THE DISTRICT.

START EARLY FOR A DAY'S RIDING,

as the evenings draw in fast, and there is not much daylight left after tea-time. In the summer, tea can often be made the central meal of quite a long ride, but, in October, lunch must be "half-time." A reference to the calendar will show you that on October 15th the sun sets a few minutes after five o'clock, so that lamps must be lit at six.

A GOOD LAMP

may be advantageously purchased, if you are badly supplied, to carry you over the winter. Should you be held up by a puncture, the lack of a really powerful light may spoil the end of your ride. Now is also the time to invest in a

SET OF NEW TYRES,

since the summer droughts caused the stone splinters to lie in their millions about the road, and your tyres are sure to have been badly punished. The advent of the wet season will require sound rubber as a protection to the canvas lining of the covers, and unworn corrugations to prevent sideslip. October is often one of the finest months of the year, but the effects of a shower pass away more slowly than in June, on account of the lessened heat of the sun. Also, when out for a ride,

DON'T TAKE LIBERTIES WITH YOUR BODY

by wearing summer clothes or lying about on the grass too much. The hottest October day often has a chilly evening, which will find out your weak spots if you are insufficiently clad; and the grass is only superficially dry. It is a good plan to carry

AN EXTRA WAISTCOAT,

to be donned when you enter the train on the homeward journey, or while you are stopping at some place of interest to look round. A macintosh cape should certainly be taken, too, as it will be useful to spread out when you want to rest a bit at the roadside. If you possess a

PAIR OF GOOD FIELD-GLASSES,

sling them over your back, since, as I have already hinted, October is a time when the proper use of the eyes forms the special feature of a pleasant ride.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. B. Evans.—I do not think that there is a better feather-weight camera-stand on the market than one of French make, sold by Messrs. Houghton, High Holborn, W.C. It is made of aluminium, and has five telescopic joints, which are secured when extended by a series of catches. To shut it up you have only to start the last catch, and the rest are released automatically in succession by the covering tubes. The whole folds up to make a circular rod about 15 inches long and 1¼ inches in diameter. With its leather case it weighs a trifle over a pound. This stand does excellently for tourist work, though you must not, of course, expect it to bear as rough usage as a stout wooden tripod.

Theo. Crawford.—Thanks for submitting the idea, which shows that your sister is one of those people whom necessity quickens to invention. I cannot honestly say that I think it could be exploited, as a deep gong would not only add considerable weight, but also be much more easily broken. Furthermore, why should not one do at a spring what the Gideonites did of old at the riverside?

Martin Slater.—It is hard to clean rusty spots on spokes or rims without injuring the adjacent enamelled surfaces; so that, unless you like to clean the enamel off the whole wheel, polish it well with fine emery cloth, and start afresh, I should advise you to be content with scraping off as much rust as possible with a knife, and coating the spots with Aspinall or Maurice's Porcelaine.

TALES OF THE FAR WEST.

By FRANKLIN WELLES CALKINS,

Author of "Across the Wilderness," &c.

Illustrated by E. F. SKINNER.

No. 7.—A PAIR OF CHAPPAREJOS.

I.

AT nineteen years of age, Frank Coffee was chief commissary clerk and paymaster for the firm of Adams and Caswell, railway contractors. In its rock-work upon the "Frisco" in I. T., the firm employed nearly five hundred hands.

A lad of Frank's age could scarce have attained to a position of such responsibility east of the Alleghanies. In the Far West, however, many things were possible to the young man of pluck and capacity. Frank's youth was not a matter of comment or consideration at the camps of the contractors. He was an efficient manager of his department, and was popular with the mixed and often anomalous gangs of labourers. He had a pleasant, often humorous word, not only for the foreman, but for Jack, Mike, Ole, Francisco, "Hobo Number Ten," for men of numeral designation and unpronounceable names, when each or any of them came to the commissary tent to make inquiry.

The firm's nearest supply depot and banking point was Paris, eighty miles to southward. A wilderness inhabited by solitary communities of Choctaws or negroes, with here and there the ranch of a white man, lay between.

Twice each month, for the most of the way over a rough, new freight road, Frank Coffee was compelled to make a trip to Paris and return. These journeys were made on horseback, and when he went for money he had as body-guard four trusty men armed with shot-guns and rifles.

Silver for making change was brought in in small amounts by the freight wagons. But the ten or twelve thousand dollars in bills required for each month's pay-roll had need to be amply guarded. Twice in five months Frank and his close riding squad met cavalcades of horsemen of superior numbers and suspicious appearance. He and his men were on the alert, however, and nothing came of these encounters.

Spring came and the men who "carried their beds" began taking their time-checks and leaving the camps to move northward. No men came to fill their places; time was crowding the contractors, and there was uneasiness in their quarters.

Some two weeks before regular pay-day, the senior member of the firm visited Frank at his private tent. It was late in the evening, and the young man was alone, hard at work upon his books.

"Frank," said Adams, "the freight wagons must pull out to-morrow. Do you think you could undertake——" he hesitated.

"To bring the pay-roll? Yes," said Frank, "if you're ready to assume the risk. I've thought about the matter. I don't see how we can possibly spare an extra man for that duty. I have a plan and think I can manage it safely. I will go bare-handed—without arms—and carry the stuff in a way no one could suspect."

"Good," replied his employer; "our regular routine is so well established now that I scarcely believe there can be risk."

Two days later Frank reached Paris without incident of note. He made purchases of powder and provision, and provided for loading his freight wagons. In the meantime he carried a pair of chapparejos, which he had worn, to a harness-maker—recommended at his bank—and set the man at work sewing calf-skin pockets in the leggings. When twelve pockets were completed, three upon either inner half of each legging, the packages of pay-roll money were smuggled into the workman's back room and sewed firmly into the compartments.

When the insides of the leggings had been

pressed, rolled, and worked with lamp-black and grease, the chaps had every appearance of having been padded for the comfort of the wearer. Outside, the stitchings, which had been given an ornamental turn, were made to show wear and use.

Some three hours after leaving Paris, and about sunset, Frank halted at a log tavern in a village at the Red River crossing. Here he had been in the habit of "putting up" of a night. The tavern was a primitive hostelry, kept by an ancient, affable Texan.

The traveller had determined, for safety's sake, to talk and act exactly as he would upon an ordinary occasion—to shut the consciousness of carrying a large sum of money out of mind. Therefore, upon entering the dingy compartment which served as office and baggage-room, he hung his yellow slicker and his chapparejos, as usual, upon one of a row of wooden pegs reserved for guests.

Supper had been eaten, but the newcomer was invited to take a "snack" in the kitchen, and did so. When he had finished eating and returned to the cheerless bar-room, there was no one to talk to, except the usual crowd of village loafers. These and the flickering lamp with smoke-begrimed chimney, the backless chairs and tobacco-laden atmosphere, lacked wholly of attraction. He took down his slicker and chapparejos and climbed a pair of stairs to the bunk-room. The inn had but one large sleeping apartment with a dozen or so of beds arranged along the walls. No lights or et ceteras were furnished. Frank chose a bed, flung his leggings and extra clothing down by the bedside, and was soon fast asleep.

He arose at daylight in the morning, and it was not until he had descended to the room below, and had started to tie on his chapparejos, that he made the frightful discovery they were not his own.

The leggings he held in hand were of the same pattern, with strings adjusted in exactly the same way, and they were of the same colour as his, but of newer and heavier leather.

He sprang to his feet at this astounding discovery and ran his eye along the rows of pegs. There were several coats hanging, and one saddle, but no leather leggings. He made a hasty search of the room, then ran to the bunk-room and looked over and under each bed, overhauling the discarded gear of the sleepers.

But no other chapparejos than those he had in hand were to be found. His brain whirled in a maze, and, in the sudden fury of despair which seized upon him, he would have welcomed any calamity to his person—even death—could he have been certain of the recovery thereby of his employers' money.

He gathered his wits with an effort. There was no one up yet, except in the cook-room, where there was an early rattle of dishes. He ran to the kitchen door and called to the cook to wake the landlord and send him around at once.

After some minutes the man appeared, half dressed and rubbing at his eyes.

"Off a'ready, air yo'?" he inquired. "Might a lef' yo're bill, misteh, til yo' done come agin," he added, in mild reproof.

"Not that," said Frank, controlling his voice with choking effort; "some fellow's gone off with my chaps, and I want 'em."

"W'y, dea' me, dea' me! Ain't these yo'rn?" asked the old man, taking up the pair Frank had thrown across a chair.

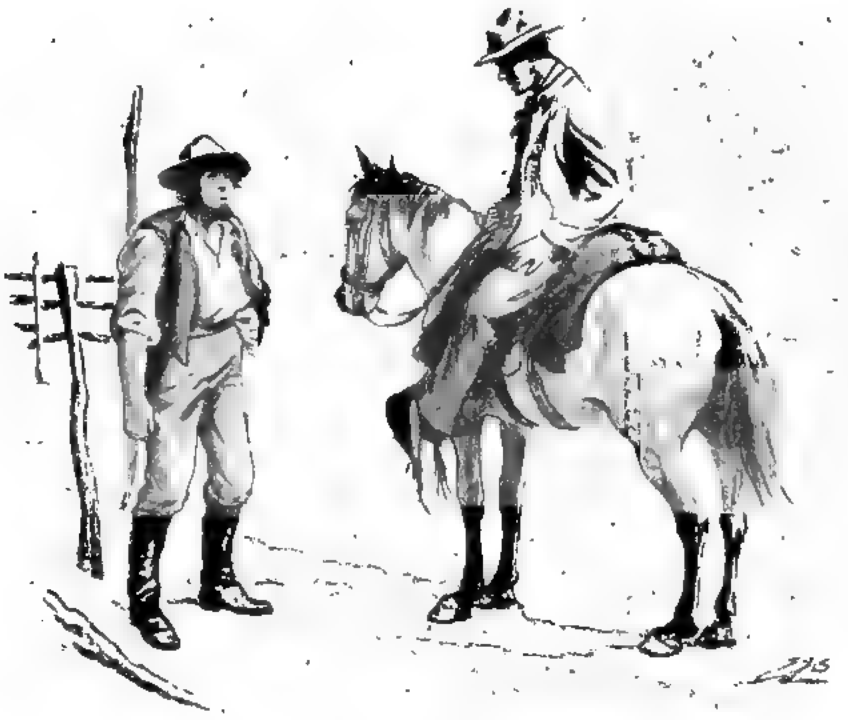
"No, sir, they're not," said Frank, more calmly. "Somebody's certainly taken mine, and they were a valuable pair."

"Wall, seh," said the old man, examining the leathers, "hit 'twas sho'ly Ike Smith, from Doc Wheeler's ranch, that tuck yo' chaps. He came in las' night, Ike did, w'ile yo' was eatin' yo' snack. Yes, seh, an' he just hung his slicker an' chaps up an' went out en got half shot with apple-jack es usyul—en he rid off with yo' leathuhs sho' nough."

"Never mind, old gentleman," said Frank, his normal pulse fast returning; "put me up a snack, please, and I'll be off up the line. I can ride by Wheeler's ranch and trade chaps on the way," and he was off to saddle his horse.

Although he was far from resting easy in mind, something like a ton's weight seemed to have been lifted from his appalled brain. He knew the location of Wheeler's ranch by hearsay. It lay some twenty miles up the line and five or six miles to the west of the freight road.

He was soon across Red River and clattering through the woods to northward. It was well toward noon, however, and after hard riding, in which he had twice lost his way and got tardy and finally intelligible information at solitary Choctaw cabins, that he reined in a sweating horse in front of Wheeler's ranch house. An Indian woman came to a door at his call, and showed two rows of white teeth in a not unpleasant smile.



"I RECKON YEW'VE GOT THE BEST OF THE SWAP."

Was Doctor Wheeler at home? The woman answered in good English that her husband had gone to Tushkahoma.

And Ike Smith?

She pointed across an open, newly wired enclosure, and Frank saw a distant figure at work constructing fence. He rode at a gallop around the field and approached the man who was lazily driving posts. The fellow dropped his maul as Frank halted and stared with changing countenance.

"Well?" queried the horseman, breathlessly, "well, I suppose my chaps are down at the house. I've brought yours, you see!"

The man's colour came and went, and he grinned in a foolish manner.

"W'y, yo' see, stranger," said he, "I was a little onsawdered las' night. I reckon I tuk yore chaps sure enough, but yew've got the best of the swap. I cudn't wear yore leathers at all, and so I swapped 'em' with a nigger—a half-breed—for a musket. I—sure I never allowed yo'd turn up this way!"

With a sensation of fainting Frank leaned upon his saddle pommel. In a kind of grim despair he struggled against dizziness until he could again think clearly.

"Where does this half-breed, this man you traded with, live?" he asked at length, and with a brave assumption of indifference.

"He lives in Logtown—Injun town about eight mile straight east o' Caney's Fork," answered the man, evidently much relieved that he had escaped a show of displeasure. "But, beggin' yo' parding, yo' don't wanter go foolin' 'round Logtown. Yew've got a good pair o' chaps on, so w'y——"

"What's the man's name?" Frank asked.

"He's called Jim Daylight, seh."

Frank wheeled his horse to go. "Say, misteh," the man called after him, "I wouldn't go foolin' 'round Logtown—'taint safe!"

II.

BUT the distracted young man had but one thought in mind, and that was to find Jim Daylight in the briefest possible space of time. He could not trust the secret of the hidden money to Ike Smith or to any other stranger.

He rode back partly over the route he had followed from the railroad right-of-way. At a contractor's camp he again inquired for Caney's Fork and Logtown. At first he met with ill-success, but at length, in riding along the line, came upon a grade foreman, a Kansan, who was well acquainted with the lay of country thereabouts. This man gave minute directions, stopping work to trace upon his dump the winding of Caney's Fork and the exact location of Logtown, and describing Jim Daylight's cabin beyond the possibility of mistaking.

"Dunno, though, what any white man, in his senses, wants to go projecting around there for," he added, in almost the words of Ike Smith.

Frank Coffee did not stop to tell his errand, but thanked the man, and rode on. The dull despair and misery at his heart had passed, and he was again able to think clearly and calmly. He believed now that he would find the chapparejos at Logtown, and he trusted to the silver in his pockets to arrange matters finally. With a map of Logtown in his head, his plan of action assumed definite shape, and presently he discovered that he was hungry. He had not tasted a mouthful since the ill-fated supper at Red River.

He halted at a small branch presently, turned his horse loose, and ate a part of his snack.

After a needed rest he rode along the branch—by direction—until he reached the shut-in valley of Caney's Fork. He soon came upon the Logtown trail, a cart-wheel road, rutting a red-clay soil and twisting among trees, huge sycamores and white oaks, paw paw, pecan, and hackberry, and amid a tangled undergrowth of briar and ivy.

Six times this rough trail forded the shallow creek, each time plunging the horseman, like a diver, into a deep, ditch like channel cut into strata of friable clay. The twisting road, the gloomy woods, the bush-grown, stealthy ditch, were suggestive enough of a proper environment for rogues.

After the sixth ford he came suddenly into an opening adjoining a small truck-patch of the first domicile in Logtown. Some general attempt at a clearing had been made. Within its area, amid an acreage of dry stumps, stubs, and skeletons of girdled trees, the bark roofs and rough stone chimneys of several cabins could be seen. There were also pony and cow corrals built of rails laid close and high like Arkansas turkey pens.

The dense enclosure of green woods, the scattered patches of young corn, "yams" and vines served only to accentuate the desolation of a "dead timber" clearing. The gray, mud-plastered cabins of monotonous, hen-coop pattern offered little to enliven interest as he passed them one by one. Here and there one or more black faces peered, with curious, rolling eyes, from an open doorway, or half-naked pickaninnies scuttled around corners and peeped between projecting ends of logs.

Mongrel curs, of many sizes and colours, yapped in varying degrees of ferocity.

The seventh cabin, standing—like the fifth—upon a slight elevation upon the creek bank, was Jim Daylight's. In front of this domicile the horseman dismounted, tied his animal to an up-tilted ox-cart, and, with perfect assurance, walked in at the cabin's open door. A woman of mixed blood sat near a corner bed, busy with some kind of rough mending. She arose, as he entered, with a startled air and a slight exclamation.

"Is Jim Daylight at home?" asked Frank, in the tone of one familiar and quite at ease.

"Na!" exclaimed the woman, huskily, "Na—gone—gone way."

At a glance Frank decided she was more Indian than negro. Her face was deeply flushed with emotion, evidently mixed of fear, anger, and embarrassment. She shrank away toward a further wall and two small, tattered editions of herself crept hastily under the pole-framed bed.

Frank's eyes swept the single living-room, which contained a fireplace, a few cooking utensils upon and under an old table, some three-legged stools, and a backless chair, with provision-boxes and barrels arranged in several corners. Upon one of the barrels lay a small, flat saddle, and under the saddle a pair of chapparejos which he immediately recognised as his own.

With a tremendous effort of self-control he stepped carelessly across to the barrel, lifted the saddle and took up the chapparejos.

"These are mine," he said to the staring woman. A glance assured him that the precious paddings were intact.

"A man traded with me at Red River," he explained, "and these I wear belong to your husband—see?"

"Me do' know, me do' know," muttered the woman, "me do' know notting tall."

Frank coolly sat upon a stool, and while the woman stared speechlessly, exchanged chapparejos. He tossed the ones he had worn upon the barrel.

"Tell Jim it's all right, now," he said to the woman, reassuringly, and out he walked, remounted his horse, and took the road.

As he rode away from the cabin two men appeared upon the creek bank near at hand. One of them was swinging a fish-pole and the other held a gun in hand. Both were black

Once out of the clearing and under cover of the deep woods, he could hardly restrain himself from waving his hat and giving whoops of delight.

Truly he had had a fearful scare about the money. His plan had been perfect enough, too, but for one error—that of not

——AND THE WORLD WAS A BLANK TO THE FALLING RIDER.

and they stared hard at Frank as he passed them. He merely gave them a careless nod and rode on with the air of a man quite able to take care of himself.

He jogged along leisurely, determined to pay no attention to any demonstration not absolutely hostile. He passed the line of cabins at a slow trot, and was aware of more curious and partly concealed observers.

wearing his chaps to supper and until he went to bed at Red River.

He wondered, laughingly, what the lazy mongrel folk of Logtown would have to say of their abrupt visitor when news of his performance had spread and they came to talk him over. The woman—Daylight's wife—had evidently been more frightened than angry. If Jim really had been crooked she

must, of course, have feared that a marshal or some officer was after him.

He rode his tired horse at an easy trot, having decided to spend the night with a sub-contractor whom he knew some two or three hours' ride up the line.

He had crossed the third or fourth ford, and was jogging on in great content of mind, when he heard a rapid clatter of horses' hoofs in his rear.

In much trepidation he halted and listened. Yes, there were two or more horsemen coming along the road and at a pace that admitted of no construction but that the riders were hotly chased or chasing. The conviction seized upon him that the men he had seen on the creek bank had listened to the woman's story and then had mounted and were after him.

Doubtless one of the men was Jim Daylight. Instantly he plied his spurs and sent his horse at a run over the rough trail. He had not reckoned upon finding characters so desperate at Logtown, but since they were after him he would dodge them in some way.

He determined, as a last resort, to jump from his horse and take to the cover of briar and bush. They would be satisfied, probably, if they got his horse and saddle.

At a turn of the road he looked behind to see if any rider was in sight. And then there was a fierce concussion—an electric display of fireworks—and the world was a blank to the falling rider.

III.

THE prostrate rider awoke, as from a drugged sleep, to find himself lying face downward upon the damp, red clay of the road. There was a racking pain over one temple, and his eyes swam in a mist as he raised his head to look about.

It was some time before he came to himself sufficiently to sit up and take in the situation. He then discovered that he had been knocked out of his saddle by the projecting limb of a hackberry tree. His broad-rimmed hat lay near at hand, apparently where it had fallen. His slicker, torn from its strings in his fall, was spread across the wheel-tracks some yards away.

His chapparejos had been taken, and his silver watch, and his pockets had been rifled of all valuables save a jack-knife and a few pieces of small change.

Whatever had been the intention of his pursuers, the fellows had apparently left him for dead and to be discovered as the victim of an accident by the next who should come along.

He had now abundant evidence of the existence of a community of scamps, such as the Choctaw wildernesses yet occasionally harbour and whose members are not confined to persons of colour.

As soon as he could use his legs he went to a ford and bathed his head. He had lain unconscious for some time, and the sun was nearly set before he was quite himself again.

In this wit-gathering time he debated much what move he should make next. He could tramp to Adams and Caswell's camp and bring a force of men, but in the meantime what would become of the chapparejos?

There was the constant danger that their present possessor would discover superfluity in the leather paddings and rip them out without compunction. At this moment he believed the leggings were inside Jim Daylight's cabin. He concluded that the sole chance of their recovery lay in immediate action.

Once this decision had been reached he acted promptly. He took off his shoes, and slung them over his shoulder. Then he approached Logtown by way of the creek. He found the water shallow, for the most part, but here and there were deep holes which he had to pass around, clinging to vines and branches.

Thus he waded forward, cautiously feeling his way as darkness came on, until a widening strip of stars and the skeletons of dead trees, reaching ghostly arms above his head, warned him of a near approach to the cabins.

It was yet in the edge of evening. Presently he could hear occasional halloos, the yelping of dogs, and the tinkle of pony or cow-bells at the corrals.

He felt very certain that neither man nor dog had noted his approach to the village.

In the course of half an hour there came to his ears notes of fiddle music, rough and rasping in their lightest cadence, and then above these the muffled shuffle of cowhide shoes and the voice of a "caller-off."

So the rascals were dancing and their cabins would be empty! Considerably elated at this prospect he slipped into the water and again waded carefully down stream.

He located the cabin he had visited by several cautious bank-climbings, and finally, in a cluster of bushes, found himself almost under its eaves.

He was sorely disappointed at discovering a light through cracks in its chinkings, and at hearing a woman's voice within scolding

in a barbarous tongue. He discovered, however, a low addition to the hut, six or seven feet square, which had escaped his attention in approaching from the road.

Soon a dog, near at hand, began barking fiercely, and he slipped hastily down the sloping bank. Half way to the bottom he thrust one foot into a large hole. He nearly fell into a cavity, in fact, and stooping among the bushes to examine found it quite large enough for entrance upon the hands and knees.

Unhesitatingly he crawled in at the aperture thus discovered, and lay upon the damp ground until certain that the dog had not followed him. He then moved along the dank, ill-smelling orifice, certain that he had stumbled upon a way of secret exit from the cabin. The hole turned upward, and presently the crown of his hat came lightly in contact with some hard surface. This he found, upon examination, to be a dry cowhide thrown over the mouth of the hole.

He lifted the edge of the skin with infinite caution, and, as he had confidently expected, found that the passage was connected with the outer apartment of the cabin. Lights shining through cracks of the inner wall disclosed a room without other openings and empty save for a heap of rubbish.

He pushed the cowhide aside, inch by inch, and finally got noiselessly to his feet and stood erect. Peering through a narrow crack, at the level of his eyes, he could look in upon a part of the living-room. There was no one in, evidently, but the woman and the two small children he had seen.

The woman sat upon the edge of a bunk-bed trying to get her little ones to sleep. She busied herself braiding her coarse, freshly greased tresses, alternately crooning and scolding at the youngsters, who kicked and tumbled in quite the fashion of civilised babies when there is sufficient reason why they should go to sleep.

It was a good half hour before the pickaninnies closed their eyes and the woman, bareheaded, went out, shut the door, and turned a key in a padlock.

Frank immediately began investigation. As he had suspected, there was a loose log—a bottom log of the main building—about four feet long. He gently rolled it aside, crawled through the aperture, and emerged from under the bunk upon which the young ones were sleeping.

A lantern, burning low, stood upon the back leaf of a table. With the aid of this light he carefully explored the room. The saddle was in its place upon the barrel, but no chapparejos were to be found. He explored every nook and corner, even running his hand under the mattress upon which the black babies were lying.

His disappointment may be imagined. What should he—what could he do next?

A small, cheap mirror hanging over the fireplace, and the condition of the lantern in his hand, finally decided the matter.

At home he had made up for parts in nigger minstrel performances. The wick scrapings at the bottom of the dirty lantern offered material for the skin decoration of a company of players.

In the interests of his search he would go to the dance. He wore no beard, his lips were reasonably full and rounded, and his black hair had been closely cropped at Paris.

Fifteen or twenty minutes of careful manipulation served to transform him, in appearance, to a typical darky of the region.

His muddy pants were turned up half way to the knees, his woollen shirt rolled in at the breast, and his sombrero, with band changed from white to black, was jammed down upon his ears. To complete the "make-up" he borrowed a white jacket which hung near by on a nail.

Thus arrayed, he effaced evidences of his work, replaced the lantern, and crawled out the way he had entered. Putting on his shoes, he cut a stout stick to the length of a cane, mounted the bank, and boldly crossed the road to the cabin where the dancing was going on.

IV.

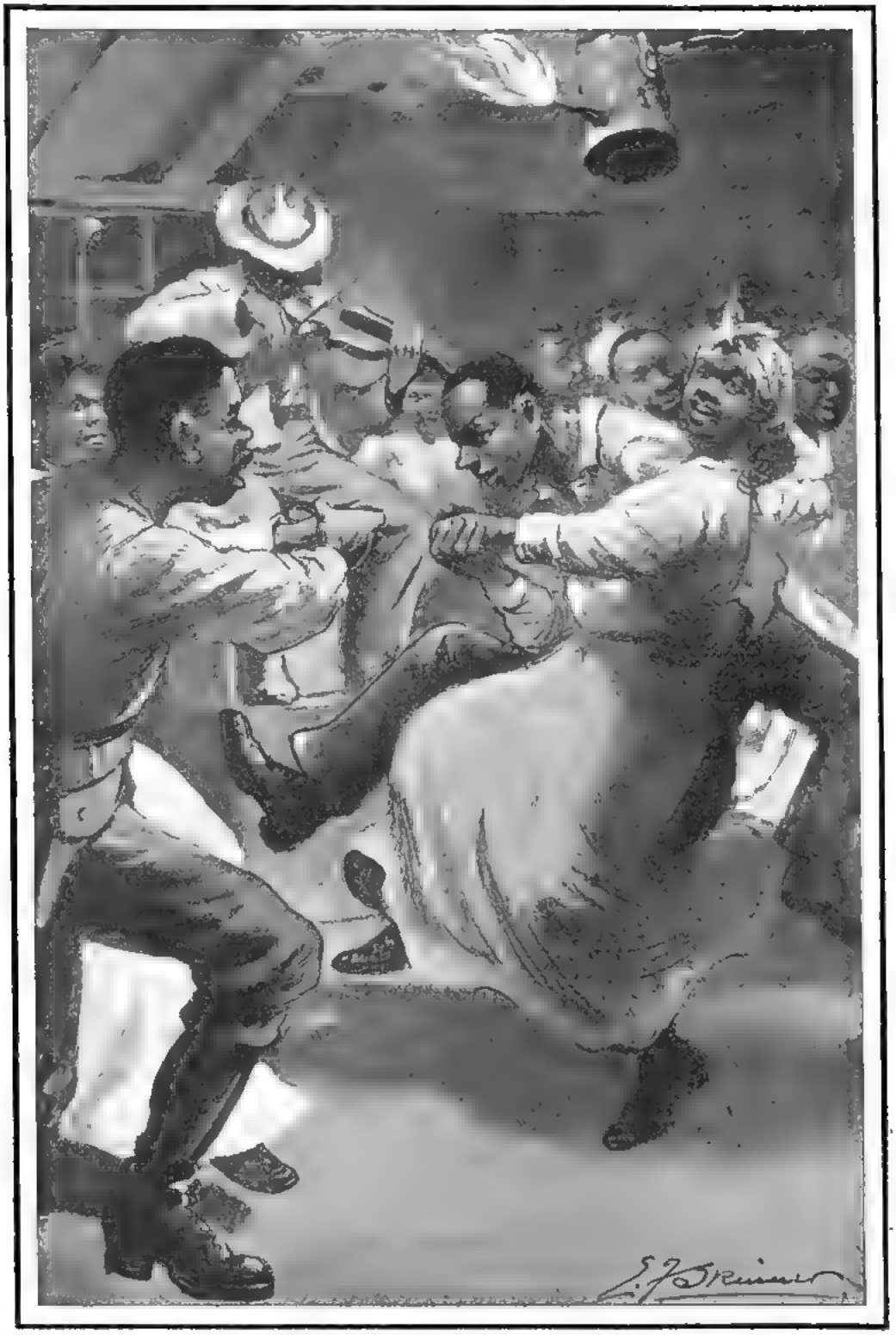
"H'LO, Nig! Wha'd yo' come frum?" a voice shouted, as he came into an angle of light near the door.

He stopped in the midst of a circle of curious ones, to give an account of himself. He told his story in a careless, happy-go-lucky fashion, and in the dialect in vogue. He had been working along the railroad, and in coming up the line had taken a wrong road, had fallen into the creek and——

Here his tale of disaster was interrupted by shouts of hilarious laughter. His introduction had been sufficient.

"Yo' gotter dance de nex' quotilyin wid me, Nig," declared a strapping wench, who leaned against a door-jamb.

"Ve'y happy, Ma'y Ann, I assho yuh," Frank answered, about to enter the room, "but I raikon yo' hatter scuse me, maam.



AMID SHOUTS OF "GIT AT DAT FIDDLIN'!" HE MOUNTED THE BOX AND BEGAN SAWING.

yes, maam, till I've got de kink outen mah laigs."

"Huccum yo know mah name, Ma'y Ann?" she demanded.

"Case all de good culled gulls is name Ma'y Ann!" Frank shouted, showing his teeth and rolling his eyes in a way intended to display humour.

"Hoo, hoo, hoo," giggled the girl, and there were guffaws of laughter from the bystanders. The newcomer had already made himself popular.

He stepped inside the door and was greeted with shouts of welcome from a number of dancers. He moved along a near wall, among lookers-on, grinning, rolling his eyes and kowtowing here and there.

He wished to get acquainted all around and to keep a shrewd look-out. Most of the dancers, apparently, were of pure African blood. These were the lively ones. If all were rascals, they were, at least, a jolly lot. There were both good-natured and evil faces among them. Some, however, of Indian feature danced or looked on with the impenetrable taciturnity of their race.

Nearly all the men wore their hats, and here and there one stood or danced, uncomfortably, in the leather leggings of the range. These last seemed to be visitors.

Eight or ten couple were threshing around the floor to the measures of a quadrille; the music was supplied by a fiddler who sat upon an upturned cracker-box with his back to a window opening.

This darky, a big African of pronounced features, was a boisterous fellow with an exceedingly ugly eye, yet much reckless jollity of demeanour.

"Hi, yo', strangah!" he shouted at Frank, as the quadrille finished with a final clatter of pounding heels, "lak 'nough, mebby yo' plays de fiddle, yo'sef?"

"I does," Frank answered in a calm, superior voice. As a matter of fact, at his home he had, for a year or two, off and on sawed at an old violin which had belonged to his grandfather. Nevertheless, he knew that his playing was several shades in advance of that he had just heard.

The fiddler jumped from his box with alacrity.

"Come on play a chune," he shouted; "I wanter shake mah laigs."

Nothing loth, Frank stepped forward and took fiddle and bow from the willing darky.

As he started to mount the big cracker box, however, he noted that the fiddler had used a pair of leather leggings for a cushion. A single glance at its upturned paddings told him the fiddler's cushion was worth ten thousand dollars.

His heart stopped beating for a moment, and he bent over, tuning at the fiddle, to hide his emotion.

He recovered his composure with difficulty, and amid shouts of: "Git at dat fiddlin'!" he mounted the box and began sawing.

To control his elation, to think of a plan for safely securing the chapparejos, and to play "Haste to the Wedding," taxed his powers of self-control to the utmost.

Yet the jubilance of his spirit seemed to pass into the bow-arm and the fiddle, and he played with a vim and rollicking cadence which set the dancers off stamping and jigging until bystanders and outsiders joined with shuffling feet.

Shouts and yells arose from the dancers and clouds of dust from the clattering puncheon floor. The uproar speedily became something tremendous, and the air grew stifling with dust and the heat of exertion.

Then, in a sudden horror, the fiddler became aware that beads of sweat had begun rolling down his painted cheeks. In a *furor* of nervous alarm he flung fiddle and bow at a hanging lantern, caught his seat cushion in both hands, and turned a back somersault out of the window.

V.

A CRASH of glass was followed by yells of amazement and anger. As he alighted upon his feet unharmed and sped away, dodging among the stumps, there was a precious moment of wildest confusion in the cabin. But quickly the cry of "Teef! teef!" was raised—probably by thieves—and a mob of men poured out in pursuit. Not even the dance could offer excitement to compete with that of a man-chase.

Frank had reached the cart road when a whooping tumult was launched upon his heels. Stars were shining, and the crowd, or some of them, saw the runner's figure bobbing among the stumps. Instantly a half dozen revolvers were barking, and bullets sang spitefully in his ears.

Shooting, yelling, calling dogs, the mob came on, making the woods re-echo with the din of a regiment.

The runner kept to the road, going in a direction opposite to that from which he had

just entered the village. That way lay the nearest approach to cover of the woods and bush.

Hardly had he reached, unharmed, the shelter of the close timber, when he heard a great outcry of curs and the baying of several hounds, apparently just turned loose.

The chill of fear struck deep. A fearful fate seemed certain to overtake the brave runner. He could scarce hope to escape being brought to bay by swift, keen-scented hounds. If not torn by the dogs, he would be dealt with summarily as a thief—all the more summarily should the value of his capture chance to be discovered.

The yelping dogs came nearer. There was a brief delay while his pursuers halted to put the hounds upon his trail. Then the whole pack of Logtown's curs came on the road at full cry.

In desperation Frank turned off the trail and crashed through the brush in the direction of the creek. He reached the stream in a short run and literally rolled down its steep, high bank, clinging to his chapparejos, scratched and torn by bush and briar, until he splashed at full length in the current.

He snatched off the hat, jammed down upon his ears, and flung it among bushes of the opposite bank. Then he lay flat in the shallow water, and, clinging to his leggings with one hand, paddled and kicked silently at the bottom, half swimming, half crawling down the stream. A moderately swift current helped him to make considerable progress.

He had turned a bend at some fifty yards or more, as he judged, when the hounds came to a halt behind. He heard them splash across the creek and then scramble among the bush with baffled cries.

Alternately between fear and hope he pushed silently on. If the hounds were not trained to the man-chase there was a possibility of evading their noses and their jaws.

Presently he heard angry human cries:

"Come off, yo' fools—come off—hyah yah! Dis way, nigguhs; down de crick, sho'!"

Then he heard laboured threshings among bush and briar apparently on either bank of the stream. The men would gain upon him, though not rapidly on account of impeding undergrowth, and trouble with the dogs.

Something must be done soon. The swimmer had passed several deep holes, and coming upon another chose the last desperate resort which the situation offered.

HE LITERALLY ROLLED DOWN ITS STEEP, HIGH BANK.

Google

He swam under the edge of the bank where there were projecting roots and bushes. He seized upon some sunken roots, and digging the toe of one shoe into the soft mud of the bank, lay upon his back, with only his eyes, mouth, and nose out of the water.

Holding on like a diving muskrat among the snags, with his precious chapparejos submerged, he waited in a suspense quite terrible enough. If the angry mob of men should decide to explore the creek channel, he would have little chance of escaping them.

With ears under water he could hear nothing of the upper world, but soon dark figures appeared tearing around amid the brush of the opposite slope. He saw one slip and fall to the water's edge. Dogs were leaping as high as the heads of the men.

Then the hider sank his face under water, held his breath as long as was prudent, slowly brought his nose to the surface, took in air and sank again. He repeated this performance for some minutes, not daring to raise his face enough to open his eyes. When he finally risked a glance the figures upon the bank had disappeared.

For a long time he lay, in desperate suspense, so still that small fishes came and nibbled at the hand which held his chapparejos. Convinced at last, however, that the chase had left his immediate neighbourhood, he raised his head, shook the water from his ears, and listened.

Far off in the woods, and welcome now, he heard the baying of the dogs and the faint halloos of men keeping together in their chase.

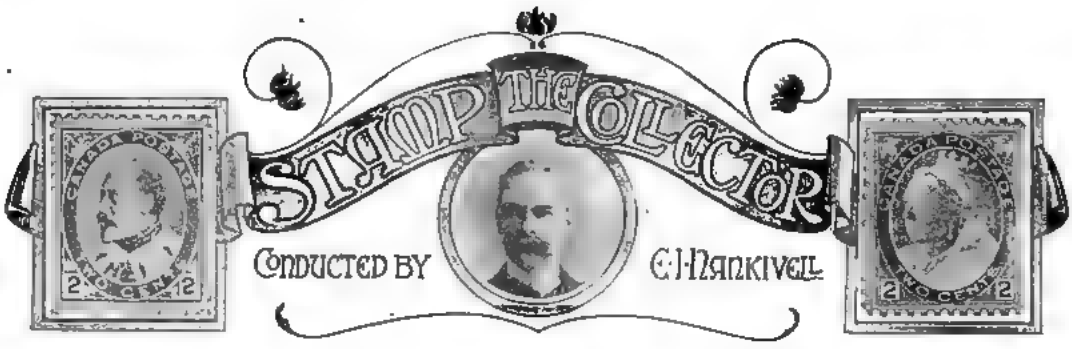
The dogs had found a trail of somebody or something which satisfied their noses; it mattered not what to the rejoicing swimmer, who again took up his line of retreat in floating with the current.

It was five o'clock in the morning when Frank reached a railway camp where his smutty and bedraggled appearance caused much hilarious comment among the men at breakfast.

He got the ear of a trusty sub-contractor, who put armed men in his spring wagon and drove the tired adventurer up the line.

That evening, when he had delivered the money, scarcely dampened from its long submergence, and had told his story in the contractors' quarters, his employers looked at him and then at each other in a way that quickened his pulse-beats.

THE BARRIER.
From the Painting by Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A.—Photo Woodburytype.



LAVISH STAMP COLLECTING.

THE average stamp collector has only a very hazy idea of the money that is every year lavished upon the collection of postage stamps by wealthy collectors. Now and again his eyes are partially opened by the report that some rarity has run into three figures at public auction. But he is inclined to be more or less sceptical when he is told that some collectors spend thousands of pounds yearly in the enrichment of their collections.

A few months ago the sale of an unused copy of the 2d. "Post Office" Mauritius for £1,450 created quite a sensation. It was the highest price ever known to have been paid for a single stamp, and those people who generally draw upon their imaginations for their facts, said it was quite a fancy price, as it was known that it was being bought for the Prince of Wales. As a matter of fact, when the secret leaked out that an agent was acting for the Prince, one of the strongest competitors, a well-known City dealer, immediately abstained from bidding against His Royal Highness, although he held a *carte blanche* order to buy the stamp at any price and would, against any other bidder, have run up to £2,000, or even more, if necessary.

Wealthy men have always been prominent in the pursuit of stamp collecting, and since the Prince of Wales has so openly associated himself with the collection and study of the postal issues of the world the number of wealthy collectors has considerably increased, especially amongst our titled aristocracy.

The Most Lavish Collector.

The wealthiest and most lavish collector of all is M. Philipp la Renotiérè, of Paris, known to most collectors as Herr von Ferrary. When his philatelic life comes to be written it will be found to be a most remarkable one, full of eccentricity and romance. For many years he has occupied the leading position in stamp circles. To many dealers he has been a veritable gold mine. Some years ago a report of his death got into circulation, and when a certain London dealer heard of it he dropped down in a dead faint, and had to be taken home in a cab. To him it meant the loss of a serious portion of his livelihood. If a great rarity turns up it is forthwith offered, by the earliest post, to the great Parisian at a good round figure. If he returns it, then it comes down considerably in quotable value, and is sent out in turn to less wealthy specialists, decreasing in price till it finds a buyer. Medical men charge their patients according to their means, as evidenced by the class of house in which they reside. The stamp dealer prices his great rarity according to the reputed length of the collector's purse. M. la Renotiérè is the possessor of great wealth, inherited from his mother. But his father's still greater wealth he absolutely refused to touch, because, in his opinion, it had not been acquired by strictly just means. Neither would he wear the honours of the dukedom to which he fell heir. He indignantly renounced his father's millions and his father's title. For years he earned his living as a tutor, and to this day he insists upon being addressed as plain M. la Renotiérè. He has devoted his life to the collection of postage stamps, and regularly visits London and the capitals of Europe inspecting stamp dealers' stocks in his never-ceasing search for gems to add to his great collection. Two secretaries are continually at work arranging and rearranging it, and keeping it up to date, and a large room is specially set apart for its care and preservation. It is estimated that during the past 35 years he has spent close upon a quarter of a million sterling on his philatelic treasures. For many

years his annual expenditure with one London firm of stamp dealers has averaged over £4,000. This greatest of all great stamp collections is destined by its owner, at his death, to be handed over to an Austrian museum.

A well-known English collector is said to have spent for years with a London firm over £4,000 a year. One day there was a little tiff over some misunderstanding, and the £4,000 a year went elsewhere.

Classification of Wealthy Specialists.

Some months ago a London dealer, in a large way of business, drawing upon his own long and exceptional experience, classified specialist collectors, or the Great Moguls, as they are called, under three heads. First, the collector who can spend from £50 to £200 per annum on his collection; secondly, the collector who can spend £200 to £500 per annum; and, thirdly, the collector who can spend from £600 to £x per annum. The number of the third class is much greater than most people imagine. A rarity running into three figures will, if in fine condition, always secure keen competition for its possession at an auction. The known copies of that popular rarity, the "Post Office" Mauritius, have increased considerably during the last ten or twelve years, but the market price has nevertheless advanced by leaps and bounds with every fresh copy put up for sale, which means that the number of those who spend lavishly on stamp collections goes on steadily increasing.

The well-known great collections range from £10,000 up to the untold value of the Parisian accumulation. A few years since, Mr. M. P. Castle, J.P. sold his specialised collection of unused Europeans to Mr. Mann for £30,000. The Duveen collection is said to be worth close on £80,000, and the Avery collection not far short of £50,000. The Earl of Crawford and Balcarres is a collector of recent date, but already he can show an array of philatelic volumes that promise some day to rival even those of the great Parisian, for he collects on more scientific lines. His United States issues, when all mounted up, will run into over 40 large volumes

These figures are apt to appal the young collector, and he may feel inclined to ask, "What is the use of my few shillings doled out on a hobby which so readily absorbs vast fortunes?" But he may solace himself with the knowledge that the great rarities of to-day were, in the years of their issue, to be had at face value. The celebrated Mauritius, which has so recently realised £1,450, cost its late owner only a few shillings as an addition to his schoolboy collection. And so certain common stamps of the boyhood of to-day may, in the same way, become great rarities of their manhood.

Extravagance of Present Day Collecting.

The extravagance of present day collecting is answerable for the lavish expenditure that marks the specialist. Every stamp must be in mint condition, *i.e.* it must be as unsoiled as when it was first issued. There must be neither spot nor wrinkle. It must be complete in every perforation, and the design must be evenly centred. The scarcer the stamp in such a condition the higher the price of a desirable copy when it does turn up. In the old days collectors were content not only with a single specimen, but they preferred it used. Now, it must be unused, and a copy of every shade must be included. Pairs, and blocks of four, and complete panes, or sheets, or strips with sheet numbers, all run up the cost of a specialised collection. I have seen a collection of a country in sheets, each sheet consisting of 240 stamps. The enthusiast often takes singles, pairs, blocks and panes, unused. Then singles, pairs and blocks used, and I have even seen a whole pane of 60 stamps used. The best collection of the V.R.I. issues of the Orange River Colony is in complete panes of 60 stamps in a pane, of each value and of each printing. If there happens to be a variety in a sheet, the specialist wants that sheet complete, and he won't be really happy till he gets it. Hence, the pace at which we collect to-day makes very heavy calls on even a well furnished banking account.

Nevertheless, whilst the specialist scatters his cheques right and left, the young collector may as satisfactorily, and with prudent economy of even his pence, gather together the framework of an admirable collection. There are few of us who are specialising to-day who do not regret having parted with even the most modest collections of our boyhood. Ergo, start while you are young, take only fine copies, and stick to your collection.

Notable New Issues.

THE NEW watermark, multiple CA, referred to and described in the August Captain, still holds the field as the philatelic event of the day. In addition to the stamps of Cyprus, Gibraltar, and Virgin Islands, it is stated that the issues of British East Africa, St. Lucia, and Southern Nigeria, are being issued with the new watermark.

It is reported that several new values are to be added to the current series for Gambia. The new denominations are to be 5d., 7½d., 10½d., 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., and 5s. Surely this must be a canard. Gambia no more needs all these odd values than a cat needs two tails.

So we are not to have the promised series of elaborate designs of Italian stamps after all the flourish of trumpets. It was to have been a fine set. We were assured that the designs were to be the work of one of the best Italian artists. Now a correspondent informs *Ewen's Weekly Stamp News* that the issue has been abandoned. It seems that the dies were made, but the result was not considered satisfactory, and the production was regarded as too costly. I gather that the postal authorities wanted steel plate results from the cheap process by which the current stamps are produced.

Paraguay, which is never backward in providing novelties for stamp collectors, is said to have a new series ready for issue dated 1904. The centavo values are of the ordinary shape and size, and the pesos oblong.

The Colonial issues of the United States are on the increase. This month we have to add what has been named the Panama Canal Zone to the list. The first issue for this Canal Zone was provided by purchasing a supply of the current stamps of the Panama Republic, and overprinting them "Canal Zone," and these were issued for immediate use pending the arrival of a supply of U.S. stamps specially overprinted. The first issue of mongrels will probably be very scarce.

Chili.—Half a dozen surcharged provisionals have been received from this country. They are an indication that several values of the current series have been exhausted, and that instead of ordering further supplies from the printers (the American Bank Note Co. of New York), provisionals are to be issued to tide over the time till the new series of local production (for which designs have been invited) are ready. For these provisionals a remainder stock of obsolete telegraph stamps has been overprinted with the word "Correos," the Spanish word for "postage," and in the case of the 1c., 3c., and 12c., where the value has had to be altered, the new denomination has been added at the foot. There are three types of the overprint, which we illustrate. Appended is the list with the numbers printed of each value.

Type I.

Type II.

Type III.

Surcharged on telegraph stamps.

1c. on 20c. blue, Pedro Valdivia, 4,750,000, Type I.
2c. on 2c. brown, arms of Chili, 3,250,000, Type II.
3c. on 1 peso dark brown, arms of Chili, 750,000, Type III.
5c. on 5c. vermilion, arms of Chili, 5,000,000, Type I
10c. on 10c. olive-green, arms of Chili, 2,250,000, Type I
12c. on 5c. vermilion, Pedro Valdivia, 1,150,000, Type II.

Colombia. *Bolivar.*—Here are the illustrations of three of the ugliest postage stamps we have seen for some time. It is said that only

50,000 of each of these guys have been printed, and that a German dealer became enamoured of them, and bought up nearly the whole lot.

Perf.

5c. black, portrait J. M. del Castillo.
10c. brown, portrait Manuel Anguiano.
20c. red, portrait Pantaleon G. Ribon.

Cyprus.—Other values with the multiple CA watermark are being received. Up to date, the list with the new watermark is as follows :—

Wmk. multiple CA.

½ piastres, green, name and value red.
30 paras, mauve, name and value green.
6 piastres, olive bistre, name and value green.
9 piastres, brown, name and value carmine.
18 piastres, black, name and value brown.

East Africa and Uganda.—The current stamps of these Protectorates are now being received with the multiple CA watermark. The first to make its appearance with the new watermark is the 5 annas.

Wmk. multiple CA.

5 annas, yellow, brown, and grey.

United States. *Panama Canal.*—Having taken over the completion of the Panama Canal, the United States authorities have forthwith established a postal service for what they term the Canal Zone. For this service, and to supply immediate needs, a 1,000 dollars' worth of Panama Republic stamps were purchased and overprinted "Canal Zone." These are said to have been hand-stamped in bluish black. Then followed a regular supply of U.S. stamps overprinted "Panama Canal Zone."

Current Panama Stamps.
Over-printed "Canal Zone."

2c. rose and carmine.
5c. blue and carmine.
10c. yellow and carmine.

Current U.S. Stamps.
Over-printed "Panama—Canal Zone."

1c. green.
2c. scarlet.
5c. blue.
8c. grey violet.
10c. brown.

Zanzibar.—A full set of a new design has been issued here. The anna values are of the ordinary small size, and the rupee values of a larger size and bi-coloured, but of the same design. We illustrate the small size.

Wmk. Quatrefoil. Perf. 14.

Small Size.

½ anna, green.
1 anna, rose-red.
2 anna, brown.
2½ anna, blue.
3 anna, grey.
4 anna, dark green.
4½ anna, black.
5 anna, yellow-brown.
7½ anna, purple.
8 anna, olive-green.

Large Size.

1 rupee, ultramarine and red.
2 rupees, green and red.
3 rupees, violet and red.
4 rupees, purple, brown, and red.
5 rupees, olive, brown, and red.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

We are indebted to the following firms for early copies of new issues:—

Whitfield King and Co for Cyprus multiple CA. 30 paras and 6 piastres. Panama, U.S. Canal Zone, set.

Ewen and Co.—Cyprus multiple CA. 30 paras, ½ piastre, and 6 piastres.

Lawn and Barlow.—Chili surcharges, set.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

F. F. P. (Upper Norwood).—The Universal Private Telegraph Co. 1s. stamp, with control number in black, is catalogued at 5s. The same stamp, with control number in lilac, is stated by Gibbons to be a proof. Has your friend any information to the contrary? The O.R.C., with no stop after the "R.," is just as good used as unused, probably better if lightly cancelled with dated postmark. Yes, keep it on the envelope. The gum will not hurt it.

A Puzzled Reader (Penarth).—The stamps you describe are Orange Free State fiscals, not postage stamps.

R. R. (Hounslow).—The 50c. of 1866 is green, not yellow. Possibly you mean the 50c. of 1872, which is catalogued at 4s. imperf. used, and 5s. perf. used. Current South Australian 2d. are of little value, even in quantities.

S. C. W. (Ryde).—I do not recognise the Hongkong you describe. Russian China prices are, for used:—1k. 1d., 2k. 1d., 3k. 2d., 5k. 3d., 7k. 4d., and 10k. 5d. The Indian overprinted, as described, is not a postage stamp.

J. H. P. (Princetown).—I cannot say anything about your Samoan divided. The value depends on whether such split stamps were officially recognised.

L. B. (Cardiff).—Black 1d. English stamps are common enough. They are sold by dealers at from 3d. to 1s. each for used copies.

H. S. (Weymouth).—There are lots of Maltese and South Australian stamps, so I cannot tell you the value of yours until I know the year of issue.

Old Fuds (Witney).—The lack of perforation on the top or side of a stamp lowers its value, as it is, to that extent, defective. This does not apply to the first issue of Samoa, which should lack the perforation on one side, or top, or bottom. I believe the dealer you mention to be thoroughly trustworthy.

B. G. H.—Current English stamps in book form with inverted watermarks are, and will be, common. The newspaper paragraph to the contrary was obviously written by an ignoramus.

Muriel (Blantyre).—(1) A stamp written on instead of being defaced by a postal cancelling stamp is a fiscal, and is therefore not placed in a collection of postage stamps. (2) Yes, some embossed stamps are postage stamps. The earliest English 6d., 10d., and 1s. were all embossed. So also were the first issues of Portugal, Gambias, up to 1898, were all embossed. (3) If you collect postcards the stamps should not be cut out, but the card kept entire. Few now add postcards to their postage-stamp collections. (4) You can collect watermarks and perforations as you please. If you want to collect very economically, omit them, but if you can afford them, it is better to take them. (5) An embossed stamp that is not gummed is an envelope stamp, and is not now usually taken in an ordinary collection. (6) Local stamps are not now mixed up with a collection of postage stamps.

S. H., Jun. (Belfast).—The matter complained of by you and others has been inquired into, and the advertisement at once excluded. If you have not yet received stamps ordered write our Advertisement Department.

H. W. H. (Margate).—The English 1d. red, plate No. 182, is catalogued at 1s. 6d. unused, and 2d. used.

THE DUFFER.

By R. S. WARREN BELL,

Author of "Jim Mortimer, Surgeon," "J. O. Jones," &c.

Illustrated by GORDON BROWNE, R.I.

SYNOPSIS OF BOOK I.

This story concerns the fortunes of George Wellington Denver, a boy of sixteen, who spends several years at Silverdown, a public school, without achieving anything creditable. Finally, being very miserable, and anxious to escape from a disreputable set he is mixed up with, he procures his expulsion by breaking a very strict rule. On hearing that George has purposely brought this dishonour on himself, his father, Dr Denver, gives the boy a severe horse-whipping. The thrashing is brought to an end by the intervention of Joyce, George's ten year-old sister, and George dashes out into the storm which is raging at the time. Seeking a favourite spot under the cliffs (he lives at Mellerby, a small seaside place), he throws himself down and gives vent to his misery. There, soaked and forlorn, he is found by Munro, an artist, who occupies a bungalow near the beach. Munro befriends the boy and dries his clothes, but George, nevertheless, catches a severe cold. When he is well enough to leave his room his father tells him that he must go to school again, but George emphatically refuses to do so. Eventually he is given temporary employment in the office of Garrick and Mappin, a firm of Mellerby solicitors. Mr Mappin, the junior partner, admires Molly, George's pretty sister of seventeen, and it is with the hope of improving his relations with the Denver family that he offers George this post. The boy, though he tries his best, does not give much satisfaction at the solicitors' office, and it is the opinion of Andrews, the managing clerk, that he will never do any good at this kind of work. George, however, has a considerable talent for music, and he is encouraged to persevere in this direction by Mr Wall, organist at Mellerby parish church, who gives him lessons for nothing. Living in the town is a very old lady, named Mrs. Pardoe, said to be a centenarian. This old lady, who is very sharp-witted, considering her years, keeps in touch with the Denver family by the unconscious agency of little Joyce, who, when some trouble has arisen, or when she particularly wants anything, writes a letter to God, and posts it in an old oak tree which stands near Mrs. Pardoe's garden. These letters are taken out of the tree by Mrs. Pardoe. In one of them Mrs. Pardoe learns that Munro, the artist, is very poor, and so by way of assisting him she commissions him to paint her portrait. In the course of the story it is shown how Munro incurs the enmity of John Blunt (nicknamed, on account of his appearance, "Black Jack"), a huge boatman of disreputable character. One day Blunt publicly insults Munro, and in the course of the encounter that follows gets much the worst of it. Burning with a desire for revenge, the ruffian waits for the artist late that night by the latter's bungalow. Whilst a thunderstorm is raging, Blunt sees the figure of a man approaching the bungalow door. Taking this to be Munro, Blunt fells him with a boat-hook, and is about to repeat the blow when the prostrate man is killed by a flash of lightning, and by the glare of the lightning Blunt sees that his victim is not Munro, but Dr. Denver.

BOOK II.

CHAPTER I.

THE TIME OF TRIBULATION.

WHEN MUNRO, returning from the Mellerby Club after the storm had abated, was nearing his bungalow, he was startled by a strange howl from Rufus, who had bounded down the sandy slope ahead of him. The artist knew the tones of his dog's voice, and was sure there was something wrong—else why that hoarse, unusual whimper? Quickening his steps, he found the dog sniffing at a figure which lay prostrate before the bungalow door. The moon shone intermittently, at the pleasure of the driving clouds, and by its uncertain rays Munro was startled to perceive that the rigid, upturned face before him was a familiar one. And a chill crept into his heart when he thought of how he would have to bear the news of this tragedy to that house beyond the common.

After his first hurried examination, Munro reasonably concluded that Dr. Denver had come by his death owing to the wound which the artist found on his head; but when a doctor had been fetched, hot-foot, by honest Tom Dwyer, Munro learned that George's father had in reality been killed by lightning. Thus had his assailant been forestalled in the committal of a terrible crime.

Of that assailant there remained no trace. The heavy downpour had washed away all footsteps from the sand and shingle; there was not the slightest evidence which could afford any indication as to the would-be murderer's identity. But Munro, piecing the day's events together, felt pretty certain that it would not be necessary to look beyond his huge longshore-

man foe. The landlord had warned him to be on his guard, and not without grounds. Blunt had evidently waited for him by the bungalow, and, in the gloom and blurr of the tempest, had struck down the wrong man. Munro put the facts before the police, and there ensued a vain hue and cry for Black Jack. The whole neighbourhood joined in the hunt, but all efforts proved fruitless. The giant had vanished, and none knew whether he was dead or alive. Terrified by the death-dealing flash which had anticipated him in administering the *coup-de-grâce* to his victim, and possibly acquainted at the same moment with the nature of the hideous mistake he had made, it was surmised that the longshoreman had sped down the beach and pulled away from the scene of the catastrophe in the first boat that came to hand. For Munro's dinghy was missing, and this fact lent colour to the conjecture that Black Jack had escaped out to sea. Whatever was the truth, he had gone—and it was generally agreed that Mellerby was a considerable gainer by his departure.

When Dr. Denver was buried, a vast following assembled to do him honour. A doctor, of all professional men, comes most intimately into the lives of his neighbours. The lawyer and the parson are near acquaintances of their fellows, but the physician sees men in their weakness, hears their confessions, reads them through and through. A certain number of those attending the sad ceremony had been snatched from the grave's very brink by the skill of the man they were now burying; others, afflicted less dangerously, had derived comfort and hope from his healthy, virile presence and decisive utterances. He had had a reputation for prompt and correct diagnoses. There were plenty of other doctors in the neighbourhood, but "Denver" was the man most had pinned their faith on when sore troubled with dangerous and puzzling bodily ailments. His death was regarded as a local misfortune, for, in addition to holding a most reputable professional position, he was respected as an honourable man, a good sportsman, and a worthy citizen. And besides the county gentlemen, farmers, and tradesmen who trooped behind the coffin, there were many of the Mellerby poor as well. Of all professional men, a doctor gives most gratuitous services. Not a few of the poor people in that procession had had the best of Dr. Denver's attention, and had not paid anything for it, because, knowing they were so poor, he had not asked them for a penny.

And so, when a week had elapsed, George, Molly, and Joyce found themselves alone again. Fatherless, motherless, they gazed upon the future with anxious speculation. It was a new, bewildering experience, for hitherto there had always been Somebody to relieve them of real responsibility. Now, however, though they had a busy merchant uncle who was nominally their guardian, they knew very well—at least, the two elder ones did—that hereafter they would have mainly to make their own plans, and look for guidance to their own hearts.

The aunt who had previously managed the household for a brief spell, had expressed her willingness to act again in that capacity until the three young people's programme for the future had been decided upon. She was expected in a few days' time. Their uncle—Dr. Denver's elder brother—had returned to town after having done all in his power to soften the blow which had fallen upon the children, and to make satisfactory arrangements for their future. Pending the sale of the practice, Mr. Smallwood, Dr. Denver's assistant, would carry it on. One year's earnings—the usual sum paid for a practice—should represent about twelve hundred pounds; the horses and furniture would bring in a few more hundreds. The deceased man had saved no money to speak of. He had lived up to his income. He had not even insured his life. When everything had been realised, the children would have a possible two thousand pounds. The merchant uncle had put all this very clearly before George and Molly. The two thousand, when invested in trustworthy securities, would not produce an income of more than sixty pounds a year.

Sixty pounds a year! That was all.

"You two elder ones," their uncle had said, "will have to earn your own living. Joyce can come to me, and you two must regard my house as your headquarters—as your *home*—when you have a holiday. You, George, will no doubt stay on with Garrick and Mappin. You have received a good grounding by this time in the work of a lawyer's office, and I am sure Mr. Garrick will see his way to giving you a higher salary. He said as much to me the other day. That, with the twenty pounds a year that will accrue to you out of your father's money, should be sufficient for you to live upon. But you will have several months in which to think matters over and make your plans. You, Molly, I have no doubt, will be able to find a post as a companion or as a governess to young children. You must write to me later on and tell me what you would prefer to do."

Having spoken in this wise, their uncle—a man none too rich, and cumbered with a large family of his own—took his departure, and the

three young mourners were left staring the future in the face.

"Governess!" cried Molly to George. "Oh! I will never be a governess—*or* a companion."

"Well," returned George, "I really don't know what else you can be."

Molly did not reply immediately. Her head was in a whirl. She knew she would have to work and earn her living, and she was thinking

"You're far too young," returned George, in a patriarchal tone.

"Plenty of girls marry at eighteen," said Molly, "so why shouldn't *I*?"

"I should wait a bit if I were you," returned George, with commendable wisdom.

Of the three, Joyce—though the youngest and the one upon whose shoulders care might have been expected to sit the least heavily—mourned

"YOU TWO ELDER ONES WILL HAVE TO EARN YOUR OWN LIVING."

of the walks in life open to a—well, presentable girl of eighteen, for she was just upon eighteen now.

"Yes, you'll have to do something of that sort, Molly," repeated George.

The usual rebound had come, and, though they lived very quietly and saw few visitors, the style of their conversation was now much as it had been before their father's death.

"Suppose I were to get married?" said Molly. "I would rather marry than be a governess."

most deeply for her father. She was an understanding as well as a "remembering" little maid. It was seldom that anything escaped her grave, watchful eyes. George had his office work and his music to occupy his mind; Molly her housekeeping and her numerous social duties; but Joyce, save for a little dusting and flower arranging, was practically occupationless. She, therefore, had the greatest leisure of the three for observing those about her, and consequently had been well-versed in her father's

changeable moods. She had often noticed him check himself when on the point of bursting into a violent tirade, and she knew what an effort such self-restraint had cost him. Most of his relatives had put him down as an inexcusably violent-tempered man, but Joyce had seen more than they did. She saw the unhappiness that was nearly always gnawing at his heart and setting him on edge, and she found many excuses for him in her own quiet way.

When their uncle had returned to town, Molly told Joyce how their affairs stood. It made the little girl very sad to think that they three would soon be separated, and would only meet again at rare intervals. She concluded that she could not do better than lay the situation before a certain Friend who had never yet failed her. So she wrote yet another letter, which ran as follows :—

The Gables, Mellerby, August 27th.

DEAREST GOD,—

Father is dead, as you know, and we have only sixty pounds a year to live on. Molly is to be a governess, George is to go on being a clerk, and I am to go to London to live. But Molly doesn't want to be a governess, and I don't want to go to London. Please help us, and I shall be ever so much obliged. It is so lonely without papa. I hope he is quite happy now. I don't believe he was *ever* really happy after mother died.

I am, ever your very loving,

JOYCE DENVER.

And it was a little black figure, instead of a little white one, which flitted over the grass and consigned the note to the keeping of the Great Oak.

CHAPTER II.

THE PROGRESS OF THE DUFFER.

THE wit and wisdom of centuries, strained by Time, yield a residue in the shape of proverbs. Whatever else may die, proverbs live, and live they always will as long as there are people in the world to be strengthened with sound advice and consoled with cheerful maxims.

Never was there a truer saying than "'tis an ill wind that blows nobody good." What is regarded at the date of its happening as a dire calamity, almost invariably proves of benefit to somebody or other. Dr. Denver's sudden and tragic death, for example, though deplored as a most unfortunate event both for the community and his family, had the effect of a strenuous tonic on George Denver. Up to this juncture he had gone to his work in a mood of "suppose I must"; he had groaned in spirit over his tedious office duties, and breathed a deep sigh of relief each day when the hands of the clock reached the point of his release from bondage. Then he had hastened home to his music, and thereafter was happy. It was small wonder that Andrews had regarded him as an unsatisfactory clerk, in spite of the fact that George really did try, in a somewhat half-hearted fashion, to execute his tasks satisfactorily, and expressed regret when Andrews ventured to censure him—very mildly, of course, in view of his peculiar position in the firm.

When his father died, George, after the first shock occasioned by his loss, pulled himself together manfully. His sisters were, quite naturally, convulsed with grief; they were of a more sensitive and fragile fibre than he, and found relief for their feelings, as women do, and should, in frequent tears. But George went about dry-eyed and pale-faced. Though so young, he was now the man of the house, and it behoved him to behave as such. His demeanour surprised and impressed those about him—especially his uncle, who, from casual references in letters, had come to regard his brother's only son as an unsatisfactory youth of no particular ability in any direction.

While paying due deference to his uncle, George let it be seen that he was plainly aware of his responsibilities. He remembered, with feelings of the deepest gratitude and affection, that last interview with his father. The kind words still echoed in his ear; he still felt the pressure of his father's hand upon his shoulder. He determined that he would play the game now for all he was worth, that there should be no more slacking and no more repining.

During the pre-funeral interval—as trying a period as it is possible to imagine—he was most gentle and considerate to his sisters in a quite unobtrusive manner. They noticed the change that had been wrought in him, but did not speak of it to one another. It filled their hearts, however, with a new love for him—a deeper and better love than had existed aforetime—and when, on the night after the funeral, they kissed him before going to bed, they knew that this mood of his was no passing one, but that henceforth he would be a brother they would be able to look up to and lean upon.

Of a surety, 'tis an ill wind that blows *nobody* good.

When his uncle had gone back to town, George returned to his work at Garrick and Mappin's in a hopeful and resolute manner that was not lost on the worthy managing clerk.

"I do believe," said Andrews to his wife, "we shall make something of that young fellow

after all. He asked me several questions to-day which showed he was putting all his brains into his work, instead of dreaming about that silly music I've caught him writing once or twice."

"Be easy with the poor lad," said Mrs. Andrews. "I shouldn't think he has much stomach for work just now, considering what has happened."

"You needn't be afraid, old woman," was Andrews' reassuring rejoinder. "*I* know what's the matter."

He filled his pipe and then dropped into a reminiscent vein. "I remember," he said, "when I first went to Garrick and Mappin's as a boy—it was Endall and Garrick's then—I didn't cotton on to the work nohow. I wanted to go to sea and fight pirates."

Mrs. Andrews laughed her thin little laugh. "Fancy you fighting pirates!" she said.

"Well, I'd been reading about that sort of thing," continued the homely managing clerk, "and it fired my imagination, as they say in books. All the time I was filling inkpots and running errands I was hankering for a life on the ocean wave. But my father told me that all the ocean wave I'd ever know was just this bit of a bay here—and he was right. After a time I dropped reading books about boys boarding dhows with their cutlasses between their teeth, and started on Dickens, who's all the other way about. He gives you a sort of liking for offices and old houses and such-like. Then I grew a bit older, and as I earned more money every year, I got to like my job better, and I've been at it ever since."

"And a good thing it's been for the firm that you have," observed Mrs. Andrews. "Honest men don't grow on gooseberry bushes."

It must not be imagined that George developed into a model junior clerk in five minutes. As a matter of fact, he never developed into a model junior clerk at all. But from the time we have mentioned he made a great advance in Mr. Andrews' estimation, not on account of the excellence of his work, but because he put his shoulder to the wheel and did his level best to give satisfaction. He still found the work trying and tedious, but by throwing himself into it with might and main, and striving to write as neatly as he could and take all possible pains, he earned the approval of his conscience.

For all that, he had no love for these dry-as-dust tasks. He wondered why legal business was conducted with such an unnecessary number of phrases; he could not understand why such old-fashioned language was used and why a man could not make his will without using the same sentences over and over again. If he had had a hundred pounds, and was told that he must make a will, he would have written down: "I leave fifty pounds to Molly and the other fifty to Joyce. (Signed) George Denver." But he knew that if a lawyer made his will this simple declaration would be amplified into a statement occupying a big sheet of parchment!

The office work over, he was free to devote the rest of his time to music, and now that he desisted from tennis and boating out of respect for his father's memory, he found much pleasure indeed in his organ-playing.

But here again he met with obstacles. The principal difficulty he had encountered in learning the organ was the management of the pedals, for which he had to feel without being able to look at them. The next was arranging the stops. Thus his mind was busy in three different quarters—the manuals, pedals, and stops. Then, again, the touch was entirely different to that which he had been accustomed to use in playing the piano. In the latter case, if one raises one's hands, the sound continues; in organ-playing, under similar conditions, the sound ceases abruptly. One must learn to glide one's fingers from one note to another. One must learn, too, how to continue the playing with one hand while the other is manipulating the stops—a manœuvre that should be executed with expedition and accuracy if the performer wishes to become even tolerably proficient as an organist.

The tyro itches to learn how to play a hymn on the organ—preferably "Onward, Christian Soldiers"—but the wise instructor will keep him down to the scales and exercises with which he began on the piano. He will proceed from these to easy voluntaries, and thence to psalm and hymn tunes. When he is advanced enough to be able to control his feet and his hands (and keep his head), he should be able to play for a Children's Service, at which, bearing in mind the uncritical nature of the congregation, he will perform with more confidence than he would be likely to display at full Matins or Evensong.

Mr. Wall, the organist, came in one evening while George was practising. Denver was playing a simple voluntary. Mr. Wall stood by quietly until he had finished it, and then pointed out the mistakes he had made

"Why," said George, "I seem to have done everything wrong!"

"Pretty nearly everything. One doesn't learn the organ in a month, you know. Now let me play it over to you."

George got off the organ-stool and the fat little organist clambered on to it. Then George spent a despairing five minutes. He would

never be able to play like this—with such consummate ease—with such feeling—with such perfect mastery of keys, stops, and pedals. The organ seemed to have become a different instrument under Mr. Wall's touch. George listened to him, speechless with admiration, which showed itself in his glowing eyes and parted lips—in spite of the despair at his heart.

"Thank you awfully, sir," he said, at the conclusion of the piece. "That was *grand*. Please play something else."

The little organist had been giving piano lessons all day, and was very tired, but he could not refuse such an appeal. The boy's enthusiasm touched and pleased him. He rambled among his battered music books and turned up one of his favourite voluntaries—"O Rest in the Lord." This he played, and George listened with all his soul as the sweet strains floated through the sacred edifice. The angels in the stained glass windows seemed to listen, too.

When it was done, Mr. Wall turned to George with a smile.

"Something else, or have you had enough?"

The expression on the boy's face was sufficient answer.

"Very well; I will play something that will test every quality of the organ and bring every stop into action."

He turned over the pages.

"Here it is. Of course you know it—'The Hallelujah Chorus.'"

He played it, and again George's young soul was filled with joy. The magnificent strains of the masterpiece seemed to lift him above the world; the flood of melody made his pulses tingle and his heart throb with delight. George was a musician.

When the last deep pedal note had died away, the boy heaved a sigh.

"It must have taken you a very long time to learn to play like that, sir," he said.

"All my life, George." And the little organist sighed, too, as he thought of the prizes that might have been his, of the position he might have attained, had Fate been more bountiful to him in the matter of bodily health.

The boy George had hired to blow came out from behind the curtain looking very hot. George handed him his usual fee of twopence, and added a penny for the "Chorus," which had evidently taxed the urchin's powers of blowing to the utmost. Then, when the boy had decamped, well-satisfied with his payment, George and Mr. Wall walked down the street together.

"Yes, music is a delightful profession to adopt, George," said the organist, "but there isn't very much money attached to it. And there's a lot of drudgery in it—a lot of drudgery," he repeated, wagging his head mournfully as he thought of the pupils he had been endeavouring to drum music into that day—one in particular, a stupid little girl with sand-coloured hair—the Mayor's daughter—whose sluggish ineptitude was attributed by her parents entirely to the organist's want of perseverance with her.

"People expect their children to get on so fast, and blame me if they're backward," said Mr. Wall. "Sometimes I feel inclined to walk out of their houses and never enter them again. But of course," he added, "I can't afford to do that. So I keep on—it's the only thing to do—and hope for better times."

George felt very sorry for the poor organist, with his asthma, his invalid wife, and his tiny income. He felt that, if he were a rich man, he could never allow a gifted musician to struggle on as Mr. Wall had to struggle. He would find some way of increasing his salary.

But alas! to be rich is one thing—to say what one would do if one were rich is quite another. A good many rich men would never have become rich if they had yielded to generous impulses; a good many would soon cease to be rich if they relieved all the needy folk within their ken. The rich man will tell you that he subscribes to charities up to a certain figure, but that beyond that figure he cannot go, as he has a family to provide for and large household expenses. Yet he will ride in a costly carriage and sit down to a dinner of many courses, while, within a bow-shot of his dwelling, thin-faced, despairing women are toiling with their needles all day long in order to provide their children with bare necessaries. And this can hardly be right—to toy with delicacies one doesn't want when little children in a neighbouring road are crying for something to eat.

George walked home thoughtfully. When we have cares, it is a good thing for us to compare them with the much greater cares of others. His work at the office was distasteful and wearisome, but how much more wearisome must Mr. Wall's music lessons have been—the constant driving of the A.B.C. of his art into the heads of dull little girls and boys! And then, George had something to look forward to when his work was over—the companionship of John Thompson, his sisters' society, and the joys of his musical composition. Mr. Wall, on the other hand, had a nervous, querulous wife, and all sorts of little anxieties concerning money matters. He had no children, unfortunately—or his home-going would have been ever so much brighter, in spite of his small means, and he would have gone forth to the day's work with a

much livelier step. Only his wife and himself—and the former always ailing and complaining. The little man could not afford to entertain, so he went very little into other people's houses. So, you see, there was not very much sunshine in his life, although there was more now that he knew Munro, who was not the sort of man that expected to be "asked back," and who always gave the tired music-master a hearty and sincere welcome when the latter called at his bungalow.

So George walked home thoughtfully, and made up his mind that he would go on bucking up at the office. Things might have been much worse for him, after all. And he had yet another motive for doing his best, in that he didn't wish the partners to give him a larger salary because they were sorry for him; he was proud, and wanted to deserve it.

He had two sisters on his hands now, and he felt that if he could manage to earn fifteen shillings a week, that, with what his father had left, would bring their income up to a hundred a year. They ought to be able to manage on that, with care, George fancied. From four shillings to fifteen was a big jump, but if he worked steadily for the next three months, and did his work intelligently rather than mechanically, Garrick and Mappin *might* see their way to give him fifteen shillings a week by the time he and his sisters had to leave The Gables and go into lodgings.

George talked this idea over with Joyce, and Joyce, who knew nothing at all about money, was quite sure they could do splendidly on a hundred a year, and be very happy. But Molly, when Joyce broached the subject to her, looked doubtful. She did not think that the partners, desirous as they were of helping her brother, would give him all that rise of salary, and if they did, the prospect of taking lodgings in Mellerby, where formerly she had mixed with the best society of the place and held her head high, was not an inviting one.

Nevertheless, she said very little, and what she said Joyce did not repeat to George, because she did not want to damp his ardour. She had a wise little head for ten.

CHAPTER III.

A LETTER FROM LONDON.

ONE of the things directly affected by the death of Dr. Denver was Munro's painting of Molly. Of course, after that sad event, the girl could not put on her gown of cornflower blue and flit across the common, little Joyce by her side, to give the artist a sitting.

So Munro put the half-finished canvas away, and set himself hard to work on other tasks.

Munro was by temperament an indolent man. If he had not been, his labours would have met with more success ere now, for he had talent, there was not a doubt of it, and the place he might take in his profession depended upon his cultivation of that talent. Just as you may obtain an ample crop from a pear or plum tree by judicious pruning, so may a man make the most of his gifts by wise development and ceaseless effort.

Munro, then, was an indolent man up to a certain period. He was indolent till he began to paint portraits. Then he became suddenly industrious, and his art ripened in a corresponding degree. And why? Because he found that this new work appealed to him. Painting people, he discovered, was a thousand times more congenial to him than the depicting of landscapes and still life. He went to his easel, now, with a keen appetite for work.

When he put the picture of Molly away he looked around for a subject to take its place There was, to be sure, the theatrical manager's little girl, of whom he was making as presentable a portrait as possible, but he did not find her interesting, for she was a plain child with no compensating charm of expression or manner. He determined to finish that portrait as soon as possible, for he could see that the child herself was not at all interested in the sittings—she was a little bored, indeed—and this was their one bond of sympathy. So he finished it as soon as he could, for he was to be paid ten pounds for it; and ten pounds is ten pounds to a poor artist living in a bungalow.

He heaved a sigh of relief as he put the last touch to the picture of the little girl. Done at last! When it was dry he framed it and took it to the bungalow next door. The theatrical manager's wife was delighted with the portrait. It was exactly like the sweet darling! Her husband had gone to town that very morning to superintend the rehearsals of a new musical comedy. He would not be down again till Saturday week. When he came he would——

"Quite so," said Munro, going his way with a bow and a smile

Now for a new subject. The portrait of Mrs. Pardoe he had just about finished. She had insisted that he had not made her look old enough, and was coming yet once again to have some more wrinkles put in. These wrinkles would complete the portrait. Meanwhile——

Munro looked round for a fresh sitter. He had done with beach scenes, quarries, and fishing-smacks. He intended, henceforth, to paint *people*. Real flesh-and-blood—interesting people—people that quite listless folk would stop to

look at in the course of their crawls round the Academy—if he was lucky enough to get hung!

It was not long before he found a subject ready to his hand. He was strolling along the beach one day when he came across an urchin of tender years, simply clad in a blue jersey and blue knickerbockers, and bare as to the head and legs, aiming vindictive blows with a stick at a small green crab that was struggling fearfully over the seaweed.

"Let it alone; it's no good to eat," said Munro.

The urchin turned a pair of eyes on the artist that made Munro wonder where he had seen them before.

"I don't want to eat it," returned the boy, aiming another murderous blow at the crab.

"Leave it alone, there's a good lad," said Munro. "You don't want to be killed before you're a man, do you?"

"No," said the boy, pausing in his work of destruction.

"Nor does the little crab," rejoined Munro. "So leave it alone—and here's a penny for you."

The boy held out an eager brown palm for the penny, and, casting a last glance at the crab, turned reluctantly away. At that moment a small, white-faced woman issued from one of the bungalows with a large piece of bread-and-jam in her hand. The boy ran towards her, received the bread-and-jam, and sat down to devour it.

"I should like to paint that little chap," muttered Munro; "wonder if it can be managed."

He advanced towards the woman, who had sat down by her son, and before many minutes had elapsed he learned that the boy was the only son of the badly-wanted John Blunt, boatman. And the upshot of the conversation was that Munro obtained an excellent subject for his brush in little Master Blunt, who, with his matted head of black hair, scowling eyes, and sturdy brown legs, afforded an excellent study for "A Son of the Seashore"—which title Munro gave to his picture before ever he made his first charcoal sketch of the lad.

The situation struck Munro as possessing a certain grim humour. Here was he, Black Jack's intended prey, painting a picture of Black Jack's son and heir. Meanwhile, the longshoreman himself was either lying at the bottom of the ocean or serving as a hand on some vessel that had picked him up when he fled out to sea on the night of the tragedy.

Little Blunt, unlike the theatrical manager's daughter, took a great interest in the picture that was being made of him. Likewise, he found much that was fascinating in Rufus and the parrot, and in the various paintings that adorned the walls of the studio. Little Blunt sat for Munro every day, for his mother was now working regularly at one of the bungalows which did not boast a servant. So while Mrs. Blunt performed her domestic tasks, her son sat—or, rather, stood and scowled at Munro, who, as day after day passed, became mightily pleased with the picture of the lad which was growing beneath the strokes of his brush.

At length Mrs. Pardoe decided on a morning when it would be convenient to her to have the additional wrinkles put in. Forewarned by a note, Munro tidied up his bungalow, and told little Blunt that he needn't come on that particular morning. Whereupon the small replica of Black Jack decided that he would get a bigger stick than ever and prevent quite a lot of little crabs from growing into men.

Attended by the faithful Hannah, who, as usual, remained in the carriage during the sitting, Mrs. Pardoe duly paid her last visit to the studio, and Munro, bowing to the inevitable, satisfied her craving for wrinkles with a thoroughness which left nothing to be desired.

"If she wants to look a hundred, she shall," he said to himself.

And when he had done, the face that looked out upon one from the canvas was a full century old. One read there, in those seams and lines and shadows, the long, long tale of a life that had extended by thirty years over man's allotted earthly career. There one saw, in the stern hooked nose, the pointed chin, and beetling brows, the invincible will that had borne her triumphantly through the myriad cares of her five-score summers and winters.

Mrs. Pardoe was satisfied. For some moments she gazed upon the portrait without speaking. This was indeed real art that could show her to herself, in paint, as she really was!

She turned to Munro.

"When you began me, I thought you were a fool at your work. I was wrong. My boy John will be proud of that picture."

Munro bowed.

"With your permission, Mrs. Pardoe, I should like to submit it for exhibition at the Royal Academy."

"Certainly you may do that," said the old lady. "When they see it in London you'll get a lot of orders. That'll make up to you for the little I've paid you for it."

She looked again at the picture.

"Yes," said she, "you've not spared my wrinkles. I knew I looked old, but I'd no idea I looked as old as that. You're a clever fellow, and you deserve to succeed."

This was high praise from such a rough-tongued critic. Her final pronouncement upon the picture's merits fell like music upon the ear of the man who for years had schooled

himself to listen calmly to disparaging remarks about his work.

Instead of quitting the studio after this, Mrs. Pardoe sat down again.

"Now I've got something else to talk about," said she.

The old lady glanced round the studio.

"Where is the picture of the girl you were painting?" she asked.

"I have put it away. It must wait now," explained Munro.

"Let me see it."

Munro brought out the picture of Molly in her cornflower blue dress. Mrs. Pardoe studied the canvas closely.

"Yes, that is good, too. You like the girl, eh?"

Munro, endeavouring not to look embarrassed, replied that the Denvers were all great friends of his—especially the boy.

"Bah!" said Mrs. Pardoe. "Don't talk to me about the boy. It's his pretty sister you like. So does Mappin—and he'll marry her if you're not careful. Don't interrupt me. He *will*. She won't fancy working for her living. She's not built for a governess. But she's got to do something of that sort now, unless she marries, and she'll marry Mappin—*or* you—rather than teach the alphabet to a parcel of brats. So hurry up and make some money, man."

"I am endeavouring to," said Munro, stiffly.

"That's right. Now listen. I've taken a fancy to these children, and I'm going to help them. You'll remember I bought a farm not long ago. Well, I've put a bailiff in to look after the place for the time being, and I'm going to offer these children a home at the farm—house-room, that is to say—they must provide their own food. The bailiff's wife will look after them—and, well, that will be better for them than going into lodgings when they turn out of their home."

"It is very kind of you," said Munro.

"At any rate, it will give them time to think and make their plans," continued the old lady. "So now I come to the part where you will be useful. I want you to convey my offer to them. You're a gentleman, and you'll know how to put it delicately to them. Will you oblige me?"

"With pleasure," said Munro.

"Good. I don't think they'll refuse. I suppose they'll have to ask their uncle, or whoever acts as their guardian, but I shouldn't think any objection would be raised in that quarter."

"Nor should I," said the artist.

"Then I leave the matter in your hands, Mr. Munro. When the boy came slinking home in June like a whipped puppy I said some harsh things to him, but he shall find I can play the friend as well as any woman."

GEORGE WAS READING A LETTER.

After Mrs. Pardoe's departure, Munro stood for a long time in the doorway of his bungalow meditating upon this new turn of events. He blessed the old lady for her kindly thought. The farm-house was a tolerably large building—he had seen it—situated about a mile distant from

the northern outskirts of Mellerby. There would be ample room for the Denvers, as well as for the bailiff and his wife. It was a picturesque place, this farm, and he already saw in imagination the three children making themselves very cosy there. It was just the sort of snug old house one would like to spend the winter in.

As for himself—up to the time he had first met George Denver he hadn't harboured the slightest intention of wintering at Mellerby His bungalow was essentially a summer residence. In the winter, when the gales howled round its frail walls, it would be a truly desolate place of abode, and, the other bungalows being all shut up, neighbourless save for young Dwyer, the coastguard, and his wife.

But since he had become acquainted with the Denvers he had quite reconciled himself to the idea of spending the winter on this wind-blown reach of sand-hills. He would have friends near at hand, and there would always be a pleasant evening resort in the shape of the Mellerby Club. He hadn't taken that into consideration before he met—Molly.

But now the Denvers' home was to be broken up, and he had been commissioned to offer them free quarters at Mrs. Pardoe's farm. Truly, a delicate mission! Of course, if they accepted Mrs. Pardoe's offer, and went to the farm, he would often go over and see them. From Joyce and George he was sure of a hearty welcome. Both were his firm friends. And Molly, too, would welcome him. Of course—would welcome him as a nice elderly bachelor uncle sort of friend. It was entirely improbable that she would view him in any other light. Mrs. Pardoe had talked nonsense. He *knew* that Molly regarded him now as a person far removed from her own sphere of years, and he felt, considering the wide gap between them, that she was quite right to do so.

But he sighed as he turned into the bungalow, and, going into his bedroom, smartened himself up for his call at The Gables. These preparations completed, he locked up the bungalow. Then, Rufus accompanying him, he set off across the common. As it was close on lunch-time, he felt pretty sure he would find George at home.

On arriving at The Gables, he was told that the young ladies and Master George were in the garden. Would he go through?

He went through, and on entering the garden found the girls standing one on each side of George, who was reading a letter. On perceiving Munro, all three advanced to meet him.

Joyce reached him first, and put out her little hand in friendly greeting.

"Oh, Mr. Munro," said she, "what do you think? That gentleman who lives next to you wants Molly to go on the stage! He has just written to her from London."

Munro looked at Molly.

"Yes," said Molly, laughing up at his grave face, "he says I'm the very girl for a certain part in a new play he's bringing out. I should love to do it. Now, *please* give me your opinion! You are sure to be right."

And all three, clustering round Mr. Munro, awaited his verdict.

(To be continued.)

GREAT MEN.

WE must take our great men as we find them. It is entirely fatuous to reckon that it would have been better for them if this and the other thing had happened. We may in an idle hour please ourselves with dreaming what would have occurred under a re-arrangement of the decrees of fate—if Jefferies had been sent to college, for example, or Lord Tennyson born in a ploughman's cottage—but the reality is absolutely hidden from us. The very circumstances against which we complain may, for aught we know, have nursed and developed in them the gifts we chiefly prize. If only we are able to see it, the life a man has lived and the words he has written are parts of the same whole. All apparent contradictions and divergences exist only because of the imperfect knowledge and insight that prevent us from seeing the harmony that does and must underlie them.—*From* "NATURE IN BOOKS," BY P. ANDERSON GRAHAM

MISS MUFFIN'S MUDDLE IN THE GRANDE PLACE: "I took little Raspberry for a walk, but he didn't get on with the milk dogs. At one time I quite thought there was going to be a fight!"

Drawn by Tom Browne, R.I.

"My Favourite Heroine in Fiction."

Some Essays by Readers

"Rebecca."

To name the fairest amongst ten thousand fair is necessarily a difficult task, and any selection made, depending so largely upon the individual conception of what is best and most beautiful in woman, must, doubtless, appear invidious to others. Therefore, whilst awarding first place in my favour to Rebecca, the fair Jewess of Sir Walter Scott's immortal romance, *Ivanhoe*, I do not flatter myself that all will see her with my eyes, or appreciate this panegyric so deeply as I should like.

REBECCA

Personally, however, I can call to mind no other woman of fiction, the contemplation of whose character affords me greater delight, or who is more truly worthy of the proud name of heroine.

Rebecca is, to me, the incarnation of womanly purity, truth, and loveliness; and when the milk of human kindness flows as freely and continually as it does from her heart, it surely matters not whether that heart beats beneath the bosom of Jew or Gentile.

Nowadays great importance is attached to the enormous influence exerted upon the individual characters of men by the forces of heredity and environment. When, therefore, it is reflected that both these factors were strongly opposed to Rebecca, may we not justly bow in lowlier reverence at the shrine of her memory? Not all the blood of the mercenary and cringing old Hebrew, her father, which flowed in her veins, could suppress the high-souled generosity of her nature; nor did the shame and ignominy of her alien position amongst a semi-barbarous people, to whom she and her kind were objects of hatred and contempt; nor did her enforced familiarity with the rude and licentious spirit of the times serve in the least to undermine or shake those lofty principles of virtue and truth which were as essentially a part of her being as the unusual beauty of her person, or the extraordinary brightness of her mind. From the devouring elements of her surroundings, which would have proved the destruction of a less perfect woman, she rose Phœnix-like and triumphant, even to the lofty height of preferring death to dishonour.

For these reasons I enthrone her in my heart.

HARRY PAYNE.

"William the Conqueror"—(Rudyard Kipling's "Day's Work.")

ONE of the most attractive characters in fiction is William the Conqueror. At first one might be tempted to call her almost more man than woman; indeed, a certain critic has said, "William the Conqueror quite deserves her masculine name, and is only one of the author's men be-petticoated." But this is not so. True, she does possess the qualities of courage, firm determination, and a strong will, which are, on the whole, more masculine than feminine qualities. As a rule, one takes for a hero or heroine a person who has certain qualities and characteristics which command admiration. William is none the less desirable because some of her qualities are not those generally found in a woman; nevertheless, she has all the ready tact and sympathy and the quick intuition which women are generally supposed to possess in a far greater degree than men.

"WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR."

Though we hear so little of William, we know quite enough to realise what a fine character her's is. We are told the bare fact that she has been through a cholera season, and has had many adventures, yet we can quite imagine what she would have braved and suffered from our knowledge of her splendid behaviour during the famine. All that is best in her comes out then, her tenderness to the miserable little famine-children, her readiness and capacity for work, her entire self-effacement and quick sympathy, both in her dealings with Scott, and others with whom she comes in contact.

There is no nonsense about William; indeed, she errs rather in the other direction and is almost *too* matter-of-fact. "Poetry," she says, "makes her head ache." But when

a girl has lived, like William has, among men who have no time or words to waste, she must needs know the value of both. William has neither time nor will for idle dreaming. Once she has made out her plan of action she straightway puts it into practice, neither asking nor desiring comments. She is in word and action alike perfectly straightforward and honest.

William the Conqueror is, in fact, a splendid type of a pure, true, straightforward English girl, doing whatever she finds to do with all her heart, perfectly ignorant that any of her actions are praiseworthy or heroic, and never dreaming that any one in her place would have done differently.

D. Newill.

"Cigarette."

Cigarette is the central female character in Ouida's famous novel, *Under Two Flags*.

"Cigarette."

What endears her to the reader, English as well as French, is her intense patriotism, and her devotion to the man she loved. But, at first sight, her character appears somewhat diverse, and it is only by a careful study of her life and actions that her real nature is revealed.

Of course, she was a little Amazon; of course, she did not know what a blush meant; but she was *bon soldat*, as she was wont to say, and she had some of the virtues of soldiers. Soldiers had been her books, her teachers, her models, her guardians, and, later on, her lovers, all the days of her life. She had had no guiding star except the eagles on the standards; she had had no cradle-song except the rataplan and the réveillé; she had had no sense of duty taught her except to face fire boldly, never to betray a comrade, and to worship but two deities—"la gloire" and "la France."

Yet there were tales told in the barrack-yards, and under canvas, of the little "Amie du Drapeau," that had a gentler side. Of how softly she would touch the wounded, of how deftly she would cure them. Of how carelessly she would dash through a raking fire to take a draught of water to a dying man. Of how she had sat by an old Grenadier's death-bed to sing to him, refusing to stir, though there was a *fête* at Châlons, and she loved *fêtes* as only a French girl can. Of how she had ridden twenty leagues on a saddleless Arab horse to fetch a surgeon to a Bedouin perishing in the desert of shot wounds. Of how she had sent every sou to her mother, a brutal, drunken, vile-tongued old woman, who had beaten her oftentimes, as the sole maternal attention, when she was but an infant. Of a surety she missed virtues that women prize; but, not less of a surety, had she caught some that others miss.

Cigarette loved France as a Roman loved the city of the Seven Hills, as a Greek loved the city of the Violet Crown.

G. H. C. Manning.

"Little Nell."

It has been my lot, whether fortunate or otherwise, to have read many girls' books, but I am sorry to say that I have never found an outstanding female character in any one of them comparable with Little Nell, pourtrayed in Charles Dickens's *Old Curiosity Shop*.

From the moment the reader is introduced to this fascinating personage, he is charmed with the wholesome purity and goodness which pervade her nature. She gives a reader the impression of being immensely inferior to herself in every respect, so noble is her character. Never can I recall having read of an angry word falling from her lips, and, considering her surroundings and her cares, this was indeed surprising. For was not her grandfather a gambler (though, poor man, he meant his gains for her), her brother a profligate, and had she not all the onerous duties pertaining to the household upon her shoulders? But complaint and discontent were too foreign to a nature like her's to be even dreamed of.

There is one event in her life which, I think, makes one of the most touching and realistic scenes ever painted by the hand of the novel writer. It is when she overhears the plotting of the gipsy gamblers and her grandfather to rob their illiterate benefactress, Mrs. Jarley. The dream she related to the weak old man was only an instance of what her love for the right would prompt her to do, and she had the satisfaction of knowing that her passionate pleadings had not been in vain.

Her early death was but a fitting finale to so pure a life. How beautiful and majestic is that death-bed! There, surrounded by her friends, she lies, sweetly looking and smiling at each one of them, and now and then speaking a word of comfort to some one who is overcome with grief. Ah! she had no fear of death, knowing that, if she had been unsuccessful at times, yet she had always tried to follow the right path, and do her duty well whilst "dwelling here below."

Such was Little Nell, a heroine of the noblest character. She is a type of woman which we cannot but all admire, faithful, kind, and just, with no hard-heartedness or jealousy to make her bitter and envious of her sisters.

JAMES MUIR BORTHWICK.

"Shirley."

AMONGST all the heroines of the world's fiction, a position absolutely unique and peculiar is occupied by Shirley Keeldar. Above all other types she stands the perennial symbol of purest maidenhood, the influence of her lofty, yet child-like, character pervading the lives of her less perfect sisters, filling the hearts of English maidens everywhere with something of her own persistent cheerfulness and sympathy, and their minds with some of the dreamy, stately, ennobling thoughts of her girlish imagination.

It is difficult to think of Shirley as a mere heroine: for the time being she becomes to us as one of our own personal friends.

In person Shirley is singularly attractive; her face and form are fair and girlish, but she is chiefly remarkable for the wealth of varied expression which plays in the depths of her clear, grey eyes, or curves round her laughter-loving lips. But the light that changes on her mobile features, or the language that speaks in her brilliant eye, is not to be understood and interpreted all at once. For only her inmost secret feelings, only the rarest gleams of a fertile imagination, the most sacred thoughts and impulses of a noble heart, can lend that illuminating radiance to her expressive, truthful face.

Shirley is a creature of moods; indolently she lets herself be swayed by whatsoever humour happens to come over her. She has, at times, feelings peculiar to one of her original temperament; there are periods when the mere fact of her existence, sincere contentment with her own condition, seems to lift her to the very fulness of happiness. But indolent she is, reckless, and most ignorant, for she does not know that these moods are rare, these sentiments unusual—"she does not realise the full value of that spring whose fresh bubbling in her heart keeps it green."

Nothing can equal Shirley's enjoyment of a good book. Her mind is given up to it; she neither stirs nor speaks; but it is finished at last, and has set her brain astir and lit with a sparkling light her youthful imagination. "A still, deep, inborn delight glows in her young veins, unmingled, untroubled—not to be reached or ravished by human agency, because by no human agency bestowed: the pure gift of God to His creature, the free dower of Nature to her child." The full enjoyment of an everyday delight makes, for the time, earth a paradise and life, to her, a mystery.

Such is Shirley, a dream-creature among maidens, the fairest flower of an ideal womanhood.

"A rosebud set with little wilful thorns,
And sweet as English air could make her, she."

A. M. WAUGH.

CRICKET AND A MOTOR-CAR.

SOME RECOLLECTIONS AND A LITTLE ADVICE.

"To be what we are, and to become what we are capable of becoming, is the only end of life."—R. L. S.

SEVERAL most intelligent letters have been received from various CAPTAIN readers referring to my "Holidays" in the August number. But my readers, in some cases, are mistaken. The places given were only those personally visited on cricket tours, and those I tried to make the best of. So very few people, alas! have the opportunity of seeing England—green England of the quiet, peaceful villages and running streams, the quaint market-places and curious old crosses, which lie away from the main railway routes. Some of these I have had the luck to see in driving from match to match on a motor-car.

One very interesting drive was on the splendid North Road, from London to Derby, *viâ* Dunstable, Rugby, and Leicester (rain spoilt the match at Derby; Vine played a real good innings); from Derby to Bath, *viâ* Lichfield, Birmingham, Evesham, Cheltenham, and Painswick; then over a long, rough road, across downs, right into Bath. The trees and country, coming through Painswick, were of the prettiest; also by Stroud. At this last place there appeared to be huge mills for producing umbrella and walking sticks out of the great trees waiting to be reduced. An awful storm was chasing us all this while, so perhaps we were in a bit of a hurry, though nothing to cause even a policeman to frown; we were just moving along. At Bath it rained very hard into the hollow, which felt like a great big fernery. Bath is a beautiful place, with excellent shops. Braund, of Somerset, has a first-rate sports shop here, at the back of the cricket ground, just near the bridge. As there was no cricket after the first day we were shown over one of the best and largest curiosity shops I have ever seen—Mallets—a place where you may pay £14,000 for a diamond necklace, and £100 each for Chippendale chairs. There were gold walking-sticks, and also a certain number of Lord Anglesey's scarf-pins—really, altogether, a magnificent show! A great many motor-cars pass through Bath, presumably on their way to and from the West. At Messrs. Fuller's garage and carriage works you can get your motor repaired, or improved, in the most expeditious way. They really try to keep their word with you, and this is genuine praise in these days of highly inflammable petrol! There are a great many interesting sights to be seen in Bath, and some very beautiful, well-kept gardens. During the one-day's cricket the Abbey chimed "Auld Lang Syne," and a good band played "Hiawatha." Had the rain kept off the cricket would have been a great success; as it was, the first day's gate approached the nature of a crowd. Tents, ladies, and tea were greatly in evidence, and these three always ensure success.

What a pity it is that more of our cricket grounds do not pay greater attention to details, and dress themselves up in flags. It makes matches seem less serious, even if all the while County

Championship points, and our daily averages, go on. A sad world, often, this cricket world! From Bath to Bristol is a very short distance. The Bristol hills test your motor-car well, so do the trams your temper; and the people evidently have some private arrangement by which they stay in the middle of the road, never walking on the pavement.

Clifton is green and pretty. Looking from the Suspension Bridge, the river seems very small, and the people appear mere specks. Tramways now run alongside the river. We had a poor match—for us—at Bristol, the cricket ground seeming too exclusively Glo'ster and no Sussex. Jessop had no luck in either innings, so that bit of sport did not even come our way. Huggins bowled excellently, and Sussex lost points. Ah, well! that is all over, and since we were there Gloucestershire have had other visitors to score off.

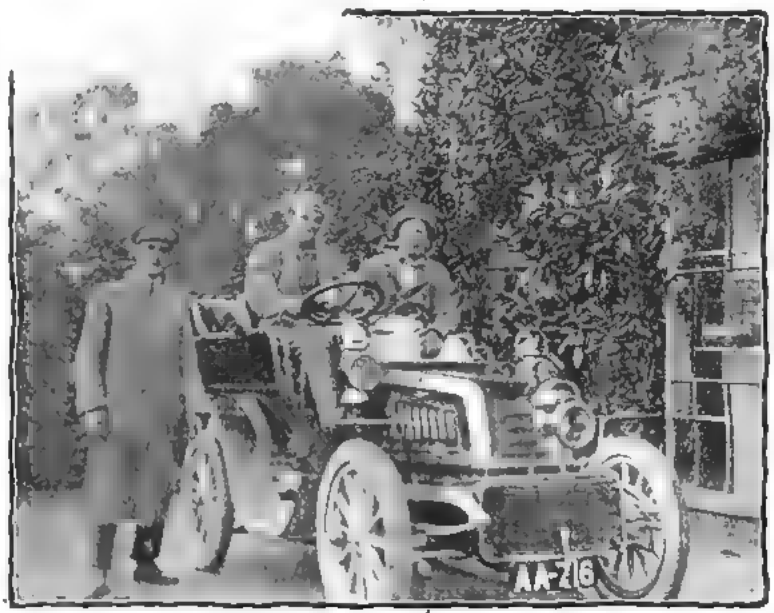
From Bristol to Southampton, *vid* Bath, Warminster, and Salisbury. If you collect post-cards on these trips you must very often stop. Some people also collect little cups, with the arms of the town on them; it makes everything doubly interesting, collecting. Between Bath and Warminster, above Westbury, is the "White Horse," carved, or dug, out of the chalk cliffs, and wonderfully well it looks from a long distance.

Outside Wilton, and before getting to Salisbury, we had a puncture, and while this was repairing we watched the lazy brown trout rising in the River Wylie. In this same river we happened to see a great big pike being snared. Salisbury is a fine old town. From there to Southampton was a glorious road, with fine views stretching for miles and miles around. At Southampton, two hours' rest and refreshment, then *vid* Chichester and Arundel to Brighton. Not a bad trip, this, for one day.

The road between Arundel and Brighton was very rough indeed; terribly rough on tyres. At the end of this splendid trip, with a night's rest between, we played Hampshire at Brighton. Sussex won this match, the first wicket partnership living up to its reputation in the way of scoring.

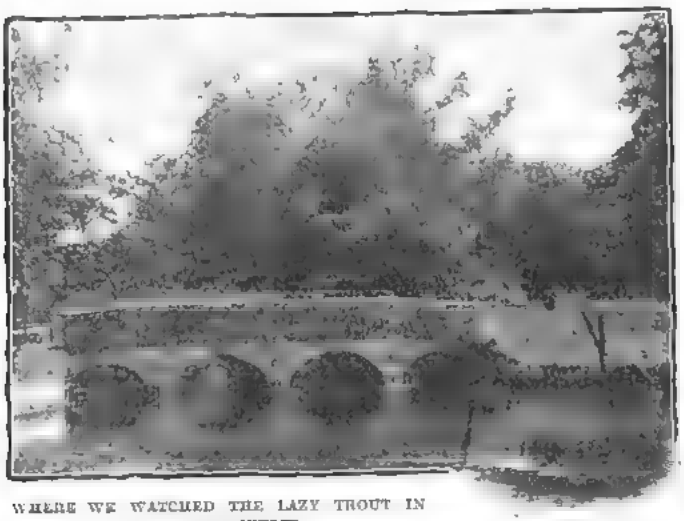
Motoring, if you drive yourself, is absolutely delightful. Perhaps its bad points may be that, owing to the quickness of the car, and the rigid attention required, it has a tendency to make you stiff and slow, and slightly to tire your eye; but, taking it all round, you would never, never go by train, if you could help it. But it means trying hard the next day, lest your side should be robbed of your runs.

Our next match was against Lancashire.



HURRY UP "CAPTAIN," WE WANT TO START.
Photo. "The Captain."

K. S. Ranjitsinjhi's match this was. He absolutely surpassed even his best. He might easily have scored a double century had he so wished, but he was not going for such records. He just scored 99 in the first innings, and 207 not out in the 2nd. A. E. Relf also played a really fine innings, hitting with great freedom, and no shadow of the "draw" feeling marred the play of Sussex's sporting side. Lancashire are a very fine side indeed this year, not only by reason of their not losing matches, but also by their winning play. Their bowling is fairly varied, they can make sufficient changes to avoid getting over-tired, and they



WHERE WE WATCHED THE LAZY TROUT IN THE RIVER WYLIE.
Photo. "The Captain."

field splendidly. A very big crowd was on the ground for this match—one of the largest we have had this year.

The unruffled Craig was doing good business. His postcards of the M.C.C. Australian team are good value for a penny. Craig has the wonderful knack of keeping a large "attendance" in good humour. He objects to the word "crowd," as he says it has to him a flavour of rowdyism, and he will not have his constituents rowdy. I should say that Craig has any amount of tact; they could very well do with his tact in the "House."

After the Lancashire match it was a short, uneventful trip to London. Nearly a quarter of the road to London is given up to tramways. The tired pedestrian hails the sight of a tramcar with joy; not so the motorist, because the tramcar cannot get out of his way. The Surrey match was spoiled by rain, and Sussex found Hayward's excellent batting very troublesome. From London to Southampton, *vid* Kew Bridge, Sunbury, Chertsey, Virginia Water, and Hartley Row. Here we had two good punctures! Busters! At Sunbury a regatta was under weigh. The river was crowded with boats of all descriptions, making a bright and animated picture. The worst of long trips—the real travelling type—is that you cannot stop as often as you would, so you must rely on your memory, instead of the camera, to retain the pictures. This somewhat rambling account of trips shows what it is possible to combine with county cricket, which is a hard taskmaster, allowing mighty little leisure for one to follow one's own hobby.

So many correspondents keep asking advice about their bats, and a very good thing it is that they have a bat to care for! Make the bat a green baize cover, oil it occasionally, and hang it up in your bedroom, which room, I hope, is never very hot, and has the window always open, day and night. A good bat wants air as much as you do, but does not require ever to be rained upon. The bat I had when quite a small boy had its face all studded with nails instead of wooden brads. It split up long ago. I never valued the gem, and that is why I am so keen you boy readers should value yours. It is a great miss not to have your own old boy-bat to look at as you grow older, and your play improves. The old bat recalls many a sporting run made under very varied circumstances, on gravel as well as on grass.

Cricket is almost over now, but for most of you comes football, a game of great possi-

MR. C. B. FRY AT BATH IN AUGUST LAST, SURROUNDED BY ADMIRING "CAPTAIN" READERS.
Photo. by K. S. Ranjitsinhji.

bilities for youth. It gives, and takes, some very hard knocks, and, played as you will doubtless play it, it is an out and out good game, all "go" for ninety minutes. Get into the habit of playing in any position, and kicking with either foot. Do not be bound down to one position. Practise cheerfully and carefully, and remember that nothing ever has been, or can be, done without taking infinite pains. No dumbbells, or chest-developers, or any outside help, will make you the player that practice will, provided you are physically able, and have the time. Practise, you schoolboy, with the ball; and you, whose time is very limited—possibly to one afternoon a week. Walk where you can get the purest air, and in proper walking clothes, which you can change after your walk.

So many readers ask for advice on cigarettes. For the would-be athlete, no use at all; for the young boy, "poison." Shun the brown-finger-look of the inveterate cigarette smoker. There is very little chance, with a finger like his, of his walking ten or running three miles.

Water is very much the best drink for young and old. You can get fitter quicker and better on water than on anything else—at least, this is my experience. Supposing you happen to get hurt, you will find the water drinker gets well much the quicker.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

N.B.—Correspondents must understand that it is impossible to answer questions in this magazine, or in any other magazine, so to speak, by return of post. Many letters we receive just miss being in time for the number that is going to press, and, in consequence, the answers are not published till the next number but one after the letters are received. But, of course, we do our best to oblige.

J. G. C.—(1) The ball is considered "dead" when the wicket-keeper, having received it, sends it back to the bowler for the latter to bowl the next ball. It is always quite clear when the wicket-keeper thus returns the ball to the bowler. When the wicket-keeper, after receiving the ball, throws it at the other wicket in order to run a batsman out, the case is quite different. The umpires can always distinguish between the two cases. (2) A batsman is out of his ground unless either his bat or some part of his person is grounded inside the crease; that is to say, over the crease on the inside; if his foot is on the crease, clear of the ground inside it, he is out of his ground. (3) The umpires have no power to order a player off the field.

"Captain" Reader.—I do not know of any fives club in London. But I believe that there are fives courts at Queen's Club, West Kensington. You could find out by writing to the Secretary, Mr. C J. B Marriott.

G. W. Bell.—No runs are counted from a stroke which results in the batsman being out to a catch. It is reckoned that the batsman is caught immediately off his bat, and what happens in between is null and void.

T. Evans.—It is not usual for masters to play in a school cricket team, but, of course, it is entirely a matter of arrangement. In some cases the boys cannot find opponents whom they can meet on equal terms, so some schools meet the difficulty by including masters. No public school, however, does this.

F. M. Winowen.—(1) Two things are necessary for a man to be out l.b.w.: the ball must have pitched between wicket and wicket, and must also, in the umpire's opinion, not have broken enough to miss the wicket. (2) If the ball touches the bat before hitting the legs the batsman is not l.b.w. (3) Certainly you can be l.b.w. to a right-hand round the wicket bowler, though it is practically impossible for such a bowler to bowl a good length ball that will get you out l.b.w. on a fast, good wicket. Right-hand bowlers, Trumble, for instance, often bowl round the wicket on pitches where the ball breaks a great deal for the very purpose of getting batsmen l.b w Bowling over the wicket, they find that the ball breaks too much to pitch on the wicket and hit it. (4) It is not a no-ball when the bowler knocks the balls off the wicket at his end in delivering the ball. (5) The M.C.C teams are chosen by a sub-committee of the club constituted for that purpose. England teams are chosen by a separate selection committee, not by the M.C.C. committee or sub-committee.

J. S. A.—If the two batsmen were exactly level when the wicket was put down, the one who ran from the wicket which was put down was out; it was his wicket because he had not "crossed" the other batsman.

"Fister."—Legally, a catch does not count if the ball is over the boundary, even though the catcher's feet are inside it. Practically such a catch would always be given out, for the umpire would assume that the ball was inside the boundary, because the fielder was inside it. The case is too rare to be worth a special rule

T. E.—A professional cricketer is one who is paid directly for his services as a player. There are no end of arguments trotted out to make out that amateurs are professionals. I once heard an idiot argue that Lord Hawke is a professional, because when he takes a team abroad in the winter, he has not as many expenses as if he were at home in his Yorkshire seat, and therefore saves, *i.e.*, makes money. Equally cogent would it be to reckon the proprietors of a newspaper professional cricketers because the cricket news sells their paper.

K. K.—Your measurements seem about right now; at any rate, they are good enough Glad to hear you are getting on so well with your athletics.

Left Behind.—Even I cannot tell you how to grow taller. It is a case of nature. But height is not by any means indispensable to athletic success.

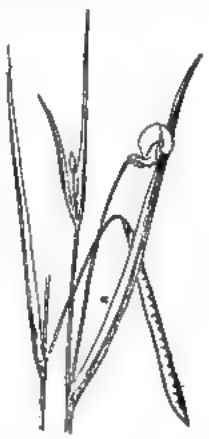
NATURALISTS' CORNER.

Conducted by EDWARD STEP, F.L.S.

Botanical Queries.—J. G. Blackledge (Ampleforth) (1) sends me a single detached "leaf of a small shrub for identification," asks (2) for my definition of a shrub, (3) what is the right time of the year to graft, and (4) is the wood of the horse chestnut of any practical value? (1) It is impossible for anyone to say with certainty, on such meagre evidence, to what plant your leaf belongs. I *believe* it to be the common mugwort (*Artemisia vulgaris*), which is not a shrub, but a herb. Why did not you send me a shoot with leaves attached, and flower, if present? Will readers bear this in mind when sending me botanical specimens for naming? If the species is a small one, the entire plant should be sent in fresh condition; if too large to be sent entire, a sprig with flower and leaf attached should be furnished. (2) A shrub is a perennial plant with all the characteristics of the tree, save that of size. (3) Grafting may be performed at any time from early spring to early autumn, with the exception of the hot, dry weather of midsummer, when the graft is liable to wither. Spring is the period usually selected for the purpose. (4) The horse chestnut is a tree of rapid growth, and, in consequence, its wood is soft and light; it is therefore useful only for ornamental purposes indoors; exposed to the weather it would soon perish.

Gold-fish.—Answer to A. van Swae (Antwerp). (See my reply to J. G. F., Tree Frogs.) There is no doubt in my mind that the death of your gold-fish was due to the mud the gardener put in the pond containing some poisonous matter. You should introduce some of the weeds you find growing naturally under water in the ponds of your locality, and with them some of the water-snails. These will keep the water pure, and help to provide food for the fish. Don't change the water unless it becomes thick and foul, as it may do from throwing in more food than the fish can eat whilst it is fresh. Ant pupæ (the "ants' eggs" of the dealers) are a good food; also small larvæ of various insects, the crumb of stale bread, &c.—A. J. (Tunbridge Wells) bought some gold-fish from a dealer, who told him that if he changed the water every day the fish would require no other food. I have no experience of Tunbridge Wells water, but it must be pretty thick if it serves for food and drink as well. I know it is possible to *maintain existence* for a time on water alone, but this knowledge has only been obtained by poor creatures under sheer necessity, or from a desire to win wagers. I am not going to try it, nor will I subject any other creature to such a diet. Your informant is an ignorant person, and you must not listen to him. Read answer to A. van Swae above. Fishes are best bought of local dealers, but if you have difficulty in this respect you will find all you require at Green's Aviaries, Covent Garden, London. I cannot recommend any particular firm as the cheapest. I do not remember a special book on gold-fish.

Flowering Grass?—J. Bennet (Surbiton) sends me what he describes as a "peculiar grass" he found growing at Horsley, its peculiarity consisting in its bearing flowers. To be exact, J. B., I ought to point out to you that all grasses produce flowers, but I understand your meaning that these are flowers utterly unlike ordinary grass-flowers. The reason is that your plant is *not* a grass, but a *pea* that mimics the grasses among which it grows. There are humbugs and pretenders among plants as well as among animals, and it appears to help this pea in the struggle for existence that it should closely resemble a grass. Its leaves are exactly like grass leaves, so that until the plant flowers it is exceedingly difficult even for an experienced botanist to spot *Lathyrus nissolia*, the Grass Pea, when it is growing in the meadow. When the crimson flowers appear there is no difficulty, but when these are succeeded by the seed-pods there is trouble



again, for these are at first flat and thin and hang down in just the attitude adopted by many grass-leaves. I wonder how many of THE CAPTAIN botanists have succeeded in finding this impostor? The portrait may help them.

Pigmy Parrot.—I have no doubt that the little parrot, "only a few inches long," which J. Cole (Walsall) inquires about is the Pigmy Parrot, a native of New Guinea, of which I am able to give a portrait-group. It is only about three inches long, with a short, squarish tail. The male bird is distinguished by its splendid colouring. I regret that I cannot give you an idea of the price, as I have never purchased one; but if you drop a note to Cross, the Menageries, Liverpool, or Harris, Naturalist, Newcastle-on-Tyne, they would send you the price if they have the bird in stock. The figures are reduced about one-fourth, so you can get a good idea from the picture as to the actual size and appearance.

Snakes.—G. R. Whitfield (Leconfield) asks for a cheap book on snakes. I have given this information several times recently, so can only assume that G. R. W. is a new reader. Leighton's "British Serpents" (Blackwood and Sons, 5s.), and Hopley's "British Reptiles" (Sonnenschein, 1s.). The snakes should be kept in a glass fern-case with cover. The floor should be covered with clean gravel, and a little bundle of moss should be placed in one corner. A dish of water for drinking and bathing must be provided.—C. Bermingham (Leek) also asks about the common snake. Any dealer in aquaria will supply you, and the price (from 1s. 6d. upwards) depends upon size. The snake-house should not be less than 12 inches by 6, and should be furnished as stated in the answer to G. R. Whitfield above. The favourite food of the snake is a small frog. It will also take mice, beetles, &c.

Frogs and Toads.—S. D. P. (Leytonstone) has several tadpoles, nearly developed into frogs, and wishes to know how to keep the latter; also how they are distinguished from toads. The best place for captive frogs and toads is a cool greenhouse or garden frame, where there is a chance of their finding insects for food, and where provision is made for a bath. If you have neither of these conveniences, they should be kept in a fern case, and fed with live insects and worms. It is impossible to lay down rules as to quantity of food; it must vary with the size of the animals. They will probably consume quite as many insects as you can catch for them. The differences between a frog and a toad are very marked. The frog is of slender build, hump-backed, with very long hind limbs, and its general colour is yellow barred with brown. The toad is nearly as broad as long, with a flatter back and shorter limbs, and its colour is uniform dusky brown. The frog's skin is smooth and moist; that of the toad is covered with warts and dry. The frog leaps; the toad walks, and takes short heavy jumps.

PIGMY PARROTS.

Doubtful Query.—G. W. Izard (Blackheath) asks me several questions concerning the treatment of females and young of some animal which he has omitted to mention. As this may be anything from elephants to mice, I am unable to advise him until I get the missing word.

Young Kestrel.—In reply to H. H. Hamling (Sherborne), the young kestrel must have its food dropped into its beak until instinct prompts it to peck and tear its food "from the joint." Until then, strips of raw meat (mutton is preferable to beef) will be found the best. Yes, keep it in the

cage for the present, otherwise until it has the proper use of legs and wings, it is likely to injure itself

Name of Moth, &c.—(1) The moth of which A. J. Groll (Tunbridge Wells) sends me a rough sketch is the Emperor moth (*Saturnia carpini*). Its very handsome caterpillar feeds on heath. (2) You can obtain various species of lizards at Green's Aviaries, Covent Garden, London.

Captive Squirrels.—In reply to F. Grumitt (Sunderland), squirrels are creatures of such free and active habits that they seem to me as much out of place in cages as skylarks are. (1) If you do keep them they should be in a large apartment like an aviary, that they may have room for leaping, and large branches of trees should be provided for their comfort. (2) Their food consists of acorns, nuts, fir-cones, apples, and eggs. (3) Rarely.

Book on Birds'-eggs, &c.—J. W. H. Pattison (Kilmalcolm) wants a book on wild birds' eggs, with coloured figures; also a book on British wild birds with coloured plates of all the species. (1) Kearton's "British Birds'-nests, Eggs, and Egg-collecting" (Cassell and Co., 5s.). (2) "British Birds," edited by Butler and illustrated by Frohawk (F. Warne and Co., 6 vols., £3 12s.).

Tree Frogs.—In answer to J. G. F. (South sea): Does not the name of this frog suggest to you that an aquarium is certainly not the place in which to keep it. As a matter of fact, the common frog only resorts to ponds during the breeding season, or for an occasional soak. The tree frog should be kept in a glass fern-case, or in a greenhouse where the air is kept moist. Of course, in either place provision must be made for its enjoying a bath whenever so disposed. Its food consists of living insects, chiefly flies. In a greenhouse it would probably find sufficient food for itself, but in a fern-case insects must be introduced for it. You say you will look for this answer in the July CAPTAIN. The greater part of the July number was printed before you wrote your letter, and the "Naturalists' Corner" for August was made up before I received your queries. You must remember that magazines of this character take much longer to prepare than newspapers. So that this reply appears as soon as possible.—Dorothy M. Vacher (Tunbridge Wells) has had an unfortunate experience. One of her tree frogs "has died from bleeding of the stomach and inflammation of the limbs." I have had no similar experience, and can only venture a guess that the trouble may be connected with the blow-flies which, she says, have occasionally formed part of its food. It is well known that blow-fly grubs swallowed by frogs and toads sometimes attack the internal organs and thus destroy their captors, and as the blow-fly retains her eggs until hatched, this might easily happen when such a fly has been swallowed. The obvious moral is: avoid blow-flies as food for your pets. With other kinds of flies this trouble is not likely to arise. The other details of treatment described by my correspondent are quite correct.

Young Jay.—"Jay" (Northiam) has had a pair of young jays given to him, and wishes to know how to feed them. So far they have had hard-boiled egg chopped up and mixed with bread crumbs moistened with milk. The jay is not a difficult bird to feed, and if your youngsters appear to be doing well I should continue the treatment. A little water should be given by dipping a bit of stick into it and letting it drip off into their open beaks. I used to feed young jays with a mixture of coarse oatmeal and raw egg. Some give, in addition, chopped meat (raw). As they get older you will find that wheat will form a good staple food, which you may vary with meat, fruit, and acorns, to which they are very partial in a state of freedom. Young birds are very easily tamed and become very amusing—and mischievous—pets.

Tortoise.—E. J. Solomon (W. Kensington) has observed what he considers remarkable behaviour of his tortoise. It mainly eats cabbage, but he has seen it eating "a lump of filthy fat," and the remains of a newt that had been dead a month or more. I have always found the land tortoise restrict itself to a veretable diet, but I have provided it with more tender fare than cabbage, which is rather tough. Lettuce, dandelion, sow-thistle, and marigold would please it better. I should say that its selection of the animal food was a sort of silent protest against the unsuitable vegetable food you have provided. Even man will, under adverse conditions, eat things at which he would turn up his nose in loathing, if only chops and steaks, or bread and cheese were available. Give your tortoise more enticing vegetables, and then note if he still exhibits a depraved hankering after flesh-pots.

Hedgehogs.—T. Dow (S. Shields) wishes to know what is the food of the hedgehog, and in "what sort of box or hutch to keep it." If you keep hedgehogs at all, they should be allowed to run loose in a garden, where they will find their own food, or the greater part of it. They will not live happily or long in a hutch. I cannot tell you the ordinary length of a hedgehog's life. Their food consists of insects, worms, snails, snakes, birds, &c. I believe I have given this information before, but I am writing this out of doors, with the thermometer registering 85 degrees in the shade, and it is too hot to go indoors and turn up back numbers.

Personal.—To J. B. Wood (Manchester). I plead guilty to being the author of "Wayside and Woodland Trees." All the booksellers in your city would have it in stock, and would let you see it. It is published by F. Warne and Co., 6s.

HOW WE STOLE THE IDOL

BY C. H. SHANAN.

WHEN I am in a cheerful humour, which is frequently the case, I often ask the Burmese Idol, in a friendly sort of way, what he is meditating upon so solemnly day after day as he sits cross-legged on a small table in my study. But never a word in reply do I get. He gazes into space with that calm, inscrutable look on his squat, Mongolian type of face; only once I thought he smiled, but I must have been mistaken. Perhaps he is thinking of his native home in the wild Burman jungle ten thousand miles away, and longing to be back there once more; perhaps he misses the bright, warm sunshine in cold, foggy England—I know I do. Be this as it may, I must get on now and tell you how he came to be in my possession, and in the elevated position he occupies.

I could do this in a few words, for, as a matter of fact, I stole him. I am well aware that this is hardly a creditable thing to do, especially if you happen to get caught, and I am not proud of it. But I am informed on reliable authority that the Editor pays for yarns, so I'm telling you this, and as I believe in speaking the truth, however incriminating, you see I am keeping back nothing. There were extenuating circumstances, of course—there always are! In the first place,

he is not worth much, except for sentimental reasons—both to my wife and his former owners; he has not eyes of emerald or any other precious stone (worse luck!); he is just an ordinary marble image of Buddha, and the only valuable part of his attire is his rosary of small gold beads. In the second place, when a pretty woman sets her heart on any particular thing, and asks you in a proper sort of way to get it for her, unless you are very old and crooked in temper, you will not hesitate at trifles; and when you are young and full of animal spirits, as we were then, you will readily understand that we gave no thought to the consequences of such an act. And so it came about.

We had just been married, and, as we are both fond of adventure and travel, we found ourselves in Kyaukpyauk (I daresay this can be pronounced by those to the manner born), a small, out-of-the-way place in Upper Burmah, where my brother was stationed as District Superintendent of Police. Burmah is an intensely interesting country to one who has not to spend the best part of his life there; it is vastly different to India in every respect, and we made the most of our visit. Everything was strange and new to us, the gaily-dressed and lively, good-natured men and women, the little babies with long cheroots stuck in their mouths—everybody in Burmah smokes, and the cigars are often quite a foot long. We saw ponghees, pagodas, pwès, and all the other side shows, and had a good time generally.

LITTLE BABIES WITH LONG CHEROOTS IN THEIR MOUTHS.

My brother was the happy possessor of a steam launch, and, by way of a suitable finish to our holiday, a long shooting trip up the Myutha River was proposed. All the arrangements had been made, when just at the last minute he was called away on a dacoity case in some inland village. As he would be absent some time we decided to go without him, and accordingly the next day we started.

The crew of the launch consisted of five Burmans, and in addition we had our own two Mahommedan servants from India, and three of my brother's Punjabee sepoys. And what a delightful trip it was, too! At any rate, the first week of it, the finish being exciting in the extreme.

We took it very easily, steaming leisurely up the river, stopping when we liked and getting in as much shikar as possible. Towards sunset the launch would be moored to a tree near a village, and while the men went ashore to cook their evening meal and the servants prepared our dinner, we casually strolled off to see the Burman at home. The men are very sporting, fond of wrestling and boxing—in which kicking is allowed—and they are very fine football players as a rule. They are under the middle height, strongly built, and very plucky and enduring. The women are decidedly fascinating and pretty.

Everywhere we were received most cordially by these happy, easy-going people, and they generally got up a pwè, or dance, for our amusement, though to tell the truth it seemed to interest them more than it did us, as they sat around for hours, men, women, and children, all puffing away at their formidable cigars, which are, however, the mildest of weeds in reality.

But one fatal evening we arrived at a very small village which boasted a very big name—no less a name than Chammukhunswe—and a renowned pagoda. These pagodas are scattered all over the country, and are the glory of Burmah, representing as they do the best of Burmese art and industry. Now, pagodas were my wife's weakness, in spite of the lepers that swarmed about the gates, and we never missed one. Well, as soon as the launch was moored to a hoary old tamarind tree, we started off to see this one. It was certainly a very fine specimen, with its curious gilded roofs and splendid carvings in teak. Inside the air was heavy with the pungent odour of flowers and incense, and there was a remarkable collection of Gotamas, all ridiculously alike in appearance, only differing in size. We carefully inspected the whole family of them, bronze, marble, and wood, and some even of gold and silver; the wonderful bells and gongs, and, above all the really beautiful carvings. Just towards

the end, my wife spotted another Gotama, stuck all by himself in a dark corner, and straight away fell in love with him. It was no use pointing out that he was only made of marble, yellow and mildewed with age, and no better-looking than his numerous brethren. She saw nothing in them and the world in him. So I gave up; but she startled me by saying that she wanted him, and, in fact, must have him. Here was a pretty fix! The ponghees would not sell him for his weight in gold, this we well knew, so it was no use trying a bargain. A disjointed conversation, in very broken Burmese on my side, then started with one of the yellow-robed monks. It chiefly concerned this image, and was confined to remarks on his age. We were told that he was fairly old, quite five hundred years or so. It also came out that this particular image was greatly revered in the village and surrounding district, and was, in fact, quite first favourite. I managed at last to get my wife reluctantly back to the launch; but peace and ease had now fled, and for the next few days she could talk of nothing else but the idol, and the more she thought and talked about him the more she wanted him.

MY WIFE SPOTTED ANOTHER GOTAMA, AND STRAIGHT AWAY FELL IN LOVE WITH HIM.

At last we decided to steal the beggar—there was no other way out of it. We had travelled a good many miles past Chammukhunswe, and the time had come to start on the homeward journey, so we matured our plans as the launch was turned and headed down stream.

It was a beautiful evening as we neared the village and tied up to the same tree we had used a week previously. Before going on shore I warned the two servants and the sepoys to keep close to the boat, to be ready

AS I JUMPED ABOARD, THE LEADING BURMAN HURLED HIS DHAH AT ME.

to cast off at a moment's notice, and above all to keep an eye on the crew.

It was some sort of national holiday. The village was humming with life and fun as we strolled into the pagoda and had another good look at the Gotamas, gongs, and carvings. My wife had put on a loose cloak reaching to her waist, the main idea being to collar the idol when we got a chance, hide it under the cloak, and walk off as soon as we could. Fortunately, the corner he was in was dark, and luck favoured us, for our ponghee guide was old and short-sighted. At a request from me he turned aside to get some of their palmyra leaf writings to show us, and in a twinkling I had lifted the image out of the niche—he was a fair weight, too—and given him to my wife, who expeditiously popped him into the hollow of her arm under the cloak. We had enough nerve after this to finish the conversation with the old monk, and then made tracks for the launch, outwardly calm but inwardly very excited, for the Burman is a brute when his passions are aroused.

We had not gone very far, however, when there was a fearful uproar in the pagoda and village. All the bells and gongs in the place were rung and beaten, and a horrible noise they made. It was quite half a mile from the village to the launch, and we quickened our steps. When we had got about half-way, it apparently became clear to the ponghees that we had their treasure, and the whole village was soon on our track.

So far we had been in the open and, as it was a fine moonlight night, in full view of the pagoda; but another few steps brought us to the edge of a thick bit of jungle, which stretched to the bank of the river, and as soon as we got into the shelter of this I took the idol from my wife and we sprinted for all we were worth. Of course, we were no match for the active young Burmans, and as we dodged through the jungle, now round a cane brake, now through a thorn bush, we caught glimpses of dark forms close behind and frequently the glint of moonlight on the deadly dhah. Evidently we were in for a hot time of it, and now regretted the mad prank; still, we had the image, and intended to stick to him to the bitter end.

We were nearing the river now, but the pursuers were very close and gaining steadily. My wife, with set teeth and white face, was pegging away by my side, but her breath was coming in a sort of whistling pant, and my throat felt dry and scorched as if I had had

a mouthful of sand. Burmah is not the country for record quarter miles. We were dripping with perspiration, our clothes were in rags and covered with mud, but the hoarse cries and dark forms behind acted like a spur, and we ran on. The trees were festooned with thick creepers, which kept tripping us up, and several times one or the other of us was sent sprawling, only to be up again and off. An angry cobra reared his head and hissed as we crashed through his favourite bush, and a troop of sleepy parrots wanted to know what all the row was about. At last we burst out of the jungle near the bank of the stream, and there, not a hundred yards away, was the launch. We made one last desperate sprint, the nearest Burman being less than fifty yards behind. I shall never forget the joy I felt when I saw the fierce, whiskered face of Gurditta Singh, the Jemadar, as he looked at us in sheer amazement.

Between gasps I yelled out orders to stand by to cut the rope and for all to jump on board and keep a close guard on the Burman crew. The quicker-witted Mahommedan servants took in the situation at a glance and acted like bricks. The three sepoys stood over the crew and gave the necessary orders, and while Mahommed Ayoub helped my wife on board, Abdul Haq cut the rope and we drifted out into mid-stream. As I jumped aboard, the leading Burman was barely ten yards behind, and in despair at not getting us he hurled his dhah at me, but fortunately it missed and stuck in the skylight.

It took us quite an hour to recover from the excitement and run combined, and then we started to consider what the consequences would be—the incident could hardly be said to close here. Well, we made for Kyaukpyauk as fast as the launch could steam, and jolly glad we were to be in my brother's comfortable bungalow once more.

He looked uncommonly serious when we related our adventures, and assured me that we were in a decided hole, to put it mildly, for if the villagers complained to the Government it would go hard with me. He had immense influence with the natives, however, as he understood and liked them, so he immediately went off to Chammukhunswe to try and pacify them. How he managed to get out of our not returning the idol, for we doggedly declined to give him up, we never knew, but a goodly sum of rupees squared matters, and shortly after we bade farewell to Burmah.

THE JAPANESE ADVANCE: THE BATTLE ON THE YALU, APRIL 26-30.

A sketch by a Japanese War Correspondent.

A LOOK ROUND THE DARK ROOM.

By ARCHIBALD WILLIAMS.

TO MAKE photography a real pleasure, care and neatness should be observed in all its processes. As beginners soon find out, sins of neglect come home to roost in the shape of spotted negatives and stained prints. The only way to ensure freedom from these and other troubles is to keep a constant eye on all the implements and accessories that you use.

It is, to a large extent, possible to judge the photographer and his capabilities by the condition of his dark-room, wherein are conducted some of the most important operations of photography. The dark room may be a mere cupboard under the stairs, or a well-fitted and capacious chamber replete with conveniences; but in either case the owner leaves his mark upon it and its contents. Here, for instance, you see everything higgledy-piggledy—dishes, bottles, boxes, plates, and apparatus scattered about in confusion. The floor is a litter of paper, which, to judge by appearances, has been steadily accumulating for years. The dishes are dirty; the bottles also. Marks of hurry and carelessness abound. Also, the air is foul, suggesting that the ventilation is bad; and the daylight insinuates itself through many a crack. Under such circumstances good work cannot be done.

EVERYTHING MUST HAVE A PROPER PLACE,

and be kept there.

Now, I am going to suppose that I have been called in to act dish-and-bottle-washer to one of my neglectful young friends, whose photography hasn't as yet won him any particular distinction. The first thing I see on entering the abode of darkness is that I can't see anything at all. Light! light! As soon as I have captured the lamp, cleaned its glass—which has become sadly smoky—and lit it, I contrive a shelf for it near the door, where it should be placed when not in use. Groping about is apt to upset things. Dear me! the air of this den is almost thick enough to be cut with a knife! I instinctively search for the window, which I find to be permanently blocked up. You really ought to know that a photographer cannot do himself justice while his lungs are poisoned by the accumulated gases of the lamp and the fumes of chemicals. We must have that window to open and shut, and, as the room is very small, some additional

MEANS OF VENTILATION,

be they only a number of holes bored through the door and carefully shaded from direct light.

I would emphasise the need for pure air, because the neglect of it is largely the cause of that headache and heaviness which you often experience after an hour or so spent over the developing dishes.

If your room were a large one, the supply of oxygen would last you a long time, even if the air remained stagnant. But even so, you should be able to admit the outer atmosphere between whiles.

Now for these dishes and bottles, which my fingers itch to get at.

TO CLEANSE THEIR INTERIORS,

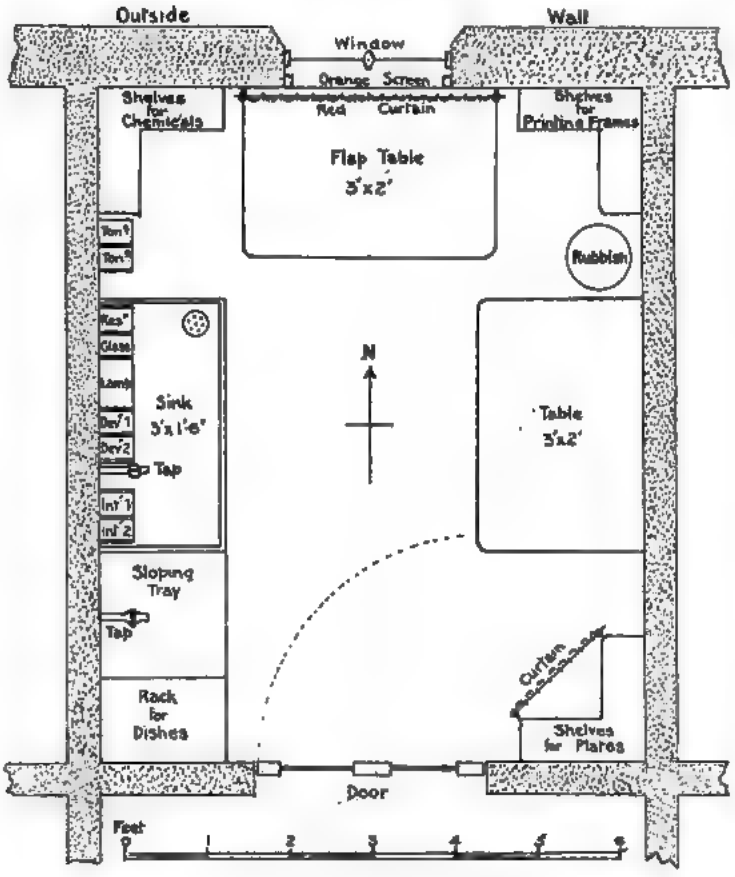
I take this phial of hydrochloric acid (*alias* Spirit of Salt, which must be handled very carefully), pour a little into each vessel, and add some water. Then I shake the bottles well, and rub the dishes with a bit of clean rag. The latter soon look clean, except for the permanent stains, which nothing will remove.

The bottles give more trouble, because one can't get at their inner walls easily. Therefore, after the acid treatment, I empty them and introduce an ounce of shot and some clean water, and rattle it about. As you see, the pellets scour off any deposit. Next, a few rinsings round with hot water, and then we can turn them up to drain.

It strikes me that your dishes are hard to distinguish one from another. Since porcelain trays cannot well be marked, it is a good thing to have those devoted to each process

OF A DISTINCTIVE SHAPE.

Then, even in the dark, you will know which



PLAN OF A COMPACT DARK-ROOM

is which. It is hardly necessary to remind you that a jack-of-all-trades is an abomination among dishes.

These chemicals have evidently seen better days, and as good stuff is cheap, suppose we pitch them away and start afresh. Dry chemicals of all sorts you should keep in air-tight receptacles—wide-mouthed stoppered bottles by preference—and each should be most carefully named.

We will now

CLEAR OUT ALL USELESS NEGATIVES,

spoiled plates, and empty plate-boxes. By the bye, I notice that the labels on the last are those of several different makes. I advise you to

STICK TO ONE BRAND OF PLATE;

the same with developers. Try to master the peculiarities of one make and one developer. Of course, if you think that your choice is a bad one and you would do better with what somebody else recommends, try another, but

DON'T KEEP ON CHANGING.

We will next put up a few shelves. Wood is plentiful, so are nails and screws, and the comfort of having plenty of shelf-room is worth the expenditure of some trouble. If you know how to handle tools, it won't take an hour to run together half-a-dozen useful ledges, six inches or so wide, on which you may store the odds and ends that accumulate by degrees, and cannot well be dispensed with altogether. At all costs you must have elbow-room.

I have sketched out a

PLAN OF A DARK-ROOM,

which will also serve for printing and finishing off generally, as it is advisable to confine operations to one chamber, if possible.

Its internal dimensions are 8 feet by 6 feet 6 inches. The window faces north, because the light on that side is most constant; and in summer, when the bulk of photography is done, it will open on the coolest air. The sash, 3 feet by 2 feet 6 inches, is of the common rising and falling type. Inside is a frame covered with two thicknesses of orange fabric, and hinged at the top so that it may be raised out of the way when daylight is needed, and fastened to a hook on the ceiling. As a further protection against injurious rays, there should be a curtain of Turkey twill running on a rod, large enough to overlap the window six inches all round. The ring on the extreme left is fixed to the rod, and the curtain is drawn to the right, so that the sink side of the room may be kept shaded even when the other is strongly lighted up.

Under the window I have placed a flap table 3 feet by 2 feet, which will be useful for printing and toning, and in the corners are cupboards to hold chemicals and printing frames. The central section of the west wall is occupied by a sink 3 feet by 1 foot 6 inches, overhung by a tap 1 foot from the south end. Against the wall is

A NARROW SHELF WITH FIVE DIVISIONS.

The middle, and largest, accommodates the lamp for night use, and next to it, on the right, are

the half-pint measuring glass and the bottle of "restrainer," while to the left stand the two developing solutions. The glass will thus be ready to the right hand, and after use it should be

RETURNED TO ITS ALLOTTED COMPARTMENT.

On a little shelf north of the sink I have my toning solutions, protected from daylight by a small curtain. And to the south of the tap stand the intensifying solutions. It is very important to keep all these apart from the developers.

Between the sink and the south wall runs a lead-covered tray, sloping into the sink. A second tap overhangs this, for the washing of plates or prints while the sink is in use. Against the wall is a rack, in which dishes may be placed to drain

Passing the door we have a set of curtained shelves for plates and such things as are best kept at a distance from the window. Then comes a table 3 feet by 2 feet, and a rubbish box. It should be a rule

NEVER TO BRING ANYTHING WET FROM THE SINK SIDE OF THE ROOM

to the table on the east wall.

By observance of this rule you will escape many chemical troubles.

Rooms of the dimensions here given are not to be had in every house, and many readers must put up with less commodious quarters for their photographic doings. But the general plan of arrangement will perhaps be useful. And a good legend to post over the door is

CLEANLINESS, NEATNESS, CARE.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. Barry English.—Many thanks for the photograph of your bulldog. He looks a fellow who could get a good grip of a subject if he chose. I am glad to hear that photography hath its charms for you. Snap-shotting is, of course, far from being the ideal method of obtaining pictures that you will like to live with; and I hope that you make proper use of a stand and a focussing cloth.

F. S. Dod.—A very good developer for slow plates is that recommended by the makers of the Imperial plates:—Pyrogallic acid, 1 ounce; bromide of potassium, 60 grains; metabisulphite of potassium, 50 grains; distilled water, 12 ounces. This forms a stock solution, three ounces of which mixed with 20 ounces of water makes the solution No. 1 for ordinary use. No. 2 solution is:—Soda sulphite, 2 ounces; soda carbonate (i.e., washing soda), 2 ounces; distilled water, 20 ounces. Mix these in equal quantities for normal exposures. Under-exposure will, of course, need a preponderance of No. 2, and over-exposure an excess of No. 1. As regards the white deposit left by methylated spirit on plates that have been dried with it, this is due to insufficient washing, which results in a chemical combination between the hypo and the spirit. Give further washing after wetting negative and wiping off deposit with cotton-wool.

Jack Loutet.—Your trouble appears at first sight to be a rather mysterious one. What the photographer did you ought to be able to do also under the same conditions. There is evidently under-exposure for the developer used. Are you sure that the stop is as large as *f*/8? Perhaps the best thing to do would be to make a few exposures at, say, 1/10 second, in a good light, and develop with the same solution that the photographer you mention used. Pyro-ammonia is good enough, though for very under-exposed plates I prefer pyro-soda weakened by the addition of an amount of water equal to the sum of the two solutions.

R. Ready.—To enlarge a ¼-plate to whole plate the negative would need to be 1½ times the focal length of the lens from the optical centre of the lens, and the paper three times. I advise you to buy a capital book, called 'Photographic Enlargements: How to Make Them," by Geo. Wheeler, price one shilling. This will tell you everything you want to know more fully than space would permit me to do it here.

Nancy C. Holmes.—I think that "Photography For All," by W. Jerome Harrison, F.G.S., price one shilling, will be what you want. You can get it direct from the publishers, Messrs. Iliffe and Son, 3 St. Bride-street, E.C. I have no personal acquaintance with the camera you mention, but the maker has a very good reputation. I hope soon to give a chapter on the choice of a camera, which is nowadays no easy matter. A hand-camera at the price you name cannot be a *very* good one, because so much of the cost must go into the interior mechanism, leaving not much over for the lens, the most important item of all. An inferior lens must be worked with a comparatively small stop to obtain sharpness; a small stop means a great reduction of light, and consequent under-exposure, except under very favourable conditions. Yet a hand-camera, being used mainly for instantaneous work, needs a good lens working with a large stop. No we do not care about sending answers to private addresses unless the circumstances are exceptional.

By HAROLD SCHOLFIELD.

Illustrated by RIP!

(With apologies to the author of "Bill Adams.")

ONE summer evening, whilst cycling through the county of Surrey, I came across a number of youths who were playing cricket on the village green of Dunton, and being fond of the game I dismounted for the purpose of watching a while. I had not been watching long before my attention was drawn to a remarkable figure, that of an old man of sixty or thereabouts, who held the important post of umpire. What made me notice him particularly was the hold he had over the players, and the great respect they paid to his decisions, which were not disputed on a single occasion. It struck me as so peculiar that an old man like this should be considered the cricket oracle, that I asked a young fellow standing by who this cricketing worthy might be. He turned round to me, open-eyed and open-mouthed with astonishment, and gasped, "What, d'yer mean to say yer don't know?" I confessed ignorance. Then, looking at me with fine scorn, he said, "Why, I thought every one knew *Bill Jones.*"

"Bill Jones?" said I, "and who might he be?"

"Don't say you ain't 'eard of 'im! He's the chap that won the Australian test match."

I ran over the names of great English cricketers in my mind, but I couldn't bring the name of Bill Jones to memory, so, as the game had just ended, and the great man was leaving, I stopped him, and asked him to tell me of his experience in the famous match. Bill was willing enough, so we adjourned to the "Spider and Pickaxe," followed by a train of eager youths who were apparently never tired of hearing this remarkable yarn.

When he had settled himself with his pipe and glass of ale, Bill cleared his throat preparatory to starting the narrative, which I will endeavour to give you as fully as possible in his own words.

"In the year 1878 England was in a bad way for players, so the fellers as chose the eleven 'ad their work cut out to get a good team together. One morning I came downstairs and found a blue envelope waitin' for me behind the door, an' I felt rather white, for I thought it were a summons or somethin' like that, so I ses to the wife, 'You'd better open it, and tell me what it is.' Well, she began grumbling, and asking me when I was going to reform, so I shuts her up, and she starts to read it. These was her very words :—

"'The English Selection Committee would be very glad if Mister William Jones would appear at the Lord's Cricket Ground on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, July 16, 17, and 18, for the purpose of playing in the test match against Australia. Signed, W. G. Grace.'

ME AND GRACE HAD A MISUNDERSTANDIN'.

"Oh, yis, Grace did sign it. I've got it at 'ome somewhere. Eh! how did they find me? Well, yer see, it was this way: this committee had met and chosen Grace, Hornby, Webbe, Shaw, Morley, and some others, but only ten, and they was nearly off their nut for an eleventh man. Well, I tell yer, Grace 'ad a telegram in 'is 'and givin' the Australians back word not to come, when Hornby ses, 'Let's 'ave Mold,' but Grace ses, 'Not a bit of it, Phillips is umpire.' Oh, yis, Phillips was umpirein' then. I knew the feller well enough. A little chap, 'e was, with light whiskers and a bald 'ead. Well, to return to the Committee. Just then Shaw bursts into the room, an' ses, 'We're saved. Let 'em all come! *I've got Bill Jones!*' They told me that Grace almost wept on his neck, and fairly flummaxed Alf. Anyhow, to come to the match. I gets there in my Sunday best, and they introduces me to all the swells. At last it was time to start. The Australians won the toss, so they said they'd bat. I walked on to the field first, but I didn't feel nervous, although the crowd cheered me so. Grace wouldn't let me bowl first innin's, and the Australians consequently got 143. I just walked about the boundaries that innin's, talking to a policeman that was there. In the interval Grace comes to me and ses, 'Bill, will you open the innin's with me?' I ses, 'No, William, my lad, take Hornby in, and I'll bat later.' So he ses, 'Right you are, Bill; go in 4th wicket down.' Well, Grace kept hitting away, but the other chaps did nothin', and at last my turn came. I marched in feeling that all England depended on me. There was a lad called Spofforth bowling at me, but I knocked him all over the show, till me and Grace had a misunderstandin' and he ran me out for fifteen, although I tried hard to get the umpire to believe Grace was out and not me. Well, we collapses for ninety. The Australians started again, and Giffen and Murdoch started knocking Shaw and Morley about somethin' 'orrible, till Grace gets desprit, for they was two 'undred and sixty-four for no wickets. So he shouts Fry off the boundary. What? before Fry's day? Oh no! I remember the lad well. Naterally, he was a little young then. Of course Fry's slow bowling didn't do much, and at last Charlie throws the ball to me and ses, '*Bill, yer England's last 'ope.*' Well, I tell yer I simply knocked them wickets over like skittles, and the Australians were all out for 266. When I got to the tent, the Prince of Wales was waitin' to shake hands with me, and I had to lunch with him to satisfy him. Thanks, I don't mind if I do 'ave another. Well, to continue my tale, Grace walks out with Hornby to commence for England, but they both came out in a few minutes, and Gunn, Webbe, Fry, Ranji, Morley, and Shaw followed 'em. Yer see, I thought Grace had better let 'em get out before I went in to smash the bowling. Well, I tell yer, England was in a very bad way, for we were 360 behind, and only three wickets to go

down. What's that? Oh, yes, we allus played twelve aside, for it made the number even, yer see. When I went in we wanted 380 to win, so I went up to Jessop, and sez, 'Now, my lad, play the stonewall game while I 'it.' So seein' 'ow the game was, 'e plays 'is usual quiet game, and I smacks at every ball that comes, and when I'd bin in about an hour and made three hundred and ten, I whispers, 'Jessop, yer can 'it now.' He shook 'is 'ead, and said, 'No, Bill, I've 'it too 'ard already. Ten an hour is forcing the game too much for me.' The score kept rising, so did the Australians' temper, and at last we only wanted ten to win. You may tell 'ow I was 'itting when I tell you that all the fielders were placed on the boundaries, except, of course, the stumper and bowler. I opened my shoulders to one of Spofforth's extry fast, and 'e shoves 'is 'and up to stop it. Yer should 'ave seen the way 'e dropped it. It might 'ave been red 'ot, and all the people roared, but it made no difference to me, and I got the ten in two swipes. Then the crowd broke on the ground and carried me off. That's how I won the Test Match. For weeks after I'd nothin' but banquets and feastin's, and I got a whole column in *Lloyd's*, and my photo."

When another glass replaced his empty one, I said to him quietly, "It's funny it isn't in *Wisden's*," but he only shook his head knowingly, and said, "'Arf the things aren't put in Wisdom's, but it's only jealousy that keeps 'em out."

With that I mounted my machine and left Bill Jones, the hero of '78, amid his gaping and awe-stricken fellow-villagers.

SCHOOL MAGAZINES.

"Hæc olim meminisse juvabit."

Blue (Christ's Hospital).—The leading article outlines in brief the many associations of the "Blue-coat School" (as Christ's Hospital will always be known) with the late honoured Queen. An old Blue writes in interesting fashion of personal encounters, in India, with snakes of all sorts. Instances have not been wanting, in our own Zoo at home, of the difficult and sometimes ludicrous situations to which ophidian methods of feeding occasionally lead. Pity the hapless plight of the poor snake referred to in the following extract:—

Another cobra I noticed one morning on the verandah steps, looking as though he had a head after a bad night, very stupid and lethargic. A few bashes on the head temporarily roused him, but he did not survive long. I should have mentioned that there was only about two feet of him visible at the head end, the balance being in a hole in the steps. When he was dead I slipped a cord round his body, running the noose home, and pulled, with the result that after some resistance his whole length emerged. I then found that he had swallowed a frog in the hole, and on starting out was pulled up at the place where the frog was in his body, and was waiting half in and half out till by the process of digestion he would get free egress.

Blundellian.—The tercentenary number lies before us—not the 300th issue of the *Blundellian*, but the number celebrating the tercentenary of Jan Ridd's school. Two plates accompany it. One is an excellent reproduction of the traditional portrait of Peter Blundell, the founder, which hangs in the school, and the other is a facsimile of the very artistic card of invitation to the anniversary celebrations, designed by Mr. E. S. Perkin, the present art master. It represents the old and new schools, the founder, and Sir John Popham, and bears the mottoes of the school (*Pro patria populoque*), and of the headmaster (*Quae fecimus ipsi*), and will worthily take its place, as the *Blundellian* gracefully puts it, beside the invitations of the 1727 and 1753 celebrations, impressions of which now hang in the library.

Clongownian (Clongowes Wood College).—From Co. Kildare comes an imposing magazine which unquestionably, for magnificence of production—paper, printing, illustration, and the like—beats anything yet attempted, we imagine, in the annals of school journalism. Exclusive of advertisements (which are numerous), the *Clongownian* contains nearly 100 pages of well printed matter, embellished by some eighty illustrations, in every case excellently reproduced. In the general contents are included contributions from Count Plunkett, F.S.A., and Mr. J. E. MacManus, the latter writing most suggestively and instructively upon the prospects offered by journalism as a career. Some of the articles are of considerable historical value and importance, while a remarkable feature is a contribution written (and printed) in Irish—real Irish, that is—by a boy of 14.

After the usual run of school periodicals the *Clongownian* is certainly by way of being stupendous! We incline to think, however, that its magnificence is overdone—or rather, perhaps, that its purple and gold is unsuited to what should be the modest requirements of a school organ.

Fettesian.—The latest number to hand contains an account of the last Fettesian-Lorettonian dinner. How they hang together, these Scots! Mr. Tristram, the new head of Loretto, was the guest of the evening, and made a first-rate speech. The career of Loretto's remarkable founder, the late Dr. H. H. Almond, he summed up finely thus: "For ten years he was laughed at, for ten years he was watched, and for twenty years he was imitated."

Grammar School Magazine (Aberdeen).—Lieut. E. W. Dawson, of the Royal Indian Marine, contributes some suggestive remarks in his "Personal Knowledge of the Japanese Navy." Here is an account of a strenuous Sunday evening on board a man-o'-war:—

Every Sunday evening during the passage home the entire crews were mustered on the spar deck, seamen one side and stokers the other, the petty officers placing themselves on th cargo hatches amidships, and at the word of command from the senior officer they commenced a long performance of patriotic songs, including the latest compositions of the local Kipling on their war with China, which was still quite fresh in their memories, marking time as an accompaniment to the music. One of these songs consisted simply of the names of the various battles of the war strung together. This was followed by a series of wrestling competitions between members of the crew, varied by an occasional round of fencing with the two handed sword-stick, a formidable weapon to look at, but very skilfully manipulated by these masters of the art

Haileyburian.—'Tis blazing hot as these lines are penned, whatever may be the weather in store for the day when they will appear in print. Full length in a deck chair within a riverside camp, a slowly diminishing pile of school magazines beside him, the Reviewer, as he tilts his hat further over his face and thinks of last year's sodden, sunless July, joins fervently in this little song of praise:

SURSUM CORDA, JUNE, 1904.

I.

Uplift your hearts! The June-tide breezes blow,
And spread the chestnut blossom, falling slow,
To deck the ground as with a fleece of snow.

II.

Uplift your hearts! Fell Winter has declin'd,
And fickle Spring her doubtful sway resign'd,
When June in glides upon the sun kiss'd wind.

III

Uplift your hearts to joy which never fails,
The Sun is Lord, and when the daylight pales,
The throbbing air rings rich with nightingales.

IV.

Uplift your hearts! For though the Summer fall,
As Power or Pride that yield to shroud and pall,
Still Love is King, and Love rules over all.

Hibernia (Royal Hibernian Military School).—In a magazine with such a title, one expects naturally to be entertained by something of native Irish wit. The following tale rewards us. The writer is referring to a notable occasion when a witty comrade underwent the (to him) novel experience of being scored off, instead of himself holding the advantage:—

About a dozen of us were returning from the usual constitutional one Sunday morning, when we met a typical-looking peasant at the junction of the Magazine path and the main road. The situation was tempting, and R.A.P. was in merry mood. Greetings, questions, and answers followed thus:—

"Morra, Pat!"

"Morra, Sor!"

"Have you a match?" queried R.A.P. Eager to oblige, Pat searched diligently through some half-score pockets, muttered something about people who borrowed boxes of matches and neglected to return them, and answered dismally:—

"I've nerra wan, sir!"

"Have you another?" asked R.A.P.

"'Tis in the same box, mister!" come the reply.

Hurst Johnian (Hurstpierpoint).—A contributor has had the honour of being presented to the Alake of Abeokuta, during the recent visit to England of that dusky potentate (the right phrase, I believe). It is sad that he should not have been more impressed. The Alake's conversation is described as a series of grunts. On the writer taking his departure, the monarch

grunted over me once more, and I asked my friend, the Secretary, to translate. He did so, and to my horror I learnt that the Alake of Abeokuta was wishing me a long life and many wives.

The following passage in an article dealing with "French Schools," may help to emphasise some of the evils of conscription—at least, as enforced on the Continent:—

You, perhaps, know that every Frenchman has to serve as a private in the army for three years, and is paid during this time the large sum of one sou (a half penny) a day, half of which he must spend on boot polish and other items. Some schools, chiefly the higher commercial schools, give every year a number of certificates permitting their happy possessors to serve in the army one year only, instead of three. These certificates are awarded after a competitive examination that lasts a whole month. After the exam. many pupils have to go away for a month or two to recover from over study, a disease of which the English school boy has not the remotest idea.

Malvernian.—"K." contributes some charming little verses, with the poet's philosophy, "Carpe Diem," for their theme:—

When the first smiles of spring are seen,
And every hedge is gay
With tenderest array,
And hundred shades of budding green,
We look for summer's sheen
"'Tis yet but May!"

But when the summer long delayed
Fulfils our hopes at last,
Then, then, we learn too fast
To miss the tender various shade
Which spring's first buds displayed
Ere May was past.

Our youth is gay with wondrous bloom,
But manhood glitters nigh:
And "Oh, for June!" we sigh.
To autumn summer yields her room,
Soon, soon comes wintar's gloom,
And we must die.

Then quick, while buds and hopes are new,
Enjoy life's short spring day,
For long it cannot stay
Soon will the leaves put on a sadder hue;
Though summer skies are blue,
'Twill not be May.

St. Peter's School Magazine (St. Peter's, Adelaide).—"A Reminiscence of Bishop Short" relates an incident too laughable to be missed:—

One Sunday morning on the clergy entering the room where the service was to be held, the Bishop was followed by "Tanner," a dog well known to the College boys at that time. Tanner stalked solemnly up the Church behind the Bishop, and when the Bishop knelt to pray Tanner showed his kindly feeling by quietly licking the polished bald head of the Bishop, who, hardly knowing what was happening, and too frightened to move, wriggled and twisted until at last Tanner left him, walked up to the altar, and sat in front and beat time with his fine, massive tail.

Salopian (Shrewsbury).—We English have made little secret of the fact that our sympathies in the Russo-Japanese war are nearly all with our Eastern ally. Perhaps the fact that the Japanese navy learned its seamanship very largely from the English, and our natural pride in watching the fine feats of so apt a pupil, have something to do with our enthusiasm. Perhaps, also, there is some feeling of kinship between us of the West and the Japs—the naval power of the East. At all events, here is Shrewsbury bursting into a pæan of praise in honour of our allies:—

Let me sing you a song from the West to the East,
As you're bent on re-making the map,
And painting it yellow where once it was white,
Sagacious and scrupulous Jap.

Here's your health, then, my friend, with a Banzai "Nippon,"
What it means does not matter a rap,
When you shout it your foemen all seem to nip off,
Intelligent, insular Jap

With honour your motto, and justice your creed,
And courage your virtues to cap,
You hardly seem likely to learn from the white,
My brave, but not blood thirsty, Jap.

There are brains 'neath your bristles, ideas in your eyes,
And, in fact, you're a cute sort of chap:
Let them call you uncivilised, what do you mind,
Irrepressible imp of a Jap?

Give me kingdoms for cards, and whole worlds for a hand,
Then, by Heaven, I think I'd go nap,
Not on the remorseless and retrograde Russ,
But the pound and jubilant Jap.

Sedberghian.—And no sooner have we applauded the efforts of the Salopian muse than we pick up the next magazine on our pile to find that Sedbergh's got the same infection:—

We hear of a Kuro called Patkin,
  Who contends with a Kuro called Ki,
Twins, perhaps, for one knows that of that kin
  Were the Tweedles called Dum and called Dee.

Now patkin's no doubt euphemistic
  For the neatest kind of a knock;
But a master-ki's characteristic
  Is to open the Russtiest lock.

Both sides, when maturing a patkin,
  Seem to try what's called "luring 'em on"—
With such speed that not Dawson nor Gwatkin
  Would so much as see which way they've gone.

Let us hope that our own Tommy Atkins
  May be found, against either of these,
Too wily to get the shrewd patkins
  And too shrewd for the wiliest kis.

And these stanzas do not exhaust the *Sedberghian's* Japanese lays. Moreover, the next lot begins with "Banzai." Observant readers will note that the Salopian uses that mysterious phrase too. Even THE CAPTAIN had it on its July cover. Evidently, much virtue in "Banzai."

Tollingtonian.—The number before us contains so much in the way of general matter that we feel it a duty to pass at least some criticism. This, however, is difficult, for no one feature stands prominently out and calls for mention. The general level of merit is good, and perhaps the best contributions are the article on ski-ing, and other branches of "Northern Sport," and the letter from an old boy in Zululand. We do *not* like the cover of the *Tollingtonian*. What does it mean?

We have also received copies of *Chatham House Review*, *Cranleighan*, *Droghedean*, *Harrovian*, *Isis*, *Johnian*, *Lily*, *Lorettonian*, *Mill Hill Magazine*, *Ousel*, *Tonbridgian*, *Ulula*, *Veseyan*.

A. E. JOHNSON.

HOW TO LEARN FRENCH.

"UN PETIT BELGE," writing in March "CAP.," hit the right nail on the head in the matter of the way we learn modern languages. It is extraordinary how many people in the British Isles "know a little German" or "have a smattering of French," and how very few can turn to practical account even the little they know. At school they learn, in the usual impossible way, the dry and uninteresting grammatical rules, plough week after week through whole pages, chapters, and sections of the theory until, in many cases, they know the grammar, as "Un Petit Belge" says, probably far better than the average educated native; and yet what is the result? When they go abroad they can scarcely ask for a dinner at a restaurant, make themselves intelligible to their landlady, or understand, much less reply to, a native who makes some simple remark!

This, indeed, was my own experience. Though able to write good French with ease, I found myself quite hopelessly muddled when first spoken to by a native abroad. I was appalled at the utter strangeness of the sounds which flowed in upon me, and was disgusted and disappointed when I realised that, in spite of the fact that I was thoroughly at home in the grammatical subtleties of the language and had an enormous vocabulary at my command, yet I was quite unable to attempt anything like a reasonably spirited conversation.

Why is this the case with so many? There are two main reasons, both of which "Un Petit Belge" touches upon. The first is, we don't learn the right way; and the second, few Englishmen, comparatively, *prefer* or make an effort to speak in a foreign tongue even when the opportunity arises for doing so. They are either diffident and afraid to make themselves look "foolish" (though where the foolishness comes in it would be hard to say!), or consider it not worth their while to try and make themselves understood in another language, going on the principle that if any man wants to speak to them, let him do so in their language, or not at all.

There is no doubt that the best way to learn a foreign tongue, next to that of acquiring it by a residence in the country, is to practise short, practical, everyday expressions and sentences from *the very beginning*, until quite familiar with the sounds of the new tongue; to study a minimum of grammar (which should be left to a much later stage), and to avoid like poison any "translation" on paper until fairly advanced and at home in simple but fluent conversation. Every opportunity should be taken of speaking with natives, and when they are not available, of practising the phrases learnt with friends who know as much, or more, than you do yourself. Pronunciation is, of course, of paramount importance, and from the first it should be correct; it will *not* do to have anything to begin with. Such a system results in mere waste of time. First impressions often last the longest, and correct accent from the beginning is essential to success. Finally, note this point; it is the *ear* that should be trained first; the *eye* afterwards. This is only natural, and any other method is simply putting the cart before the horse, besides being much less useful in practice, and far harder.

"DENBIGH."

COMPETITIONS FOR OCTOBER.

Last day for sending in, October 18th.

(Foreign and Colonial Readers, November 18th.)

NOTICE.—At the top of the first page the following particulars must be clearly written, thus :—

Competition No. ——, Class ——, Name ——,
Address ——, Age ——.

Letters to the Editor should not be sent with competitions.

We trust to your honour to send in unaided work.

GIRLS may compete, and in the event of their proving successful in competitions where cricket-bats, &c., are offered as prizes, will be allowed to select other articles of similar value.

Pages should be connected with paper-fasteners ; not pins.

Write only on one side of the paper.

You may send as many "tries" for each competition as you like, but each "try" must be sent in a separately stamped envelope.

Owing to the frequency with which certain names appear in the Lists of Prize-Winners, we have decided to make a rule to the effect that a Competitor may only win one first prize and one consolation prize per month.

Address envelopes and postcards as follows :—Competition No. ——, Class ——, THE CAPTAIN, 12 Burleigh Street, Strand, London.

All competitions should reach us by October 18th.

The Results will be published in December.

AGE RULE : A Competitor may enter for (say) an age limit 21 competition, so long as he has not actually turned 22. The same rule applies to the other age limits.

In every case the Editor's decision is final, and he cannot enter into correspondence with unsuccessful competitors.

No. 1.—"**Initials which make Syllables.**"—It is said that it is lucky to have initials which make a syllable, *e.g.*, Henry Edward Newman=HEN. It is said that people with such initials never lack money. However that may be, we think an interesting competition would result from your sending a list of twelve well known, successful men whose initials make syllables. Send post-cards Prizes : Six "Sunny Memories" Photograph Albums ; two in each class.

Class I. ... No age limit
Class II. . . Age limit : Twenty-one.
Class III. Age limit : Sixteen.

No. 2.—"**An October Event.**"—Write an essay, not exceeding 400 words in length, on any great event that has happened in the month of October. Neat handwriting, punctuation, and good spelling will be taken into consideration. Prizes : a Messrs. A. W. Gamage, Ltd., Football in each class.

Class I. ... ... Age limit . Twenty one.
Class II. .. ... Age limit : Sixteen.
Class III. ... ... Age limit : Twelve.

No. 3.—"**Famous Men.**"—On one of the advertisement pages you will find drawings of twelve faces. Each face is that of a famous man. Supply the names, please. Prizes : Six of Messrs. C. Lindner's "Family" Printing Outfits ; two in each class.

Class I. ... ... Age limit : Twenty-one.
Class II. ... ... Age limit : Sixteen.
Class III. ... ... Age limit : Twelve.

No. 4. "**Photographic Competition.**"—Send a print from your best negative ; any subject. Photographs must be original, i.e., not copied from the work of others. Neatness in mounting will be taken into consideration. Prizes : Three "Swan" Fountain Pens, value 10s. 6d. each ; one in each class.

Class I. ... . No age limit
Class II. .. ... Age limit : Twenty one.
Class III. ... Age limit : Sixteen.

No. 5.—"**Queer Surnames.**"—Send on a post-card a list of the Twelve Queerest Surnames you have come across among your acquaintances, or in your town, village, or school. The last competition we had of this sort produced some most amusing lists ; we hope this one will do likewise. Prizes : Three of Messrs. Benetfink and Co.'s Footballs ; one in each class.

Class I. .. .. No age limit.
Class II. . . ... Age limit : Twenty-one.
Class III. . . Age limit ; Sixteen.

No. 6.—"**Derivations.**"—Give the derivations of the following twelve words, and explain how they came to have their present meaning : melancholy, delirious, imbecile, pagan, dandelion, parallel, photograph, umbrella, teetotaller, character, monk, microscope. Prize in each class : Books to the value of Ten Shillings.

Class I. .. ... No age limit.
Class II. ... . Age limit : Twenty-one.

FOREIGN and COLONIAL READERS are invited to compete. In their case the time limit is extended to ***November 18th.*** By "Foreign and Colonial" we refer to readers living ***outside*** Europe. There will be ***no age limit.*** One prize of 5s. will be awarded to the sender of the best entry in each competition.

"CAPTAIN" CLUB

CONTRIBUTIONS.

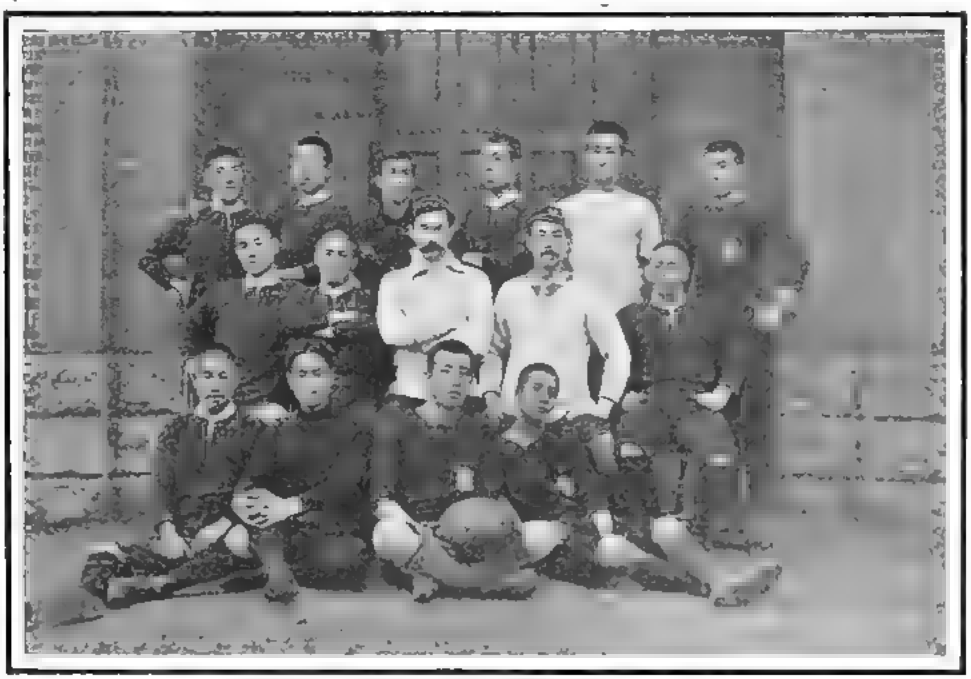
This part of the Magazine is set aside for Members of the CAPTAIN Club with literary and artistic aspirations. Articles, poems, etc., should be kept quite short. Drawings should be executed on stiff board in Indian ink. CAPTAIN Club contributions are occasionally used in other parts of the Magazine.

Books by CAPTAIN authors are awarded to: E. B. Clark, "A Watson Boy," Frances Whittingham, and F. de Silva. Each prize-winner is requested to send present address, and at the same time to select a book.

Football in Japan.

I SEND herewith a photograph of the first Japanese Rugby football team. It is composed of students of the Keiogijuku University, with Mr. G. Janako (formerly of Trin. Hall R. F. C.) and myself. I am on the staff of the University, and introduced the game about four years ago. The students took to it like babes to their bottles. We have played several times with the English team in Yokohama, but so far the weight and speed of the foreign team have proved too much for our men, who are much handicapped by their lack of these essentials. The foreigners simply make rings round them. After the first match, the students, on their way back to Tokyo, held a debate in the train and passed the following resolution: "That, seeing our present mode of squatting on our heels has a tendency to prevent the growth of our legs, we, for the sake of future generations, when we are married men and fathers, shall insist on our wives and children sitting on chairs."

I think I may venture to say that Rugger has come to stay. The Nobles' School (Gakuschuin) has already taken it up. I intended



THE FIRST NATIVE RUGBY FOOTBALL TEAM IN JAPAN.
Students of the Keiogijuku University. Trained by Mr. G. Janako (Trinity Hall, Cambridge), and Mr. Edward B. Clark, who is the central figure of this group, and the sender of the photograph.

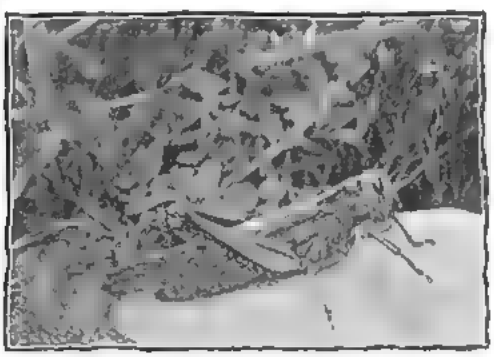
introducing it to the students of the First High School (Dai-Ichi Koto Gakko), and to the army, but unfortunately the war and rheumatism have temporarily shelved my plans.

Tokyo, Japan. EDWARD B. CLARK.

THE NATIONAL MEMORIAL AT ADELAIDE, SOUTH AUSTRALIA.
Photo. by H. Cooper.

"Pro Patria."

THE accompanying photograph depicts the National Memorial erected at Adelaide to the memory of the men in the South Australian Contingent who fell while helping the Motherland in the late South African War. It was unveiled by his Excellency the Governor on June 6th last, and occupies a very prominent site in front of Government House. The ceremony was rendered the more impressive by the presence of many relatives and friends of the fallen heroes. The statue is of bronze, and on a granite pedestal, on the sides of which are brass tables bearing the names of the officers and men who left their homes never to return. It was purchased by public subscription, and designed by Captain Adrian Jones, the soldier-sculptor, who also moulded and superintended the casting. A member of the South Australian Contingent sat as a model for the memorial, which is a worthy addition to Adelaide's gradually increasing number of statues. C. G. P.



THE "SOUTH AFRICAN PEST."—A LOCUST.
Photo. by L. Keene, Cape Town.

Scottish Schools' Cricket Championship, 1904.

FETTES COLLEGE and Merchiston tie for first place with one defeat each, the former having been defeated by Edinburgh Academy, and the latter by Fettes. G. Turner, the Fettes captain, scored over 1,000 runs during the season, with an average of about 50. Loretto and Watson's come next with two defeats; Loretto's defeats were inflicted by the two champion schools, and those of Watson's by Loretto and Glenalmond. In the Watson-Loretto match, Loretto, who batted first, lost seven wickets for about 20 runs, but the other batsmen made a better stand, and the innings closed for over 70. Watson's, with over four hours to bat, were all dismissed for 37! Glenalmond and Edinburgh Academy tie for third place, the latter school's only brilliant performance being against Fettes, whom they defeated by nearly 100 runs.

THE NORE LIGHTSHIP IN THE THAMES ESTUARY.
Photo. by C. G. Paul.

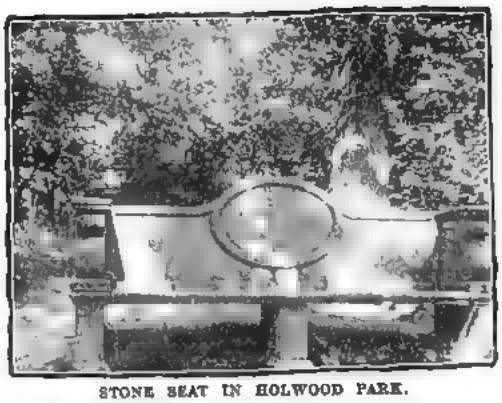
FINAL RESULT.

	School.	Played.	Won.	Lt.	Drn.	Points
1	Fettes College	6	4	1	0	−1
	Merchiston	6	4	1	1	−1
2	Loretto	6	4	2	0	−2
	Watson's College ...	5	2	2	1	−2
3	Glenalmond	6	2	3	1	−3
	Edin. Academy ...	6	2	3	1	−3
4	Blairlodge	6	0	6	0	−6

One point deducted for every defeat.

Sent by "A WATSON BOY."

THE WILBERFORCE OAK.



STONE SEAT IN HOLWOOD PARK.

Photos. by R. Y. T.

The Wilberforce Oak.

AT Holwood Park, Keston, Kent, the property of the Right Hon. the Earl of Derby, there may be seen a very large and ancient oak tree, known as the Wilberforce Oak, and celebrated from the fact that the Right Hon. William Pitt and Mr. Wilberforce held a conversation together under its shade, on the possible Abolition of the Slave Trade. The tree, with its huge gnarled trunk, has now been surrounded with strong iron railings, and may be seen by any one visiting the park. Near it stands a stone seat, bearing the following inscription :—

"From Mr. Wilberforce's Diary, 1788.—At length I well remember, after a conversation with Mr. Pitt in the open air, at the foot of the old tree at Holwood, just above the steep descent into the vale of Keston, I resolved to give note on a fit occasion in the House of Commons of my intention to bring forward the abolition of the slave trade.—Erected by Earl Stanhope, 1862."

FRANCES WHITTINGHAM.

The Opening of Honiton Fair.

THE opening of the annual fair in Honiton, East Devon, is attended by a quaint ceremony, which attracts many people to witness it. As the church clock strikes twelve (noon), the gates of the Market House are opened and out steps the Town Crier, arrayed in his robes and three-cornered hat, and bearing a pole decorated at the top with a large bunch of flowers.

He rings his bell and cries at various stages in his progression up the High-street, "Oyez! Oyez! the Fair's begun; no man shall be arrested until it's done." The children, crowding round, repeat his words in a kind of chant. On reaching an inn near the top of the town, the crier places the pole on a balcony, where it remains till the fair is over.

Here nuts and hot coppers are thrown to the expectant children from a window, and much scuffling and burning of fingers ensue.

During the two days of the fair no one in the town can be arrested for debt! E. B.

W. T. F. HOLLAND (AGED 11),

Who obtained seven wickets at the cost of one run, his fast bowling, however, being rather too much for the wicket-keeper. This was in the match, King's School v. Tredennyke, played at Tredennyke, this season.

WEAVING CLOTH IN A CHINESE VILLAGE.
Photo. by H. F. Birchal.

Pleasant Experiences Under Chloroform.

[By an Old Boy Reader.]

THE interesting account of experiences under chloroform given in the August issue of The Captain not a little astonished me, because it afforded such a remarkable contrast to my own experiences under like conditions. Before I proceed to relate them I may suggest that one's experiences under anæsthetics depend, to some extent, at least, upon one's natural temperament. The fearsome or highly nervous patient will probably suffer most unpleasantly in mental impressions, while the more philosophic and easy-going man will probably pass through the ordeal of an operation not only without pain, either mental or physical, but even with actually pleasurable sensations.

Some ten years ago, through an accident, I was obliged to undergo a really serious dental operation, involving what dentists call a "considerable clearance" at one sitting. No sooner did I come under the influence of chloroform than I began to hear the sound of a tremendously powerful steam hammer, pounding away louder and louder, until its very noise, as it were, was so intense as to become a sort of numbing silence. Then suddenly I found myself carried straight back into my earlier schooldays, and there I was with my dear chums again, having fine times, more than half naked, as all of us were, and playing Indians along the bank of a certain Avon River, chasing each other, shouting, frolicking in and out of the water, and enjoying life as only schoolboys can, no matter of what nationality they may be. In the midst of it all I had to leap forward again over a space of at least forty years, to find myself once more in the operating chair, having very successfully survived a decidedly gory campaign of which I had known nothing!

My second experience came about through another accident, a bad fall in a timber-yard, which resulted in a severe dislocation of the shoulder—"backward and upward" in medical jargon. This time I did not hear the steam hammer when the mask was applied, but instantly found myself in a most exquisitely beautiful garden, such as you boys may have read about in the "Arabian Nights." I was busily watering the flowers in it, and somehow it seemed that I had been there before. I am told that during my unconsciousness I said some few words in a language my surgeons did not understand. I daresay that I had lost my English and returned to the Spanish of my early childhood, for in this garden I was a little boy again. So happy was I that I felt quite annoyed and disappointed when the time came for me to return to this world again, and to the amusement of my surgeons I said so.

Francisco de Silva.

THE LAST LAP.
By F. W. Wilkins.

THE UNION-CASTLE LINER, "SUDAN," AT THE NORE.
Photo. by C. C. Paul.

12 BURLEIGH STREET, STRAND, LONDON.

Girls at Cricket; D. M. Morris sends a long letter about Athletic Girls. He likes them, and boldly declares that "less than ten per cent. of unathletic girls are really nice girls." He adds that he was watching a girls' cricket match some little time ago, and was filled with admiration by their play. "They bowled magnificently, batted well, and caught hard slogs with ease," says he.

WE HAD TO BOWL WITH THE LEFT HAND.

Yes, and I, too, have seen girls play cricket well. In fact, I played against a girls' team in August. We—the men—had to bowl, bat, and field with the left hand only. The right wasn't allowed to participate in the contest. They put me on about sixth change, and the girls who were in hit eighteen off my first over, and about twelve off my second. Then I was taken off. As I bowled so persistently to leg, our captain put all the fielders, bar wicket-keeper, on the leg side. So then, being in a saucy mood, I bowled a ball to the off, and when it was slashed merrily into the country, away I went in pursuit of it myself. Not being accustomed to throw with my left hand, instead of returning the ball to the wicket-keeper, I somehow threw it at the boundary, and the girls ran a few more, with chuckles of delight. When we batted I made an inglorious two, and that completed my contribution to the pantomime. We made about thirty, and the girls over a hundred. One girl alone compiled a sound fifty, thus beating us easily off her own bat. I call it a pantomime advisedly, for it was nothing more. Any girl with any idea of batting made hay of our cumbrous left-handed, underarm bowling. But it was very pleasant and sunny, the contest ending in the sides sitting down amicably to tea.

I WENT IN PURSUIT OF IT MYSELF.

Our side consisted of: One coroner, two schoolmasters, two doctors, two Malvern boys (one of whom plays for his House), three young gentlemen of no occupation, and one editor. And the lot of us only made thirty! In my own excuse I must urge that it was the first cricket-match I had played in for quite seven years. There was little excuse for the other ten, though, no doubt, they think there was a good deal.

The Athletic Girl: To return to D. M. Morris, his letter. I really cannot agree with my correspondent when he asserts that less than ten per cent. of unathletic girls are really nice girls. However, we have already threshed this subject out in THE CAPTAIN, so

I MADE AN INGLORIOUS TWO.

I will not dwell on it at any length. I think it is well for girls to play games: it makes them healthy, and jolly, and companionable. It is pleasant to go to a county match with a girl who understands and follows cricket sufficiently to be able to discuss the merits of the teams and players; at the same time, one doesn't want to hear her talk cricket all the evening. Nor does one care to hear a golfing girl talk golf, golf, golf, all the time. The worst kind of girl is she who talks little else but *dogs*. Even the horsey girl is (conversationally) preferable to the doggy one. This, however, is straying from the question raised by Mr. Morris, which amounts to this: "Is the girl who plays games preferable to the girl who doesn't?" And the answer is: "Yes, providing she isn't a fanatic, and providing she doesn't neglect her music, reading, and those domestic duties which fall to women, in a too ardent devotion to field sports." As I said some months ago, there are plenty of nice girls who don't play games at all, but for all that I think that a girl is all the better for indulging in such sports as are suited to her physique and strength.

Otter Hounds: I was fortunate enough to be in Warwickshire in August, when the Bucks Otter Hounds—twenty-three and a half couples—visited certain streams in the southern part of the county. These dogs are curious animals, not easy to describe: they are big brutes—far bigger than foxhounds—and have the appearance of bloodhounds, with rough, shaggy coats. They are most inoffensive as regards human beings, but they fight among themselves a good deal. They were lodged in a stable behind an old-fashioned hotel, and the "huntsman" had to sleep in a harness-room adjoining the stable in order to be handy should a combat take place during the night. A little bit of a white terrier accompanied the pack, and proved most useful, being able to nose into places that the larger dogs couldn't enter. Indeed, on the third day's hunt it was the terrier who got first bite at the otter, which he seized by the nape of the neck, and hung on to like grim death until his big companions came to his assistance.

SHE COMPILED A SOUND FIFTY.

Finding the Otter: There are plenty of likely streams about, but it is not easy to find an otter. With reference to this, I extract the following, which forms part of an article on Otter-hunting which recently appeared in the *Birmingham Daily Post*:—

Naturally shy and retiring, the canine angler has been driven by jealous fishermen and ruthless water-bailiffs to seek refuge in the remotest parts of the most secluded rivers and pools, but his presence in unexpected places is sometimes betrayed by half-eaten fish left upon the banks as relics of his supper. The otter himself is rarely seen, even by rival fishermen. Being a proscribed poacher and a hunted outlaw, he makes his raids upon the finny tribe under cover of the night, and he hides all day in an artfully concealed lair. Sometimes he burrows into an overhanging bank among the gnarled roots of the alder, or he may contrive his wicker couch in a drain or in the hollow trunk of an ancient willow. If he gets timely warning of the approach of the hunt he may swim up stream and keep a mile or more ahead of the hounds, but he is more likely to cling to his underground retreat, especially if it has a submerged entrance. In that case a particularly small, agile, and ferocious terrier is required to drive the poacher from his lair. When the lithe and vicious-looking creature has taken to the water the excitement runs high. The long, sinuous body of the otter wriggles through the water silently and almost imperceptibly. If the dogs happen to get a grip of his tough, slippery hide, he has only to dive to release himself. Thus he dodges up and down the stream till he eludes pursuit or gets exhausted, overpowered by numbers, and torn to pieces. He trusts to his swimming powers as far as possible, but when brought to bay he shows his formidable teeth and fights gamely to the end.

The First Hunt I went to took place along a stream where the otters have had it

all their own way among the fish for years. It was known that there was a nest of them somewhere about, but nobody located it until some workmen, repairing an old bridge which spans the stream in question, discovered the nest cunningly concealed behind the brickwork. In order to reach it the otters had had to dive down and come up on the opposite side of the brick foundations, a manœuvre similar to that utilised by the boys in "Coral Island." However, though the hounds got on the scent of an otter, they never collared their quarry. Two days later they caught a strapping dog-otter, after a hot chase; and on the third day a young female, after another long, dodgy run—this was the one the terrier nabbed. Then they started after another (three having been seen early in the morning stealing along the banks of the stream), but this fellow baffled them completely. At one point of the hunt, when hard pressed, the otter took to the land, and gave hounds and men a breathless run over the cornfields. Like the hare, the otter runs in a circle, and on this occasion he got round and back to the stream a good way ahead of the baying, disappointed dogs. A curious, melancholy howl these otter-hounds have, and when they are all baying together they raise a deep-lunged chorus which stirs the blood and gives one a fine zest for the chase.

A Drag that Ends in a Kill: From the source already mentioned I extract the following vivid account of a "kill," which represents the scene with absolute accuracy, and is evidently from the pen of a man who "knows his otter":—

It is a stirring sight to watch the eager pack at work, with their muzzles down to the scent, their tails wagging with excitement and their paws churning up the sunlit waters. Little or nothing can be seen of the otter. We know that he has dived into some secret hover, and there is nothing for it but to patiently beat the banks. Eventually a sharp lad shouts that he has seen the "varmint's" nose rise to the surface under the shade of a drooping willow. A rush is made to the spot. Of course, the wary otter has already dived, but a line of rising bubbles indicates his course. The excited followers raise a loud "hue gaze!" which the master answers with a blast of his horn. Seeing the otter heading down stream he cries, "Look out below! Guard the ford." Some hardy huntsmen wade into the shallows, while others seek out points of vantage on the bank, from which they may see the diver come up for breath. "He vents! He vents!" one shouts. "Over there!" A dozen poles are pointed toward a dark speck that is flecked with foam. It disappears in an instant, but the dogs are on the track, in full cry. Their deep voices fill the valley with the exhilarating music of the chase. The master urges them on by name. "That's right, Pilot!" "Down to it, Captain!" Thus encouraged, the veteran of the pack makes a grab at the otter when next he rises. The dog's teeth make no impression on the otter's eel-like body, which wriggles away under water and reappears where least expected. Up and down the stream the chase continues, the otter's dives getting gradually shorter, and the hunt slowly but surely hemming him in. At last the wily one is forced into a corner. Growing desperate, he turns and makes a savage attack on the nearest dogs, and before they have recovered their nerve, he has bolted up the bank and is making a short cut for the deep stretch of water beyond the bend. If he can get there he is safe; but can he hold his own against the dogs on land? No. With all his agility and determination he cannot make his short, webbed feet cover the ground like the long, lithe legs of the foxhound that leads the motley stragglers of the pursuing pack. "Pilot" turns his quarry as a greyhound would a hare, and before the otter can regain his proper element he is surrounded by the frantic hounds. His fate is now sealed, and he knows it, but he means to sell his life dearly. Several of the dogs limp away with ugly wounds before the fierce, dogged fish-poacher is overwhelmed by numbers. The master runs up in time to prevent the dying beast from being torn to pieces by the maddened pack. He lifts the carcase high in the air, with an exultant "Whoop," and then proceeds to distribute the mask and pads among those who are in at the death.

The above forms part of an account of a day with the "B. O. H." pack, whose hunting area is Shropshire and the adjoining counties. The Bucks pack is, I was told by one of the huntsmen, the only genuine pack of otter-hounds in the country, the others being made up of foxhounds and all sorts of queer mongrels, whose qualifications for the chase are pluck, endurance, and a liking for water. Oddly enough, an otter doesn't like water, and only goes into it when he is after a meal or seeking his lair. His skin is one of the toughest in creation. He is not handsome, but he is domesticated, his chief pleasure being to lie high and dry in his nest, looking after his family.

Blundell's School Sports: It is interesting to compare these results with those of other schools previously published. The high jump, which seems to be the weak spot in public school sports, was a creditable jump for the winner, who was under sixteen. All the times are excellent, and I doubt whether any other public school can produce a better all-round list of results. F. W. Little appears to be the crack athlete at Blundell's, and is to be con-

gratulated on his performances. Here are the figures:—

Putting the Weight (16lb.).—D. P. Chesney, 28ft. 11in.
High Jump.—B. F. Newill, 5ft. 1in.
Quarter Mile.—F. W. Little, 59 2-5sec.
Throwing the Cricket Ball.—R. L. Bryant, 94yds. 2ft. 6in
Long Jump.—F. W. Little, 20ft. 2in.
Hurdle Race.—F. W. Little, 17 4-5sec.
100 Yards.—W. H. Smith, 10 4-5sec.
Mile.—D. P. Chesney, 4min. 58 4-5sec.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

J. Evans.—"Black eyes snapping venomously" is quite correct. Haven't you ever seen anybody's eyes snap venomously? I have Sorry to hear about your knees. Your doctor should be able to tell you what games you ought to play.

Jethart finds shaving a bother, and wants to know whether he can get rid of the hair on his face with some "depilatory preparation."——No, sir, none of those preparations will take it away permanently. It will only grow again all the stronger. But what a question! Be a man, and shave—or grow a moustache and shave the chin and "sides."

"Toi, Toi" (Christchurch, New Zealand) writes "In the May issue of THE CAPTAIN, you publish a letter from one signing himself 'Traveller.' Now I think this gentleman is most ungenerous in his criticism of New Zealand. Although not wishing to deny that England is a beautiful country, so also is New Zealand, with a beauty distinctly its own. I would like to ask 'Traveller' if he has ever tramped through the bush in New Zealand, and listened to the beautiful, ringing notes of the bell bird? or seen the beautiful plumage of the tui, bronze pigeon, kaka, parrakeet, huia, or the numerous small birds, fantail, waxeyes, &c, which are continually flitting across one's path, or if, in the vicinity of the many lakes in which the country abounds, he has seen any of the numerous waterfowl, such as the paradise, duck, pukeko, and others? Although the field flowers do not grow in such profusion here as in England, still we have a large variety of beautiful ferns, and many beautiful blossoming trees, such as rata, konini, &c As to a purely blue sky, I think I can safely say that we see the sky as blue here as ever it is seen in England, and I would also point out to him that New Zealand is not unique in not being seen at its best from under an umbrella; the same could be said of any country. I would further like to state that we have in New Zealand what is acknowledged to be some of the finest scenery in the world. The great grandeur of the Southern Alps is admitted to compare favourably with the Swiss Alps; then we have the beautiful cold lakes and sounds of the South Island, and the wonderful and awe-inspiring hot lakes and geysers of the North Island. I think, dear Old Fag, that if you do take a trip to this country, we can promise you that you will find a greater variety of natural beauties than in any other country in the world."

Frank Paull (Southwark).—As secretary to a cycling club, you would carry out the instructions of the committee and write up the minutes of each committee meeting to be read at the following meeting. The committee would arrange the runs under the direction of the captain, and you would see to the printing of the fixture cards and attend to all the correspondence. As regards a football club, in addition to the above, you would search the local papers for "challenges," and arrange matches with clubs so advertising—clubs of your own strength, of course. You will always find secretaries of other clubs willing to oblige you with the addresses of teams they have met. That is really all I can tell you, as so much depends upon the club and the amount of freedom allowed to the secretary.

A. C. Doig (Guntherstall).—You could not sit for the exam. for a Patent Office Examinership (the department to which you refer) until you were 21. The exam. includes the usual English subjects, a wide range of mathematics, chemistry, physics, and other sciences. The fee is £5, and the commencing salary £200, rising by periodical increments to £360, with chances of good promotion beyond that. But why not obtain a post as an analytical chemist to a firm of manufacturers, or an appointment under the Local Government Board? See my paragraph on the subject last October

E. T. F. To enter the Diplomatic Service, you must be nominated by someone known to the Secretary of State, or on whose judgment he can rely. When a vacancy occurs you must sit for a competitive exam. in English subjects, four languages, and certain special subjects. The fee for this is £6, and the age-limits 19 to 25. Having passed this you serve for two years on probation as an *attaché*, during which period you would receive no salary. The position requires an income or allowance of at least £400 per annum. You are then appointed as a third secretary at a salary of £150, later on as a second secretary, and eventually as a secretary of a legation at a minimum salary of £500

A Correction: I have received the following sarcastic epistle:—Buenos Aires, July 30th.

DEAR SIR,

I observe in your July number, in the space devoted to school publications, the following paragraph:—"KELSO HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE—There are several miscellaneous articles appearing in the April number, but, with the exception of a short account of Jujuy, the capital of the Argentine Republic, there is little to interest the general reader," and hasten to correct the error into which the contributor of the article alluded to has fallen, with respect to the capital of the Argentine Republic. Everyone knows that the capital of the Argentine Republic is Buenos Aires, one of the largest and most important cities in the universe, and the first city in South America. Jujuy, by the bye, is an unimportant town in the remotest interior, capital of the province whose name it bears, 'tis true, but its population of barely 10,000 does not bear comparison with that of over 900,000 and bordering on 1,000,000 of this city, and is sufficient testimony to the ridicule with which such statements as that quoted above are read in EDUCATED circles. Really, the Argentine Republic might be on the other side of the North Pole for all some people seem to know of it, and it is not in the least surprising to find the Germans and other nations ousting us from our commercial supremacy and undermining our fiscal policy, when such vague ideas appear to exist in Great Britain as to this progressive country, which is rapidly striding on towards taking its place amongst the foremost powers of the universe. The fact that such a statement was allowed to go uncorrected when the magazine was

reviewed in THE CAPTAIN induces me to ask whether the "Old Fag's" brain is gradually breaking down under the strain and tension of continual work, or whether his geography, also, is, to use a mild expression, shaky. In the former case, I would suggest a pension as a desirable remedy, and, in the latter, a night class in the ordinary rudiments of English education.

In either event, I congratulate myself upon having once more enlightened enfeebled Europe, and beg to subscribe myself,

Yours most respectfully,
A SOUTH AMERICAN SAVAGE.

[I must offer an apology to the Argentine Republic for allowing this error to escape my notice, and at the same time I beg to congratulate my correspondent on his breezy style. His references to the state of my mind have caused me much amusement.—O.F.]

Steward.—As you are accustomed to the Coast and climate, you should have no difficulty in obtaining employment as a clerk, store-keeper, or agent. Land-surveying is a profession that takes many years to learn. You should advertise in West African and Gold Coast papers.

Student.—You must enter the Navy, both engineering and executive branches, at 14. For full particulars apply to the Admiralty, Whitehall, S.W. The Admiralty prefer candidates who have had the ordinary preparatory school education They discourage cramming, so don't go to a crammer.

D. MacRowen.—The position of a purser is a very good one socially, as he mixes with the first-class passengers. The salary varies from about £14 to £16 per month, and he is able to make a lot more in gratuities, &c. The duties of a purser are to look after the ship's accounts, and see to the accommodation of passengers, &c Write to the big shipping steamship lines and enqure if they have a vacancy. You might even commence as an assistant-steward

Manchester Grammar School Sports (a correction).—S. Coates's time for the Half-Mile should have been recorded as 2min 12sec.—not 22sec.

Ecossais.—You must put your complaint before Mr. Howard Spicer.

E. V. R. R.—He ought not to have been represented as wearing Etons. You are quite right.

C. V. A.—Consult your present employers **Bookworm.**—Send 1s. 4d. for the two back numbers you mention. **H. O. B.**—Try "Yanatas" for sea-sickness. **R. B.**—(1) Take plenty of exercise. (2) There are always a few in circulation, but when they reach a bank they are returned to the Mint. **The Orchid's Boy.**—*How to Enter the Navy*, published by Swan, Sonnenschein, price 1s., is the book you want **L. Coldicott.**—(1) With this number. (2) Such a competition would appeal to only a limited few. **Reginald Stanley.**—Simply buy THE CAPTAIN every month to be eligible for the Club.

Official Representative Appointed.—C. L. Fisher (Uppingham).

Letters have also to be acknowledged from: G. Raper, "Australian" (will give your suggestion careful consideration); Max Morris, "Wellingtonian," J. C. Young, Porangi Potae (can't come out yet awhile, old man); Kaiwhatsamoaritane and Ranjitisa, (I have no doubt at all that N.Z. is all you say; you will see I have printed a long letter from "Toi, Toi" on the subject), Max Marvis (Bloemfontein), J. D. Hill, Laura Bell (send stamp for reply), T. J. Stafford, "An Argentine."

THE OLD FAG.

Results of August Competitions.

No. I.—"The Finest City in Great Britain."

CLASS I. (No Age Limit.)

WINNER OF "LOUIS WAIN" PICTURE: James Urquhart, 13 Danube street, Edinburgh.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Evelyn C Pritchett, 14 Norton-road, Hove, Sussex; R. H. Oakley, Shireland, Poppleton, York.

HONOURABLE MENTION: S Francis Wilson, Lilian Martin, Norah C. Underhill, T A Wilson, R. Bruce Beveridge, Charles A Gibson, M. Wilson, G. T. Robinson

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty one.)

WINNER OF "LOUIS WAIN" PICTURE: William Aitken, Oldfield, York City and County Bank, Doncaster.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Frances Whittingham, Kimberley, Kinnaird-avenue, Bromley, Kent, Marjory Charlton, Frinsted, Sittingbourne, Kent.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Norman Johnson, Mawgan Fremlin, Harold Scholfield, Thomas Bones, Florence P. Jones, S Francis Wilson, John G. Campbell, Ernest H. Vinson, A Mire, Gladys von Stralendorff.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF DARTON "EXCEPTIONAL" CAMERA: Marguerite Schindhelm, 4 Maley-avenue, West Norwood

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: L. Kingsley Underhill, 15 St. Clement's, Oxford, Evelyn Dingwall, 3 Trewartha Park, Weston-super-Mare

HONOURABLE MENTION: R. J. Evans, H. W Hodgkinson, Lily Messinger, Arthur W. Fox, Percy Hartill, Leila M Hawksley, T. Milner, J. P. Lumsden, Arthur M. Palmer, Elena Kenyon.

No. II.—"Twelve Most Popular Weekly Papers."

CLASS I. (No Age Limit.)

WINNER OF SET OF SANDOW'S GRIP DUMB-BELLS: T Gordon, Church street, Basingstoke, Hants

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Shirley Wilson, Castle Holme, Castle road, Bedford.

HONOURABLE MENTION: T W Spikin, J R Whitaker Nellie Cooper, Robert M. Beath, Harold Scholfield, Henry Hall, Mamie Darell, Gordon Tucker, Gladys von Stralendorff.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF SET OF SANDOW'S GRIP DUMB-BELLS: M Wilson, Castle Holme, Castle road, Bedford

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Norah C Underhill, 15 St Clement's, Oxford, Mary Gillett, Upland House, Eastwood, Notts.

HONOURABLE MENTION: W. L. Harle, Alex Scott, G. Davies, R M Tucker, Ernest A Taylor, J. H Coghill, Maud M Lyne, Joseph W. Connell.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF SET OF SANDOW'S GRIP DUMB-BELLS: J. Wilson Campbell, 6 Vernon street, Bolton

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Wilfrid Peppercorn, West Horsley, Surrey.

HONOURABLE MENTION: W E. R. Saunders, Frank L. Christie, Ernest Cooper, Frida Phillips, N. Blanco White,

F. H. Cowell, G. H. Berry, C. G Early, Leonard A. Pavey, A. Phillips.

No. III.—"Greatest Man that Ever Lived."

CLASS I. (No Age Limit.)

WINNER OF "GUINEA CYKO" CAMERA: Rev. A. M. Parkes, Netherton Parsonage, Wakefield.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Enid Cuthbert, Myland Grange, Colchester.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Evelyn C. Pritchett, Lilian Martin, Daisy Campbell, C. Tetlow, Harry Payne, Maud M Lyne, H. Millicent Read, Evelyn Hewitt, William J. Merry

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF BENETFINK FOOTBALL: G. J. T. Russell, Fair View, London Road, Camberley.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO Mawgan Fremlin, 9 Mount Ephraim, Tunbridge Wells.

HONOURABLE MENTION: A. Bridgman, Owain Ogwen, Marian Hewitt, Kate Perrin, E. M. L. Griffiths, Ethel Grenall, V. L. Manning William A. Oldfield, F. J. Spencer, Ernest H. Vinson.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF BENETFINK FOOTBALL Chas. Thorpe, 7 Kirby-road, Leicester

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Ethel Talbot, 9 Merivale-road, Putney

HONOURABLE MENTION A. W. Fox, Frida Phillips, William J. K. Collier, Rachel Tancock, Marguerite Schindhelm, Amyas Phillips, Wilfrid Bathe, Nathalie E. McIver, George Roupell, H. Harding.

No. IV.—"Drawing Competition."

CLASS I. (No Age Limit.)

WINNER OF SANDOW DEVELOPER H. Lawrence Oakley, Shireland, Poppleton, York.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Mark Head, 33 Creffield road, Colchester, Harold Whitaker, 161 Harrow-road, Leicester, H. S. Fleming, Moorlands, Bingley, Yorks.

HONOURABLE MENTION: C. A. Gibson, H. Evans, W H. Fry, M H Pawlyn, Kate Reeves, Mabel Oakes.

CLASS II. (Age limit. Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF SANDOW GRIP DUMB-BELLS. Frieda E. Myers, Penffordd Bedw, Gorseddi, Holywell, N. Wales

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Leonard H. Bucknell, 38 Dunster-gardens, Brondesbury, N.W.; George C. Nairne, Lovat road, Inverness.

HONOURABLE MENTION: G. A. Bell, John W. English, William B. Cook, Edgar Wood, Ian C. Russell, Randolph L. Pawlby, Ludovick Alfred Evans, Douglas Gordon White, J. Protheroe, C. H. Greaves, E. S. Malden.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF SANDOW GRIP DUMB-BELLS. J. Russell Knowles, 21 Benthal road, Stoke Newington, N

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO. Kenneth Wallace Rainbow, Flodden House, King's road, Kingston Hill. J. W. Smith, Brankscome, Edgeley road, Cheadle Heath.

HONOURABLE MENTION Frida Phillips, A. W. Porter, William H. McKenzie, C. W. Dockerill, Kathleen M. Daw, Arthur Greenhalgh, Ethel M. Pells, G. E. Coppard, A. Urquhart, W. C. Boswell.

No. V.—"Photographic Competition."

CLASS I. (No Age Limit.)

WINNER OF "LOUIS WAIN" PICTURE: Constance M. Daly, 2 Haut Bois terrace, Bellozanne, Jersey, C.I.

HONOURABLE MENTION H. J. Brough, Thomas Hogg, J. Marshall Hewitt, I. J. Phillips, J. W. Connell.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF "LOUIS WAIN" PICTURE: E W. Dowie, 223 Commissioners street, Montreal, Canada.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: John V. Haswell, Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, H. F. Woods, 13 Oakley square, N.W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: W. H. Devine, E. J. MacLellan, J. P. Oakes, W. Grimshaw, Charlotte M. Nattrass, W. G. Stott, Walter Jungius, C. Harte, Nina B. Herd, Eric W. Joyner, Gordon Soutar, H. S. Freestone, Percy H. Ford, E. G. Caldcleugh.

CLASS III. (Age Limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF "SWAN" FOUNTAIN PEN W. Gundry, jun., Hope House, Balby, Doncaster

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Stanley Martin, 11 Washington terrace, North Shields Edward C. Denison, Norfolk House, Cowes, I W

HONOURABLE MENTION: Leslie R. Biggs, William G. Briggs, R. Gorbold, Norman Tosland, R. H. Bacon, Harold B. Randall, Marian Wadsworth, Percy Hanson, E. Pearson, F. H. Salter, Patrick Whitty, C. J. Kidman.

No. VI.—"Men for 'Captain' Interviews."

WINNERS OF SANDOW DEVELOPERS: T. W. Spikin, 4 Solby's road, Basingstoke; Walter Hartill, Manor House, Willenhall, Staffs.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO W. S. Leeming, 69 Arbuthnot-road, New Cross, S.E., John Brown, 13 Argyle-street, Paisley.

HONOURABLE MENTION: H. V. Sergeant, Harold Scholfield, T. Gordon, W. Aitken Oldfield, S. G. Harris, C. G Early, May Watkins, J. H. Weeks, Percy Bennett, Thomas A. Gourley.

Winners of Consolation Prizes are requested to inform the Editor which they would prefer—a volume of the "Captain," "Strand," "Sunday Strand," "Wide World," "Technics," "C. B. Fry's Magazine," or one of the following books—"Jim Mortimer, Surgeon," "J. O. Jones," "Tales of Greyhouse," "Acton's Feud," "The Heart of the Prairie."

COMMENTS ON THE AUGUST COMPETITIONS.

No. I.—A large number of excellent essays were sent in. The two places which seem to have made the greatest impression upon our readers are undoubtedly London and Edinburgh, though Durham, Chester, York, and Oxford found staunch supporters.

No. II.—The following is a representative list:—*Illustrated London News, Graphic, Sphere, Sketch, Black and White, Punch, Tit Bits, Truth, Answers, Vanity Fair, Pearson's Weekly, Weekly Telegraph.*

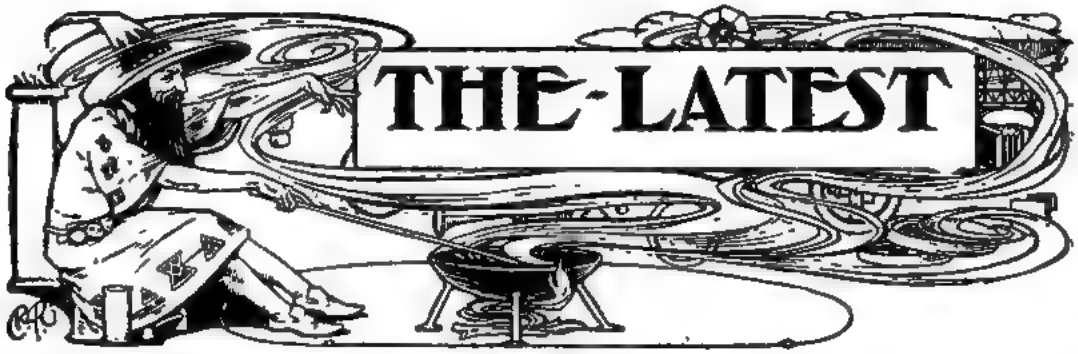
No. III.—Very good essays were submitted in Classes I. and III., but Class II. was not quite up to its usual standard. The favourite "Greatest Men" chosen were Shakespeare, Napoleon, Alfred the Great, Julius Cæsar, and Martin Luther

No. IV.—Some very good sketches were submitted, Class II., as usual, being the most closely contested. We hope to publish some of the drawings sent in for this competition in a future number.

No V.—A varied selection of groups was sent in, the winning photographs in Class III. being particularly good.

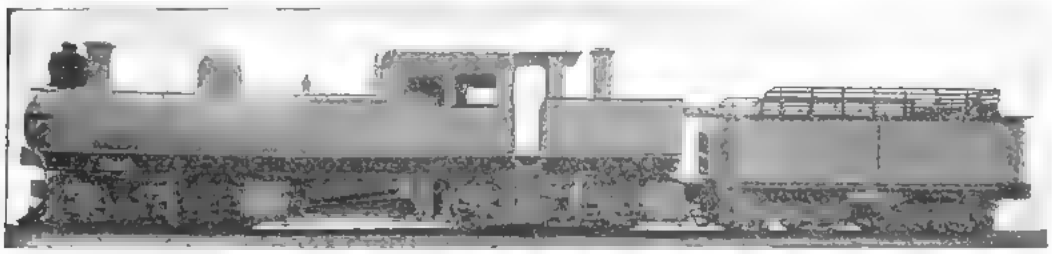
No VI.—The winning list is as follows H. N. Pillsbury, Chess, Melton Prior, War Artist; Montagu Holbein, Cyclist and Swimmer; A. F. Duffey, Sprinter, Rear-Admiral C. D. Lucas, first to get V.C., G. W. Smith, Champion Hurdler, Harry de Windt, Explorer; Jules Verne, Boys' Writer, A. Shrubb, Champion Long-distance Runner; Donald Dinnie, Scotland's Best Athlete; W. J. M. Newburn, Irish Jumper and Sprinter, Philip Waters, Designer to the Admiralty.

THE COMPETITION EDITOR.



A Novelty in Locomotives.

The accompanying photograph represents the new and powerful patent engine of the "Kitson-Meyer" type just introduced for hauling heavy goods trains on the Rhodesia railways. It has four cylinders, each pair working two six-wheel "bogies." Amongst the advantages claimed for this novelty in locomotive construction is, that it will do the work of two engines at the cost of an engine and a half.



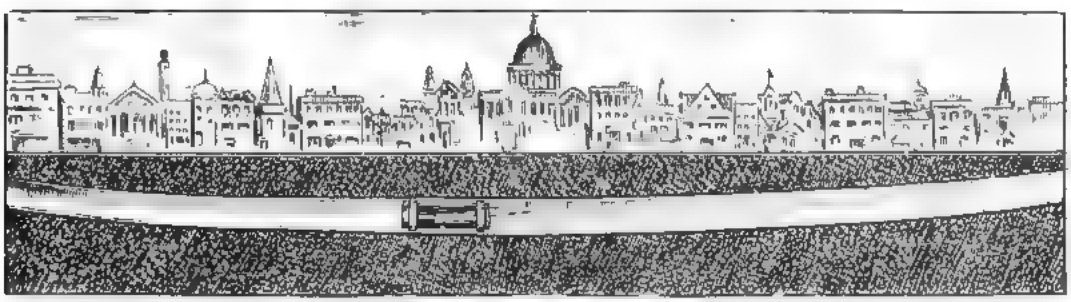
A CURIOUS LOCOMOTIVE ON THE RHODESIA RAILWAYS.

The Latest in Postcard Collections.

Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons have sent us a selection of some of their latest creations in pictorial postcards. These clearly demonstrate the great possibilities of the "Third Collectors' Prize Competition." In this Messrs. Tuck have departed from their previous system of awarding prizes merely to those who collect the greatest number of their postcards, and offer a most tempting array of prizes for the meritorious selection of collections strictly limited to 300 postcards. The judges in this competition are Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Mr. Adolph Tuck, and Mr. Alfred Parsons.

A New Use for Tubes.

The electric "tubes" for passenger traffic are now quite an institution in London. Their only drawback is that no luggage is allowed, nor is there accommodation for dealing with parcels traffic. With the intention of meeting this want a company has been formed which will shortly ask Parliament's consent to the construction of some 200 miles of 12 in. diameter pneumatic tubes under London, for conveying parcels between the various parts of the city. In principle, these parcels tubes are an enlarged edition of the small pneumatic tubes used in many post offices for despatching telegraph forms to the operating rooms.



A "PARCELS TUBE" AT WORK.

A New War Puzzle.

Enterprising game publishers have not been slow to christen their latest productions with names having some connection with the great war in the Far East. Of these one of the most amusing is "Chifu-Chemulpo, or Russo-Jap Railway Puzzle," sold by Messrs. Guiterman and Co., 35 Aldermanbury, E.C. It represents a military train, consisting of an engine and eight cars, and the puzzle is to reverse the position of the cars in the smallest number of moves.

THE LATEST IN PUZZLES.

England's Newest Port.

The prosperity of this sea-girt land of ours naturally depends to a large extent on the number and up-to-dateness of its harbours and docks. Extensions and improvements to existing ports are a common enough event, but it is seldom one hears of the opening of a brand new port on what was a few years previously a barren sand-swept shore. Such schemes are often talked of, but rarely come to fruition. The Midland Railway, however, has just completed and opened a new port at Heysham, in Lancashire. The work was begun in 1897, and since then some 140 acres of the foreshore of Morecambe Bay have been reclaimed from the sea. Heysham Harbour is 700 feet broad and 1,700 feet long, and the entrance channel is so deep that the largest steamers can enter or leave at any state of the tide. The passenger-quay is provided with platforms at three different levels, so that the fleet of fast turbine steamers that run between the Isle of Man, Belfast, Londonderry, &c., and Heysham may land or embark passengers at the latter port at any hour of the day or night.

ENGLAND'S LATEST PORT, HEYSHAM.

ROOM PAPERED WITH 49,542 STAMPS.

Stamps for Wallpaper.

We have received the accompanying interesting photograph of the library of Mr. C. Whitfield King, of Morpeth House, Ipswich, which is papered with 49,542 unused foreign postage stamps, having a total face value of £750 13s. The room contains some 50 varieties of different sizes and colours.

The Latest in Milk.

Milk can now be procured as a powder. By an ingenious chemical process, all the properties of rich unskimmed milk are concentrated into a powder, which may be carried about for weeks at a time in packets. When required for use, the powdered milk has to be mixed with a certain proportion of water.

HAMLEY'S NOVELTIES.

MINIATURE SMOKER'S SET.

A Great Novelty. Price 3d. per Set. Post Free, 4d.

THE SIMPLEX TYPEWRITER.

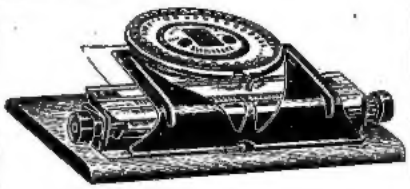
Useful and amusing and simple to work. Complete in box with ink and full directions.

Price, No. 1, 5/- No. 2, 12/6 & 20/- Box and Post 6d. and 1/- extra.

MAGNETIC WONDERS.

A Box of Apparatus for experimenting with a Magnet. Very clever and amusing.

Price 1/- Post Free, 1/3. Larger size 2/- Post Free, 2/4.



THE CAMERA OBSCURA.

Very amusing and interesting. Price 2/- Post Free, 2/4

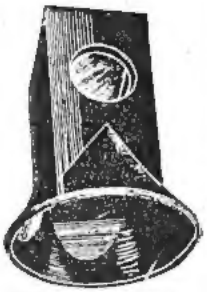
ELECTRIC POCKET LAMP.

Price 1/6. Post Free, 2/-

ELECTRIC SCARF PIN.

A pretty and effective novelty, that can be worn in the necktie, and by pressing a button an electric light will appear. They are made in the following designs: A Brilliant Horseshoe, Cow's Head, Owl's or Skeleton's Head.

Price 3/6. Post Free, 3/10.



THE LATEST NOVELTY—THE SERACSCOPE.

When this is placed in the eye you can see what is taking place at the back of you as well as in the front at the same time.

Price 6d Post Free, 8d.

NOVELTIES, POST FREE, 1/3.

The World's Savings Bank.
The Mexican Repeater.
The Royal Horse Artillery Gun.
The Maxim Gun.
The Wonderful Gyroscope Top.
Russian Mtd. or Foot Soldiers.
Japanese Mtd. or Foot Soldiers.
Vertical Engine, goes by Steam.
Rude Jolly Jap, puts out Tongue
Box Kite, Post Free, 1/4.
Mesmeric Discs.
Marvellous Diver, goes under Water.
Crystal Gazing Ball & Book. 1/1.
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Box containing 1 Flying Sausage, 1 Flying Snake, 2 Howling Bubbles, 2 Coons, 1 Balloon, 1 Blow-out Cigar, 1 Fife, 1 Flying Serpent. All of these blow out and squeak, causing roars of laughter. Price 1/- Post Free, 1/3.

Smaller Box, containing 7 Surprises, price 6d. Post Free, 7d.

Boxes of Flying Serpents, containing 7 different colours Price 6d. Post Free, 7d.

NOVELTIES, POST FREE, 7d.

Packet of Magic Flowers
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The Three Card Trick.
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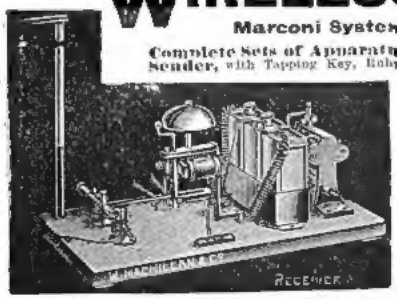

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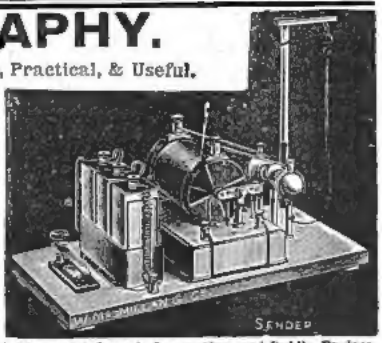

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Photo. Newnes.

THE BOYS' EMPIRE LEAGUE

To Promote and Strengthen a Worthy Imperial Spirit in British Boys all over the World

Motto—"Many Countries but One Empire."

THE VEN. W. M. SINCLAIR, D.D.
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President, F. C. GOULD, Esq. *Vice-Presidents*, THE ARCHDEACON OF LONDON, SIR A. CONAN DOYLE.

LEAGUE NOTES FOR OCTOBER, 1904.

THIS page is open every month for the insertion of reports and announcements concerning the numerous branches of the Boys' Empire League. Club secretaries are requested to send such notices to the Organising Secretary, B.E.L., at 56 Ludgate Hill, London, E.C., by the 1st of every month. Forms for this purpose can be obtained on application to the Secretary.

The following are interesting reports from some of our branches:—

NORTH WALSHAM.—The members of this branch had a splendid outing on July 6th, to the pretty seaside place of Happisburgh. After a pleasant drive of an hour and a half they visited the famous lighthouse, and were courteously shown round by the keeper. The mechanism and powerful lantern were explained, and from the balcony outside a remarkable view was obtained, no fewer than twenty-eight churches being visible. The Reading-room was visited, and the rest of the day was spent on the beach, in bathing and various other amusements.

KIDDERMINSTER.—On Saturday, June 25th, the members of this branch spent a very enjoyable time at the residence of their president (Peter Adams, Esq.), near Bewdley. The president met the members on their arrival, personally conducted them round his grounds, and invited them to tea, which was served in the grotto. Replying to a hearty vote of thanks, the president said he thought a boys' club was needed in Kidderminster, and wished the B.E.L. every success. The thanks of the committee are offered to Mr. Adams for the great interest he has displayed in the League.

BENDIGO (VICTORIA).—Mr. Ramsey B. Cook, the hon. sec., writes:—"It is nine months to-day (9th May) since this branch was formed. I do not think any club could have more enthusiastic members. . . . Our membership is small (16), but is slowly and surely increasing."

This is very encouraging considering the distances members live apart from each other.

TO BOYS IN CLAPHAM AND BATTERSEA: T. E. Dilnot, 23, Eland-road, Lavender Hill, the local secretary, would be glad if they would join him in forming a club. There are already four or five members in this branch, but to make it quite successful many more members are needed.

No greater enthusiast can be found throughout the Empire than Mr. Borg, of Malta, of whom we publish a photo. Although only a young member, he, with the help of willing workers, no sooner gets their great inauguration over than he institutes another "field" day, this time at the Grand Studio, at which were present Major-Gen. O'Callaghan, C.V.O., R.A., the President, Lieut.-Col. Gatt, V.P., Mr. Paul Faulzen (University), and others.

MR. BORG.

A scouting corps was formed, and also a class of Topography.

May 24th was held as Empire day throughout the whole island, the University, the College, and all the schools meeting in unison under one flag to salute the Royal Standard.

The first B.E.L. sports then followed, with a grand gala in the evening at the Royal Opera House in aid of the poor children of Malta. Sir John Blunt, C.B., who takes a great interest in the League at Malta, has been made an Associate.

HOWARD H. SPICER.

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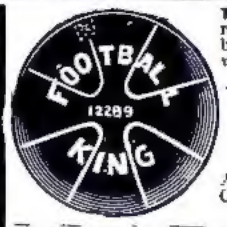

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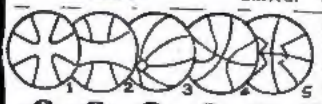

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3 Centre Half 7/6
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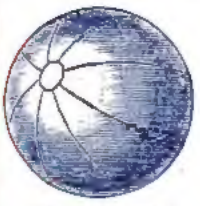

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